THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Benj. Franklin

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Norman Rockwell

F. Scott Fitzgerald—Beatrix Demarest Lloyd
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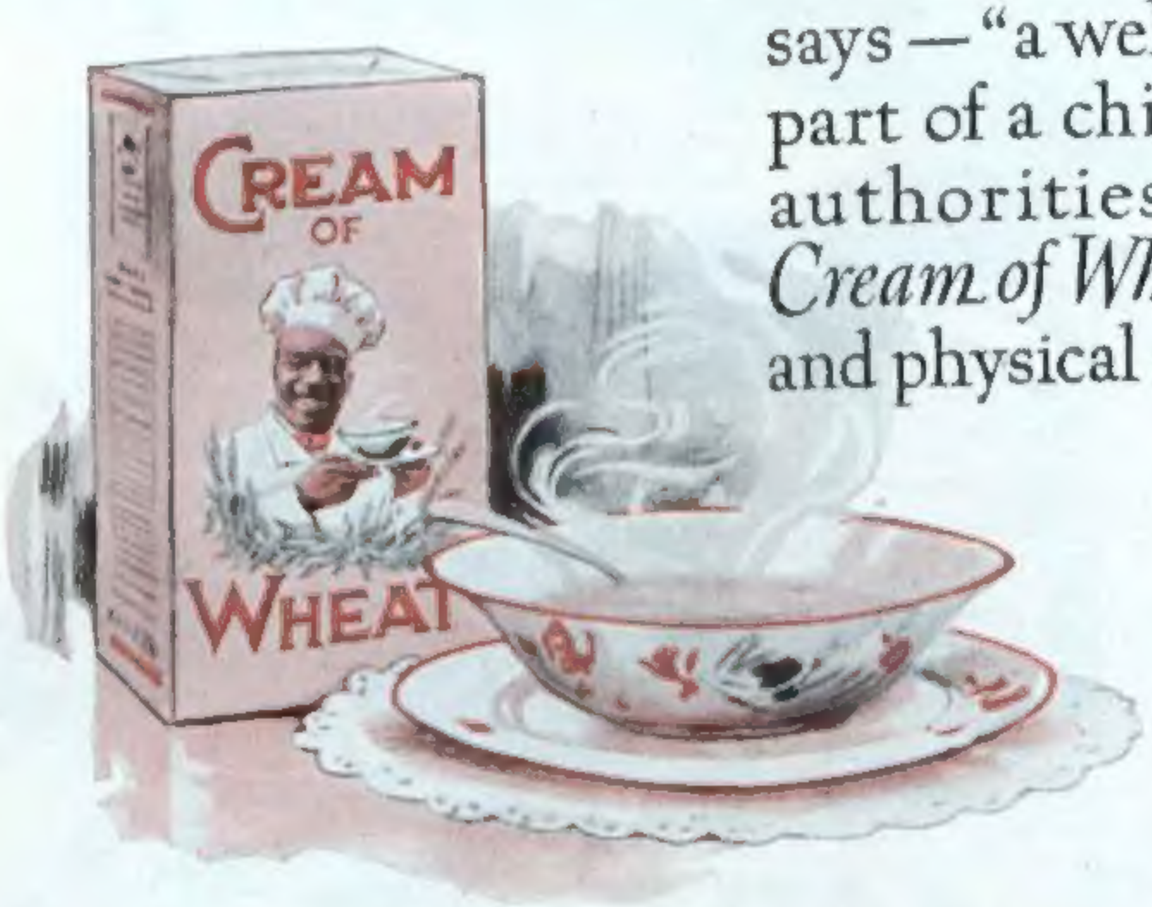

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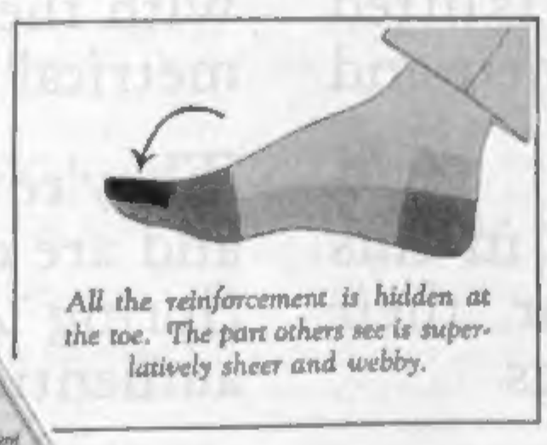

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PRESUMPTION

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

SITTING by the window and staring out into the early autumn dusk, San Juan Chandler remembered only that Noel was coming tomorrow; but when, with a romantic sound that was half gasp, half sigh, he turned from the window, snapped on the light and looked at himself in the mirror, his expression became more materially complicated. He leaned closer. Delicacy balked at the abominable word "pimple," but some such blemish had undoubtedly appeared on his cheek within the last hour, and now formed, with a pair from last week, a distressing constellation of three. Going into the bathroom adjoining his room—Juan had never possessed a bathroom to himself before—he opened a medicine closet, and after peering about, carefully extracted a promising-looking jar of black ointment and covered each slight protuberance with a black gluey mound. Then, strangely dotted, he returned to the bedroom, put out the light and resumed his vigil over the shadowy garden.

He waited. That roof among the trees on the hill belonged to Noel Garneau's house. She was coming back to it tomorrow; he would see her there. . . . A loud clock on the staircase inside struck seven. Juan went to the glass and removed the ointment with a handkerchief. To his chagrin, the spots were still there, even slightly irritated from the chemical sting of the remedy. That settled it—no more chocolate malted milks or eating between meals during his visit to Culpepper Bay. Taking the lid from the jar of talcum he had observed on the dressing table, he touched the laden puff to his cheek. Immediately his brows and lashes bloomed with snow and he coughed chokingly, observing that the triangle of humiliation was still observable upon his otherwise handsome face.

"Disgusting," he muttered to himself. "I never saw anything so disgusting." At twenty, such childish phenomena should be behind him.

Downstairs three gongs, melodious and metallic, hummed and sang. He listened for a moment, fascinated. Then he wiped the powder from his face, ran a comb through his yellow hair and went down to dinner.

Dinner at Cousin Cora's he had found embarrassing. She was so stiff and formal about things like that, and so familiar about Juan's private affairs. The first night of his visit he had tried politely to pull out her chair and bumped into the maid; the second night he remembered the experience—but so did the maid, and Cousin Cora seated herself unassisted. At home Juan was accustomed to behave as he liked; like all children of deferent and indulgent mothers, he lacked both confidence and good manners.

Tonight there were guests.

"This is San Juan Chandler, my cousin's son—Mrs. Holyoke—and Mr. Holyoke."

The phrase "my cousin's son" seemed to explain him away, seemed to account for his being in Miss Chandler's house: "You understand—we must have our poor relations with us occasionally." But a tone which implied that would be rude—and certainly Cousin Cora, with all her social position, couldn't be rude.

"I've Kissed Too Many People. I'll Have Nothing Left if I Keep on Kissing People"

Mr. and Mrs. Holyoke acknowledged the introduction politely and coolly, and dinner was served. The conversation, dictated by Cousin Cora, bored Juan. It was about the garden and about her father, for whom she lived and who was dying slowly and unwillingly upstairs. Toward the salad Juan was wedged into the conversation by a question from Mr. Holyoke and a quick look from his cousin.

"I'm just staying for a week," he answered politely; "then I've got to go home, because college opens pretty soon."

"Where are you at college?"

Juan named his college, adding almost apologetically, "You see, my father went there."

He wished that he could have answered that he was at Yale or Princeton, where he had wanted to go. He was prominent at Henderson and belonged to a good fraternity, but it annoyed him when people occasionally failed to recognize his alma mater's name.

"I suppose you've met all the young people here," supposed Mrs. Holyoke—"my daughter?"

"Oh, yes"—her daughter was the dumpy, ugly girl with the thick spectacles—"oh, yes." And he added, "I knew some people who live here before I came."

"The little Garneau girl," explained Cousin Cora.

"Oh, yes. Noel Garneau," agreed Mrs. Holyoke. "Her mother's a great beauty. How old is Noel now? She must be ——"

"Seventeen," supplied Juan; "but she's old for her age."

"Juan met her on a ranch last summer. They were on a ranch together. What is it that they call those ranches, Juan?"

"Dude ranches."

"Dude ranches. Juan and another boy worked for their board." Juan saw no reason why Cousin Cora should have supplied this information; she continued on an even more annoying note: "Noel's mother sent her out there to keep her out of mischief, but Juan says the ranch was pretty gay itself."

Mr. Holyoke supplied a welcome change of subject.

"Your name is ——" he inquired, smiling and curious.

"San Juan Chandler. My father was wounded in the battle of San Juan Hill and so they called me after it—like Kenesaw Mountain Landis."

He had explained this so many times that the sentences rolled off automatically—in school he had been called Santy, in college he was Don.

"You must come to dinner while you're here," said Mrs. Holyoke vaguely.

The conversation slipped away from him as he realized freshly, strongly, that Noel would arrive tomorrow. And she was coming because he was here. She had cut short a visit in the Adirondacks on receipt of his letter. Would she like him now—in this place that was so different from Montana? There was a spaciousness, an air of money and pleasure about Culpepper Bay for which San Juan Chandler—a shy, handsome,

"Well, Mr. Chandler, You're in the Way Here—is That Plain? Your Presence Here is an Intrusion and a Presumption"

spoiled, brilliant, penniless boy from a small Ohio city—was unprepared. At home, where his father was a retired clergyman, Juan went with the nice people. He didn't realize until this visit to a fashionable New England resort that where there are enough rich families to form a self-sufficient and exclusive group, such a group is invariably formed. On the dude ranch they had all dressed alike; here his ready-made Prince of Wales suit seemed exaggerated in style, his hat correct only in theory—an imitation hat—his very ties only projections of the ineffable Platonic ties which were worn here at Culpepper Bay. Yet all the differences were so small that he was unable quite to discern them.

But from the morning three days ago when he had stepped off the train into a group of young people who were waiting at the station for some friend of their own, he had been uneasy; and Cousin Cora's introductions, which seemed to foist him horribly upon whomever he was introduced to, did not lessen his discomfort. He thought mechanically that she was being kind, and considered himself lucky that her invitation had coincided with his wild desire to see Noel Garneau again. He did not realize that in three days he had come to hate Cousin Cora's cold and snobbish patronage.

Noel's fresh, adventurous voice on the telephone next morning made his own voice quiver with nervous happiness. She would call for him at two and they would spend the afternoon together. All morning he lay in the garden, trying unsuccessfully to renew his summer tan in the mild lemon light of the September sun, sitting up quickly whenever he heard the sound of Cousin Cora's garden shears at the end of a neighboring border. He was back in his room, still meddling desperately with the white powder puff, when Noel's roadster stopped outside and she came up the front walk.

Noel's eyes were dark blue, almost violet, and her lips, Juan had often thought, were like very small, very soft, red cushions—only cushions sounded all wrong, for they were really the most delicate lips in the world. When she talked they parted to the shape of "Oo!" and her eyes opened wide as though she was torn between tears and laughter at the poignancy of what she was saying. Already, at seventeen, she knew that men hung on her words in a way that frightened her. To Juan, her most indifferent remarks assumed a highly ponderable significance and begot an intensity in him—a fact which Noel had several times found somewhat of a strain.

He ran downstairs, down the gravel path toward her.

"Noel, my dear," he wanted so much to say, "you are the loveliest thing—the loveliest thing. My heart turns over when I see your beautiful face and smell that sweet fresh smell you have around you." That would have been the precious, the irreplaceable truth. Instead he faltered, "Why, hello, Noel! How are you? . . . Well, I certainly am glad. Well, is this your car? What kind is it? Well, you certainly look fine."

And he couldn't look at her, because when he did his face seemed to him to be working idiotically—like someone else's face. He got in, they drove off and he made a mighty effort to compose himself; but as her hand left the steering wheel to fall lightly on his, a perverse instinct made him jerk his hand away. Noel perceived the embarrassment and was puzzled and sorry.

They went to the tennis tournament at the Culpepper Club. He was so little aware of anything except Noel that later he told Cousin Cora they hadn't seen the tennis, and believed it himself.

Afterward they loitered about the grounds, stopped by innumerable people who welcomed Noel home. Two men made him uneasy—one a small handsome youth of his own age with shining brown eyes that were bright as the glass eyes of a stuffed owl; the other a tall, languid dandy of twenty-five who was introduced to her, Juan rightly deduced, at his own request.

When they were in a group of girls he was more comfortable. He was able to talk, because being with Noel gave him confidence before these others, and his confidence before others made him more confident with Noel. The situation improved.

There was one girl, a sharp, pretty blonde named Holly Morgan, with whom he had spent some facetiously sentimental hours the day before, and in order to show Noel that he had been able to take care of himself before her return he made a point of talking aside to Holly Morgan. Holly was not responsive. Juan was Noel's property, and though Holly liked him, she did not like him nearly well enough to annoy Noel.

"What time do you want me for dinner, Noel?" she asked.

"Eight o'clock," said Noel. "Billy Harper'll call for you."

Juan felt a twinge of disappointment. He had thought that he and Noel were to be alone for dinner; that afterward they would have a long talk on the dark veranda and he would kiss her lips as he had upon that never-to-be-forgotten Montana night, and give her his D. K. E. pin to wear. Perhaps the others would leave early—he had told Holly Morgan of his love for Noel; she should have sense enough to know.

At twilight Noel dropped him at Miss Chandler's gate, lingered for a moment with the engine cut off. The promise of the evening—the first lights in the houses along the bay, the sound of a remote piano, the little coolness in the wind—swung them both up suddenly into that paradise which Juan, drunk with ecstasy and terror, had been unable to evoke.

"Are you glad to see me?" she whispered.

"Am I glad?" The words trembled on his tongue. Miserably he struggled to bend his emotion into a phrase, a look, a gesture, but his mind chilled at the thought that nothing, nothing, nothing could express what he felt in his heart.

"You embarrass me," he said wretchedly. "I don't know what to say."

Noel waited, attuned to what she expected, sympathetic, but too young quite to see that behind that mask of egotism, of moody childishness, which the intensity of Juan's devotion compelled him to wear, there was a tremendous emotion.

"Don't be embarrassed," Noel said. She was listening to the music now, a tune they had danced to in the Adirondacks. The wings of a trance folded about her and the inscrutable someone who waited always in the middle distance loomed down over her with passionate words and dark romantic eyes. Almost mechanically, she started the engine and slipped the gear into first.

"At eight o'clock," she said, almost abstractedly. "Good-by, Juan."

The car moved off down the road. At the corner she turned and waved her hand and Juan waved back, happier than he had ever been in his life, his soul dissolved to a sweet gas that buoyed up his body like a balloon. Then the roadster was out of sight and, all unaware, he had lost her.

II

COUSIN CORA'S chauffeur took him to Noel's door. The other male guest, Billy Harper, was, he discovered, the young man with the bright brown eyes whom he had met that afternoon. Juan was afraid of him; he was on such familiar, facetious terms with the two girls—toward Noel his attitude seemed almost irreverent—that

Juan was slighted during the conversation at dinner. They talked of the Adirondacks and they all seemed to know the group who had been there. Noel and Holly spoke of boys at Cambridge and New Haven and of how wonderful it was that they were going to school in New York this winter. Juan meant to invite Noel to the autumn dance at his college, but he thought that he had better wait and do it in a letter, later on. He was glad when dinner was over.

The girls went upstairs. Juan and Billy Harper smoked.

"She certainly is attractive," broke out Juan suddenly, his repression bursting into words.

"Who? Noel?"

"Yes."

"She's a nice girl," agreed Harper gravely.

Juan fingered the D. K. E. pin in his pocket.

"She's wonderful," he said. "I like Holly Morgan pretty well—I was handing her a sort of line yesterday afternoon—but Noel's really the most attractive girl I ever knew."

Harper looked at him curiously, but Juan, released from the enforced and artificial smile of dinner, continued enthusiastically: "Of course it's silly to fool with two girls. I mean, you've got to be careful not to get in too deep."

Billy Harper didn't answer. Noel and Holly came downstairs. Holly suggested bridge, but Juan didn't play bridge, so they sat talking by the fire. In some fashion Noel and Billy Harper became involved in a conversation about dates and friends, and Juan began boasting to Holly Morgan, who sat beside him on the sofa.

"You must come to a prom at college," he said suddenly. "Why don't you? It's a small college, but we have the best bunch in our house and the proms are fun."

"I'd love it."

"You'd only have to meet the people in our house."

"What's that?"

"D. K. E." He drew the pin from his pocket. "See?"

Holly examined it, laughed and handed it back.

"I wanted to go to Yale," he went on, "but my family always go to the same place."

"I love Yale," said Holly.

"Yes," he agreed vaguely, half hearing her, his mind moving between himself and Noel. "You must come up. I'll write you about it."

Time passed. Holly played the piano, Noel took a ukulele from the top of the piano, strummed it and hummed. Billy Harper turned the pages of the music. Juan listened, restless, unamused. Then they sauntered out into the dark garden, and finding himself beside Noel at last, Juan walked her quickly ahead until they were alone.

"Noel," he whispered, "here's my Deke pin. I want you to have it."

She looked at him expressionlessly.

"I saw you offering it to Holly Morgan," she said.

"Noel," he cried in alarm, "I wasn't offering it to her. I just showed it to her. Why, Noel, do you think ——"

"You invited her to the prom."

"I didn't. I was just being nice to her."

The others were close behind. She took the Deke pin quickly and put her finger to his lips in a facile gesture of caress.

He did not realize that she had not been really angry about the pin or the prom, and that his unfortunate egotism was forfeiting her interest.

At eleven o'clock Holly said she must go, and Billy Harper drove his car to the front door.

"I'm going to stay a few minutes if you don't mind," said Juan, standing in the door with Noel. "I can walk home."

Holly and Billy Harper drove away. Noel and Juan strolled back into the drawing-room, where she avoided the couch and sat down in a chair.

"Let's go out on the veranda," suggested Juan uncertainly.

"Why?"

"Please, Noel."

Unwillingly she obeyed. They sat side by side on a canvas settee and he put his arm around her.

"Kiss me," he whispered. She had never seemed so desirable to him before.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't want to. I don't kiss people any more."

"But—me?" he demanded incredulously.

"I've kissed too many people. I'll have nothing left if I keep on kissing people."

"But you'll kiss me, Noel?"

"Why?"

He could not even say, "Because I love you." But he could say it, he knew that he could say it, when she was in his arms.

"If I kiss you once, will you go home?"

"Why, do you want me to go home?"

"I'm tired. I was traveling last night and I can never sleep on a train. Can you? I can never ——"

Her tendency to leave the subject willingly made him frantic.

"Then kiss me once," he insisted.

"You promise?"

"You kiss me first."

"No, Juan, you promise first."

"Don't you want to kiss me?"

"Oh-h-h!" she groaned.

With gathering anxiety Juan promised and took her in his arms. For one moment at the touch of her lips, the feeling of her, of Noel, close to him, he forgot the evening, forgot himself—rather became the inspired, romantic self that she had known. But it was too late. Her hands were on his shoulders, pushing him away.

"You promised."

"Noel ——"

She got up. Confused and unsatisfied, he followed her to the door.

"Noel ——"

"Good night, Juan."

As they stood on the doorstep her eyes rose over the line of dark trees toward the ripe harvest moon. Some glowing thing would happen to her soon, she thought, her mind far away. Something that would dominate her, snatch her up out of life, helpless, ecstatic, exalted.

"Good night, Noel. Noel, please ——"

"Good night, Juan. Remember we're going swimming tomorrow. It's wonderful to see you again. Good night."

She closed the door.

III

TOWARD morning he awoke from a broken sleep, wondering if she had not kissed him because of the three spots on his cheek. He turned on the light and looked at them. Two were almost invisible. He went into the bathroom, doused all three with the black ointment and crept back into bed.

Cousin Cora greeted him stiffly at breakfast next morning.

"You kept your great-uncle awake last night," she said. "He heard you moving around in your room."

"I only moved twice," he said unhappily. "I'm terribly sorry." *(Continued on Page 226)*

Holly Played the Piano, Noel Took a Ukulele, Strummed it and Hummed. Billy Harper Turned the Pages of the Music. Juan Listened, Restless, Unamused

THE FIFTH ESTATE

THIRTY YEARS OF GOLF

By Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell

I AM a thirty-year veteran in golf. This means I can be outveteraned by not more than eight years in the United States. To put it in chronological order, I made my bow to American citizenship on May 19, 1887; golf made its bow here on November 14, 1888; and I made my bow to golf in 1896. In point of American citizenship I am therefore one year older than the game, but in point of golf activity here it has an eight-year running start on me, since I did not take it up as a diversion of the cradle, but waited until I was nine years old.

The golf pioneers were brave men, not unlike our sturdy Pilgrim Fathers, who kept pegging away at the foundations of this nation in the face of terrible hardships. Without detracting one iota from the fortitude of these early settlers, I doubt whether their courage exceeded that of the heroes who introduced Uncle Sam to golf and tried to convince him it was a he-man affair. Uncle Sam couldn't see the he-manism of it; in fact, could only see the she-womanism of it, and he dismissed it as a sissy game and those who played it as sissies. So positive were the denizens of the Gas House District on this score that none was so bold as to venture into those quarters with a golf bag swung over his shoulders. Going over the top in France never held such terrors as this.

It is possible this prejudice didn't seep through Long Island in such wholesale doses as it did in New York proper. Or it may have been that my youth blinded me to a situation painfully conscious to my elders, particularly the valorous little army engaged in what seemed like the futile job of trying to make Americans swallow golf and admit they liked it. At any rate, I merely had a vague idea of what the Gas House District thought of golf at the time my brother and some cousins began appearing around our country home at Oyster Bay with golf clubs and conversing in a strange tongue. I am sure their talk about drivers, brassies, tees, fairways, hooks and slices would have been taken for some brand of Long Island patois if overheard by the average city man. And I am not so sure how it would have been taken if overheard by the boys from the Gas House District. That was one blessing the suburban pioneers of golf enjoyed—being at a safe distance from the Gas House District. Country folk are more curious than rough.

The Music of the Links

IF I WERE to follow the lines laid down by the artist who describes the moving impulses of his youth, it would be good form for me to pause here and speak of the turbulent emotions which welled up within me the first time I saw a golf club. But having in mind the example of veracity set by the Father of Our Country, I hesitate. The fiddle may stir to ecstasy the boy with a fiddling soul; a Leonardo da Vinci may set off the spark of genius in the youngster with the daubing complex—but a golf club is only a golf club. I venture the suggestion that any boy who goes into raptures at the sight of a golf club would stand a better chance to become a shining star at tiddledywinks than at golf.

I do pause to say, though, that though the emotional side of golf does not work out this way, there is plenty of artistry in our great national obsession.

There is rare quality to the music of the links. The beginner does not hear it. It is only the trained ear which detects the melody of the mid-iron, the music of the mashie, the poetry of the putter, the song of the spade, the croon of the cleek and the drone of the driver. It takes understanding to appreciate the lay of the lie, and self-restraint to remain impassive at the fortissimo of the foozle. The lure of the links must be sensed before one feels the syncopation of the stance and moves to the tempo of the tee.

No music can be more alluring to the soul of man than this blending of links harmony to the tried-and-true golfer. No audience is thrilled to a higher pitch than that which is swayed by the crescendo of the course.

But the soul of golf is not worn on its sleeve. It does not jump forward to smite the boy who swings his first club. When I gazed upon my brother's set of golf clubs for the first time I was interested, but not smitten. I was interested then more in my brother's interest than in my own interest. He was not a dude. He was not a sissy. He was very decidedly a he man. Then why was he interested in this game, which rumor had it was the specialty of dudes and sissies and not of he men? I felt around for an explanation.

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Mr. Travers on the Eve of His Fourth Victory in American Amateur Championship. He is the Only Player Who Has Won This Honor Four Times

"Golf," said my brother, "is the greatest sport in the world." And he let it go at that. I believe this was the first time I ever heard the game thus described. It seems to me others have since voiced the same sentiment in my hearing.

If golf was and is the greatest sport in the world, I must confess I didn't recognize that fact at the age of nine. Its effect on me was one of exasperation. On the one-hole course I laid out on the back lawn, teeing off beside an old windmill and aiming at the house, about 100 yards away, I would fume and fret by the hour at my inability to send the ball the full distance. My one club was a mid-iron given to me by my brother. It had a habit of either digging a hole in the ground or coming down on top of the ball. Seldom did it connect cleanly. Perhaps you have had that kind of mid-iron in your own bag.

Now I want to point to my own early experiences at club swinging as a typical example of how the crafty Colonel Bogey and General Par get in their deadly work. One of two things happens to the person making his first shot: He either hits the ball or he doesn't. If that guardian angel which so often hovers over beginners is on the job, and he sends the ball on a long straight journey, he is won over to the game then and there. He is surprised and elated. He stands on the tee looking after the ball in the utmost astonishment, not understanding just how it all happened, but conscious of a warm glow of self-satisfaction. His face is wreathed in smiles as he turns to his friends, with chest expanded, and mutters, "Some golfer—eh, what?" He is completely sold from that point. There is a magic note to the click of the golf ball and a thrill to its flight through the air.

I know of only one other type of beginner who is more thoroughly captivated through the results of his first swing, and that is the chap who foozles utterly. You have undoubtedly seen him often on the first tee—a dejected, disgusted, humiliated and sometimes enraged figure. Of all the pathetic objects of the universe, none excels the big strong man who has heaved a club at a puny mite of a ball and missed it entirely in the presence of others. It is the one form of slapstick comedy always good for a laugh. The etiquette of the course forbids the spectator to this comedy-drama from giving audible expression to his merriment, but no usage can keep down the mirth that goes on internally.

How Golfers are Made

TO THE victim, it is far from being a joke. There is no disposition so meek, no soul so placid, that does not rebel. Though his feelings may be masked by a sheepish grin as he tries to think of something funny to say to hide his confusion, the course of his entire future has been molded in that one moment of humiliation. An iron resolution has entered his heart. Missed it, did he? Well, we'll see about that! Never did there live a golf ball, he reasons, which can make a monkey of him—no, sir, not by the sacred putter of Colonel Bogey or the blessed niblick of General Par. And forthwith is initiated a new member in the great golf brotherhood, another poor mortal mustered into that vast army which tramps the fields by daylight and twilight under the delusion that the perfect score symbolized by bogey and par is a physical body and can be overhauled, and is not a will-o'-the-wisp which only a favored few have located.

When I returned to our Oyster Bay home the following summer, after spending the winter at school in New York, that brand of golf fever which finds its source in the unexecuted shot had taken firm hold. I at once resumed my activities with the mid-iron. I had a little surprise in store for the gutty ball which had so often defied my efforts to drive it over the distance of 100 yards from the windmill to the house. My body had filled out a little, my muscles were a trifle harder, and my energy was that of one tackling a new task. I made a prodigious swing at the ball, caught it cleanly on the face of the club and saw it go sailing swiftly off toward the house—to disappear from my delighted gaze through a shattered windowpane. My enthusiasm was intense. So was that of my father, but of a different kind, when he viewed the broken window.

It was the more spacious lawns in front of the house, and no longer the 100-yard course in the rear, which welcomed me back to the golfing world after I had done proper penance for the outcome of this unexpected improvement in my driving ability. Here I marked out a new three-hole course, the 150-yard first extending from a point near a flagpole to an oak tree, the 180-yard second from the oak to another tree, and the 165-yard third back to the flagpole. They were holes in name only. Actually, there was not a hole on this homemade course. My equivalent of holing out was to hit the two trees and the flagpole.

The difference between my own early experiences in golf and those encountered by most persons is that the germ found a lodging place in my system long before I had reached the age at which the human race is supposed to be

RUSSELL, THE STUDIO, SOUTHGATE, CHICHESTER

Left to Right—Bernard Darwin, the Noted English Amateur; Jerome Travers, James Braid, Five Times Winner of the British Open, and the Late Fred Herreshoff, a High Ranking American Golfer. From a Photograph Taken in England at the Time Travers and Herreshoff Competed for Honors There

susceptible to the malady. I think it must have been the combination of those missed first shots and that one good drive through the windowpane which gave the disease such a splendid start. My ardor and perseverance became almost alarming to the family. They found I preferred this diversion to the one which most boys in good health prefer to all others—eating. And as I was never a particularly commanding specimen of bulk, they would frequently have to urge that I give up golfing and take up eating.

My brother was solicitous in a different direction. He wanted to find out what havoc in my life the innocent gift of that mid-iron had wrought. One day he volunteered to visit me on my home course and watch me make the round of the three holes. I teed up at the flagpole for the first drive, when out of the corner of my eye I saw my brother charging upon me like a mad bull.

"Stop! Wait a minute! Stop!" he cried. I paused. "You can't hit the ball, holding the club like that," he went on, snatching the mid-iron from my hands.

My Grip

"WHO said I can't hit it? I'll have you know I hold the record for this course." I bristled with indignation at this slur on my ability as a golfer.

"Sure, and you'll also hold the record for being the world's worst player if you hold your hands like that."

"What's the matter with my hands? I don't see anything the matter with my hands."

"You hold 'em upside down; you can't hit the ball holding your hands upside down."

"Well, upside down or downside up, I hit the ball good enough for me; and if you'll kindly step off my golf course I'll show you how it's done."

But my brother was too keen a golfer to remain a willing witness to anything so unorthodox as the way I held my hands. It seems I had started in playing by gripping the club with the left hand below the right, a position so awkward, and so in conflict with the proper use of the muscles for a right-handed golfer, that it is a wonder how anyone handling the clubs in this fashion can produce any results at all. I have since seen a number of experienced players who have never overcome this early fault; but they were still in the duffer class.

My brother insisted that I correct my grip forthwith.

"You'll spoil my game," I protested bitterly.

"You haven't any game to spoil yet, and never will have at this rate," he retorted, without regard to the wounds he was inflicting upon my vanity.

The Hazards and Bunkers of Ridicule

BUT the day was carried for sound golf. I capitulated. It was like beginning all over again to swing the club with the position of my hands reversed. The year I had spent in perfecting my form seemed like just so much wasted time. Nobody could have convinced me at the moment that this little seance with my brother that afternoon was to have the slightest influence on the subsequent ebb and flow of four National Amateur Championships, one National Open Championship and numerous other tournaments for golf honors. It is difficult to say whether it did or not. Possibly some other kind soul might have stepped in in time to correct this glaring fault; possibly I might have become too steeped in the errors of my ways ever to have emerged from them.

The stigma of dudism still attached itself to golf three years later, when I abandoned my home course and took up playing on the links of the Oyster Bay Golf Club. But I had become by this time too deep-dyed a golf chauvinist to bother about what the unknowing had to say. The widespread ridicule impressed me as nothing more than a mark of one's ignorance. If it came from a grown man, I throttled the impulse to tell him what a blatherskite he was; if uttered by a boy of my own age, I opened the floodgates of my mind. It wasn't the critics, but the self-proclaimed humorists, who excited my wrath most.

"I've never played golf, but I know shinny well," they would chuckle, looking to right and left to observe the telling effect of that rare piece of wit. And at that I would froth at the mouth. The idea that any sane person could confuse golf with shinny was preposterous. The smirk of those guilty of this bromide was maddening.

The Oyster Bay golfers were one of the little bands of pilgrims who were rallying around the golf banner in various parts of the East. It was a nine-hole course, one that would be considered good even in this advanced day, and the players were the usual type of solid citizens to be found around golf clubs—men who were willing to brave the ridicule for the sake of a worthy cause. And when I look back at the stormy path of this game in its early days here, and all the fun that was poked at it, and the actual indignities its supporters sometimes had to endure, it seems to me that it is the only sport that has grown and flourished in the face of ridicule. The tongue of America is sharp in its assault on those things which do not hit its fancy. Why golf was ever marked I do not know, but that it was a shining target for years is well known. Even today there remain a few who still think golf is a game for old men, women and dudes.

Curiously enough, it was a farmer's boy who was the instructor at Oyster Bay—Willie Mahon, who had as natural a bent toward the game as anyone I have ever encountered. Willie had learned golf from Devereaux Emmett, now one of the leading golf architects of the country, and had been so persevering in mastering its problems that at the time I met him he was an accomplished golfer, with a proper stance, a graceful swing and a snap in his wrists that sent the gutty straight and far down the fairway. His two brothers were caddies on the course and they too were skilled in the game. A strong friendship, which had as its background a common fondness of golf and the companionship of youth, sprang up between the Mahon boys and myself.

PHOTO BY THE SUN, N. Y. C.

Alex Smith, Who Tutored Mr. Travers

Groundwork

THE Mahons recognized in me, I believe, a youngster who preferred learning the science of golf rather than enjoying it as a mere diversion. And the sound advice they gave me really formed the groundwork of what I was able to achieve in later years as a participant in championship events. With all three of these boys, but particularly with Willie Mahon, the instructor, I spent hours and days on the links, not in actual contest but in going

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A Scene at the Open Championship of 1915, Held at the Baltusrol Golf Club, New Jersey, and Won by Mr. Travers

FEUD

By PAUL ANNIXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

Wigle Swore Delightedly Under His Breath. "He's Game, All Right, the Son of a Gun!" He Muttered, Not Without a Trace of Admiration

ALL this came about because of the pride of Angus Wigle—the inordinate pride of the hunter and backwoodsman. The blame was no one's, not even the black boar's, which simply carried out his natural instincts and became the instrument of drama.

A half hour before this story rightly opens, Angus Wigle, in his old buckboard, had left Talt Bingham's store at Three Corners and started for his cabin on the Coldwater, with the black boar in tow, tied to the rear axle from the ring in his nose. The boar was the greatest prize of Angus Wigle's life, a splendid specimen of part Berkshire blood, shipped in to the settlement that day from a stock farm in the distant valley. For a matter of years the hogs, which were plentiful along the Coldwater, had been deteriorating from running wild about the woods clearings. There had long been talk in the district of trying to better the stock by importing a new breed, but it had devolved upon Angus Wigle to take the final and decisive step—namely, to buy a prize boar for breeding purposes. The purchase had set Angus back a matter of several hundred, but it had been a red-letter day for him. Down at Talt Bingham's store, where all the men congregated, there had been much big talk that afternoon, and surrounding settlers had pledged themselves to bring in their stock to be bred at the Wigle place and thus help reimburse the rash outlay of cash.

Toward the end of the afternoon the bottle had passed freely from mouth to mouth in celebration of the time when the stock along the Coldwater, which had been more or less the subject of jest among strangers, would rival that of the valley farms forty miles distant.

Therefore when Angus Wigle left for home with his charge grunting in the rear, a state of tranquillity and well-being pervaded his entire being. Under the seat of the buckboard was a pint flask of the fraternal fluid with which he might, if he wished, keep the fires of brotherliness alight. Evidently he was so minded, for he stopped twice along the wooded road to tip the flask long and diligently and mutter to the surrounding dusk.

The second time he was aroused from his mild befuddlement by the violent snorting of the black boar and the jerking of the rope at the wagon end. He discovered his charge tangled about one rear wheel, while the lead rope had been pulled far over against the hub. The beast ceased to fight and jerk the moment Angus came round the wagon box, but seemed to watch craftily each move of the man out of its malign little eyes, which were not unlike an elephant's, and just as inscrutable. Wigle was minded to thrash the brute, for much of the glamour of his new prize had worn off; but looking sharply at the flicker in the reddish little eyes he seemed to think better of it.

The boar made a sudden charge at his legs just there, and Angus, leaping backward, narrowly escaped the gnashing tusks. Then, with a stout club ready to hand, he cautiously loosened the lead rope to adjust it to the center of the axle. The boar, as if gauging the moment with precision, gave another violent lunge. The rope burned through Angus' fingers and crushed his hands hard up against the wagon box, while at the same moment the boar's hind quarters lurched against him, knocking his legs from under him.

In a moment the big tusker was free. Angus, leaping up with a yell of dismay, had flung himself into the bushes in a wild dive which just missed the trailing rope end.

His head instantly clearing of the brandy fumes, Wigle was on his feet again and gave chase through the thickets. It was a foolhardy thing to do, but Wigle was not one to give up easily an objective, as his dark, brooding face and hawklike features proclaimed. Dusk was rapidly falling and he knew that if he did not recover the hog speedily it might be gone for good and all. With round Scotch curses burring from his lips, Wigle stretched his lank limbs to their utmost, leaping over fallen logs, tripping amid the brush; but the best he could do was to keep the black boar in sight. Each time he came close the wily beast would dart ahead again with one of its incredible rushes and disappear amid the thickets. The woods in this locality were particularly dense, so that the vantage was all with the hog. For an hour this fruitless chase continued, and full darkness found Wigle miles from his team, with the renegade still uncaught. He followed on, led by occasional sounds, until even the boar's grunting had died away, leaving him alone in a creek bottom, torn, bruised and covered with mire to the knees.

When he reached the buckboard at last and drove home, it was not to sleep, but to spend the night in preparation for the black boar's recapture. As he drove, his purpose shaped itself in grim determination, for the import of the thing began now to appear. He recalled with chagrin the high talk he had indulged in back at the settlement—talk that verged on boasting—about the proper handling of hogs and the revolution in breeding his boar's advent would bring about in the Coldwater country; this after the liquor had taken hold. Already he seemed to hear in the recesses of his mind the mild merriment down at the corners when news of the boar's escape had leaked out—Talt Bingham's whickering laughter as he related the anecdote to old customers; the noiseless snort of Pierre Juneau, the French trapper, that would be more cutting than a yowl of derision, for only a bungle in woodsmanship could call it forth, and that along the Coldwater was the gravest failing. They would lay it to the flask he had taken with him—he, Angus Wigle, who was supposed to carry his liquor better than any man in the Creek country.

That was the inception of the strangest feud the Brunswick woods had ever known—a period of protracted war between a man and a boar which in time was to become as serious and relentless as any case of bad blood between men. Shortly after dawn next morning Wigle set out upon the well-nigh impossible task of recapturing the great hog single-handed. The majority of men would have given the thing up then and there, or at least have elicited help from his neighbors; but not so Angus Wigle. His pride, the pride of a backwoodsman, was injured; he took the boar's escape as a personal affront. His gaunt face was seamed in the early light from sleepless conning over plans.

He returned straight to the scene of his discomfiture and took up the trail the boar had left through the dense alder thickets. In his heart he was hoping against hope to be able to retake the animal within the next twenty-four hours, before the blighting tale of his foolhardiness became broadcast; but equipped as he was with only his rifle, a knife and a stout coil of rope, his method of procedure was mainly on the knees of the gods.

Noon found Wigle some six miles from the wagon road, nearing the fringe of a dense swamp whither the boar's trail seemed leading. The possibility of getting the beast out of such a place, even should he be fortunate enough to capture him, appeared more remote with every mile. The footing was becoming soggy and unsure, the undergrowth was dense, so that to drive the animal before him would be almost impossible. From the first every vantage had been with the boar, but Wigle's purpose weakened not the slightest. In him was a strain of grim and dour pertinacity that was like the Brunswick forests themselves; that once thoroughly roused was as dauntless a thing as the fiery choler of his distant Scotch forbears, and far more enduring.

The one lucky chance he had counted upon—that the stout rope which the boar trailed after him would become tangled in a snag and hold the animal prisoner—was exploded shortly after midday. He came to a spot where the rope had caught in the roots of a fallen tree, and the ground showed where the boar had struggled against it. But the rope had broken close to the ring. Angus cursed himself for not having been on the spot at the time, which could not have been many hours past, but that chance was gone for good.

Twice he found places where the animal had wallowed in the muddy pools at the swamp's border and eaten of the pond lilies, but the wily beast had tarried but a short time and pressed on ever deeper into the swamp. For intervals the trail was lost in the spongy ooze, but always he managed to find it again. Toward the end of the afternoon Wigle was vouchsafed the first proof that his quarry was actually in the vicinity. It was as he sat on a fallen log, munching the last of the lunch he had brought with him, that a subdued but contented grunting reached him from near at hand. He was alert on the instant as a hunting weasel, and creeping through the thickets in the direction of the sound. The boar was close by, rooting leisurely for tubers and wholly unsuspecting. After a minute Angus caught a glimpse of his black bulk. Leaving his rifle in the crotch of a tree, he crept cautiously to windward, carrying his rope ready coiled. If he could but cast the loop over the beast's head and snub the end about a tree the main task would be accomplished.

For a space he lost sight of the animal as he maneuvered, and then just as he was creeping close from the windward side the grunting suddenly stopped. Came a snort and the rush of a great black shape from the undergrowth. Wigle, taken wholly by surprise, had only time to leap aside as the brute charged him. As it was, one of the animal's tusks caught his ankle, leaving a slice in the thick leather of his boot.

Wigle fled without shame, before the boar could wheel and renew the attack. A half dozen bounds brought him to the leaning trunk of a big poplar, and it was a lucky thing for him. As he swung himself into the branches he was just in time to escape the animal's gnashing teeth as it reared up against the trunk. In his dash Angus had dropped his rope, so that now he found himself weaponless except for a pocketknife, and ignominiously treed by his own hog.

Uppermost in his thought, as he drew his long limbs up out of harm's way, was a feeling of relief that at least no other eye had witnessed the tableau. As he looked down at the raging beast below him, rearing up on its hind quarters and squealing in fury, slow hatred began welling up within him, the relentless hatred that is only turned upon the thing which is the cause of one's belittlement. The boar, with its little red eyes glaring up at the man full of malign recognition, had taken on something of human

entity for Wigle's simple mind; it was as if the brute had perversely figured out his undoing. His lean profile became more than ever like a hunting hawk's, and right there he arrived at the grim decision that should a recapture prove impossible he would have the animal's life as a forfeit. It should never live to run wild through the country and keep alive the jests his blunder must call forth. Deliberately and with venom he spat down into the black visage.

"I found ye at last, like I said I would," he muttered half aloud, "and for the second time the luck's all with you, but my time will come. Just you wait! If only I had that rope, I'd truss ye up like a bale of hay!"

With the patience of his kind, Wigle settled himself to wait until the brute should tire of playing jailer and take himself off. But such was evidently farthest from the boar's intention. The sight of Wigle sitting just beyond his reach had driven him berserk. Time and again he essayed to mount the leaning trunk, but always his hard hoofs slipped and gave him a nasty fall. Failing in this, he fell to goring the tree trunk with the evident intention of uprooting it. He squealed like a demon and ramped up and down, gnashing his tusks, but finally gave up the tree as hopeless. Coming upon the rope Angus had dropped, he chewed and trampled it until it was all but buried in the mold. He paused at length, puffing, and fixing Angus with his choleric little eyes.

"Oh, I'm a-comin' down by and by right enough," growled Wigle. "And when I do, you ain't a-goin' to like it either."

Finally, after half an hour of such tactics, Wigle wearied and cast about for a means of ending the tableau. He broke off a stout branch, trimmed it, and leaning down taunted the boar to come close. Then he fell to lashing the beast with all his strength. He lashed until he was in a sweat, with a sort of mania to cow the animal or make it give quarter. But the harder he lashed, the fiercer grew the boar's fury. He retreated, only to lunge forward in a new charge.

At last Wigle desisted and gazed down at the beast with a changed look in his eye. He began to see something of the caliber of this adversary and to what ends his task might lead. Here was something of the unforgiving, unforgetting antipathy of an elephant, and the elephant's inscrutable thought processes. Fear had been left out of this creature's psychology; he knew man and had learned man's weakness, and in all the wilderness this was unduplicated. Wigle had read something of the wild boars of India, to which even the tiger relinquishes its prey. He felt challenged and his purpose grew the firmer

It was high time, he thought, that the present tableau came to an end, if he were not to spend the night in the crotch of a tree. He searched through his pockets for something to aid him. There was only his knife, his tobacco and the remains of his lunch wrapped in paper. Had it been any other beast, he might have risked a tussle, with a fair chance of driving his knife blade home in time. But such a course would be madness with this four hundred pounds of tusked and armored destruction. Then he came upon the small packet of mixed salt and pepper he had brought with his lunch. An idea came, and he carefully sifted the contents into his palm. Leaning far downward in a tantalizing manner, he waited till his captor had reared up against the tree trunk, then sifted the salt and pepper in a little stream directly into the brute's blazing eyes and wide-flaring nostrils

The result was more than he had hoped. With the first inhale of the fiery stuff, the boar pivoted with a squeal and fell to snorting and sneezing. Then the salt began scalding his eyeballs and he began rooting and pawing at his head. In another minute, following his instinct, the beast made off for the nearest water, half blinded and crashing into trees and brush as he went. Wigle dropped quickly to the ground, recovered his rope and ran for his gun. He would soon end the matter now, he thought, as he hurried toward the sounds of distant splashing and grunting. But the fiery burn of the salt and pepper, though it had subdued the boar not at all, had deflected his mind from the matter in hand. This was something new and unknown. His pain eased only slightly by the muddy water, he lunged out of the pool and hurled himself away into the forest in a mad idea of leaving the torturing sting behind him.

Snout down, evil tusks veering upward, he ripped through the thickets like a black projectile, without thought of direction. Nothing stopped him; nothing could. Angus Wigle arrived just in time to see him disappearing in the gloom.

When the black boar had first broken away from the buckboard, it had been some time before he realized he had definitely escaped, because of the trailing rope behind him. Every moment he had expected the rope to tauten once more and force him to go whither it hauled as of yore. But it was not long before he became imbued throughout with the new freedom of movement; then his instincts, asserting themselves, led him in a bee line toward marshy ground, where grew the roots and tubers dear to the porcine palate.

After a night of riotous wallowing in the pools and feasting upon tender lily stems, the renegade slept with a sense of well-being he had never known before. He felt now definitely a free agent. Waking at midday, he continued his wanderings deeper into the wilderness of swamp land Ancient long-buried instincts awoke within him that seemed only to have awaited this environment to come forth. He found himself able to take care of himself amazingly well, missing neither the sheltered pens nor the strong-smelling swill he had formerly loved. A few hours' sleep seemed to suffice his needs in the wilderness, where he had been wont to drowse the entire day away; and the fresh, pungent smells of the forest were far more to his liking than the steamy fetor of a barnyard. Only by degrees did he become aware of this, for his sense of smell, like the cells of his force-fattened body, had been outraged by a life in man's keeping. He was still an obscene thing, hampered by his own fat. Only something of untamable spirit, a choleric penchant for battle that had made him feared and cursed by every owner, remained to him of an ancient jungle heritage.

Throughout that first day he had kept steadily on the move, stopping only to feed at intervals. He had no aim except to keep moving, and did not know that he often moved in circles, recrossing his own trail numberless times. None of his senses had yet become attuned to the new environment. He did not dream that his every movement was watched by scores of furtive eyes of the smaller folk of the forest.

In the late afternoon of that day he had encountered Angus Wigle, with the result that has been recorded. Following his discomfiture, the boar had continued his wandering until the night found him some fifteen miles away He had come to rest at last in a remote part of the forest, where for twenty miles roundabout no mark of man had yet been left, and here he decided to end his roaming for a time. In the heart of a dense thicket, near a tiny woodland lake, he found himself a nest and slept.

From that time on he became definitely one and a part of the wild. In many ways he was doubly blessed by nature for such an innovation. Like the bears, he was either a browser or a carnivore, according to circumstances By natural choice he was vegetarian, but he relished a fresh kill with the most bloodthirsty, from lizards or snakes up.

For a day or two he reveled about the shores of the tiny lake, rooting amid the rushes and water lilies, wallowing in the mud during the heat of the day, and later rubbing the caked earth off by rolling in the grass. As his aborted appetite became more normal, his activity increased, and his useless fat began to fall away, leaving him hard, swift and rangy. Likewise his senses began to sharpen, his myopic little eyes took note of the things about him, and he found everything of interest and life itself increasingly good. In two weeks the old torpor that was the result of life in a pen had quite left him.

He soon discovered to his wonder what a variety of creatures lived roundabout him. Most of this life was in the thickets which comprised the underworld of his forest realm. Awakening from a nap in some shady lair, he would often find the near-by clearing peopled with feeding rabbits. And always hard on the trail of these defenseless ones, a crew of tiny assassins hung—the weasels, minks, pine martens and others of their murderous clan. Gliding snakelike through the brush, killing for blood lust alone, these skulkers were the Apaches of the forest, the bigger of them killing their smaller relatives as cheerfully as they murdered the squirrels and rabbits.

At first the boar gave chase to everything he saw, from a rabbit to an elk, for his freedom had by no means curbed his vile temper. But he soon saw he was making a fool of himself. Everything here was swifter than he—and nothing would stand ground before him. The rabbits and squirrels, fascinated by the bluster he made, never ran far, but returned to stare at him, aquiver with curiosity. Finally he gave up his useless chasing and would lie

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The Boar Reemerged, His Little Eyes Blazing, Jaws and Tushes Red. Torn and Slashed in a Dozen Places, He Still Had Received No Serious Wound

IN SHORT, HERKIMER

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

FEW people had ever heard that the Herkimers were twins. Only a handful of old inhabitants of Methuen, who could remember them as boys, knew it, as they knew many other things too unimportant to mention or remember. And perhaps few would have believed it had they been told, for a more dissimilar pair could scarcely be imagined.

Phineas, in reality the elder by a scant half hour, looked ten years the younger, there being no gray in his rough brown hair, while John's sleek head was very nearly white. By the parish register, they were just turned forty, which made John the youngest president Herkimer College had ever had—a fact twice buried, one might say, under his gray hair.

He was a short, smooth-faced, fastidious man, with uncountable suits of gray clothes, which he wore with an air that suggested an expensive advertisement of something a successful banker ought to know. A social creature, John; handsome in appearance and deftly apt in speech, a favorite in Methuen society, where he counted more as a charming dinner guest than as a celebrated metaphysicist, and a force in the college, where he could let himself go on his own terrain. One might see him at an afternoon tea, whole-heartedly amusing a one-season debutante with delightful chatter; and later at a senior meeting up on the hill he would be standing, cigarette in hand, his precisely clad figure braced against the great white-stone fireplace of the hall, his face alight with the same smile. And he would be saying:

"Aristotle we may consider the first to posit absolute being. Aristotelian realism is both a monism of substance and a dualism of body and soul, though metaphysics will have to recognize three monisms—materialistic, idealistic and realistic. The ontological argument ——"

Go on like that for hours, he would, smoking airily and stirring about on the hearth with the assurance of a man holding his audience spellbound with a tale of adventure. Hold it he did, too, for Herkimer College carried about with it the dread knowledge that sooner or later he would yield to the often-denied call of some Eastern university, and wanted all it could get of him while it had him.

Phineas had come, once long ago, to such an evening's debauch, sitting respectfully through one of his brother's long periods; he had risen unobtrusively in a murmurous pause, looked dreamily about him and gone quietly away.

Unlike John, Phineas was tall and loosely built, his face rugged and whimsical, his hands large and supple, with beautifully molded bones, and no garment upon him but lost its elegant creases in an hour to assume his own careless outline.

He had nothing to do with Herkimer—perhaps the first man of the family since the founding of the college who had not at least been on the board. In the natural course of events he had been offered the traditional honor, but had declined it. One of the trustees, meeting him on one of his interminable rambles about the countryside, had seen fit to ask him to reconsider taking the chair tendered him. Phineas had paused, looked up at the Grecian temples on the hill in his brooding way.

"Take a chair, take a chair," he had said idiotically enough. Then more directly to his questioner, "Sir"—very courteously—"I have a naturally reverent soul."

He Turned His Pipe About in His Hands and Looked at It as If It Were a Curiosity. He Did Not Dare to Lift His Eyes and Let Her See What Must Be in Them

No, there was no getting hold of Phineas, though Methuen tried hard, you may be sure, when his books began to appear, for Methuen was always proud of its face cards. But it had long since abandoned the effort to play Phineas.

John also wrote books. And old Perkinson, who kept the bookshop in Farraday Square, said them Herkimers cost him money. It was perhaps their most remarkable achievement. They cost him money, time and annoyance. For John would publish a volume of desiccate metaphysical essays, breezily entitled, Well, Why Not? and one of his brother's novels filled with Gargantuan laughter would appear under the chilling name of Ultimate Answers, and of course everybody ordered the wrong books. It was not only in their home town that they made trouble in this way, for their royalties came in from foreign lands as well, including the Scandinavian. The confusion was made worse confounded by Phineas, who signed himself no more fully than just "Herkimer," and in spite of John's irritable protests refused to alter his ways

"There is a doubt in my mind," said he, "that any parents ever christened a child Phineas and I intend my father and mother to have the benefit thereof. Moreover, as I am, thanks to your congenital courtesy, my dear John, the elder of us twain, I am the head of the house. I am, in short, Herkimer." And he removed his hat with a solemn gesture. John could not but laugh at his absurdity, though he vexedly prophesied that nothing but trouble would come of it.

The year that John had gone for the twentieth time to England saw the publication of his book called Blooie. It was all about cowardice, and even the people who could not understand the first page said it was a masterly piece of work. By a coincidence, Phineas that same autumn brought out Fortune's Ice, that uproarious comment on arms and the man, perhaps his best-known novel. He could tell more about the negation of courage in one page, laughing at and through his characters, than his brother did in a whole volume of hairsplitting. And his hero was thoroughly understandable, a man not unlike yourself in fact, while John's idea of a coward was nebulously like the world's great-grandfather faced with a shifting ideal.

They sent congratulations to each other, John being reached by wireless in midocean on his way home, and about a fortnight later Phineas received a further message that John had been delayed in Boston. The telegram sounded very odd; it held a note of exasperation and even apprehension that its extremely staccato construction did nothing to soften. Phineas, standing in the open doorway of their great brick house while the messenger fled away again on his bicycle, puzzled over the yellow page, sensing matters of graver importance than even to be found in the context. Something at Harvard University seemed to have blocked John's journey westward.

Was he, then, to be wrested at last from Methuen?

Belinda, the middle-aged better half of their two servants, came into the hall behind him to share the news, and was disturbed by the thought of the extra buns she had made in anticipation of Mr. John's return. They had expected him in time for tea. Phineas thrust the telegram into his pocket with the unsatisfactory conclusion that it could not be helped.

"I am going for a walk," he said, and went.

Phineas was forever walking about in odd places. He had none of John's reasonable contacts with man, but wandered about alone, looking as abstracted as the preoccupied professor of Joe Miller's era, who winds up the egg and cracks the hard-boiled watch, though in fact his dreaming gray eyes were preternaturally observant and his mind no more absent than that of a gardener among his flowers.

It is not improbable that he knew the face of every child in Methuen, for certain it is that when he encountered, just beyond his own gravel driveway, a small person armed with two murderously long knitting needles, he was immediately aware that he was face to face with a stranger. She was a very slight little person, with yellow hair all about her shoulders, framing a delectable face. She stopped in front of Phineas with the utmost composure.

"I'm lost," she said in a friendly tone.

He was already smiling at her, but her announcement brought a chuckle to his throat.

"Lost?" said he, taking off his hat. She was pleased at this grown-up attention and shook her curls back the better to look at him. Phineas, however, dropped the hat inattentively, picked her up lightly and set her on the wide flat top of the stone gatepost near him. "Why, how can you be lost?" he said. "There you are as plain as plain!"

She did not seem to mind being called plain. Seated, she began to make extraordinarily graceful movements with the empty needles as if she were knitting.

"We only came to this town today," she said.

"You did? I live here," was his answer. He watched her dusty but lovely little fingers weaving the needles in and out of that invisible handiwork. "What are you making?"

"A comf'able," said the child.

"It's a pretty color," said Phineas, pretending to take up an end of it, the while she mutely gave thanks for a man capable of intelligent conversation. "Have you come here to live too?"

"No," she said casually. "We are going around the world."

"Wouldn't you like a bun before you go?" asked Phineas. "I live in that house right there, and it is full of buns."

"Help me down," said the little girl succinctly.

Phineas put her gently down, and with his recovered hat in one hand and her slender fingers in the other, turned back into his garden. The child cried out once at sight of

the flowers all about her, and stood drawing deep breaths of rapture.

"O-o-o-o!" she said. "I should love to live here."

He was not to be outdone by any Spaniard.

"The place is yours," he said. "Shall we have our buns in the garden?"

She shook her head. "I would like to go in the house. I like houses, where people live. The ship was nice. But the hotel is just like a ship, only it doesn't go anywhere."

"Come right on in," said Phineas cordially, never releasing her hand. "Belinda will give us some hemstitched cambric tea, and afterward we can pick some flowers."

She went inside the wide Colonial hall with him, stood on one foot while he shouted to Belinda, and then slipped away to dart before him into the living room. Belinda was not to be surprised by any demands from Mr. Phineas. Too often had she been required to serve him his dinner out on the grass, or to produce anything from an overcoat for a tramp to bones for a dog, to marvel at anything.

"Buns," she said competently, with a long pleasant look at the child even then withdrawing her hand to free herself for further exploration. "I'll get you fine tea before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I shall never know who that fellow was," said Phineas meditatively, and followed his new friend. She was looking about her, not at all in the way of a child seeking something to amuse it, but gravely and appreciatively, like a possible tenant.

"Is it really mine? Should we be married?" she inquired presently.

Phineas ran a hand through his thick hair and hesitated. "Am I old enough to get married, do you think?"

She looked at him critically. "Well, when I've been around the world!" she said.

"We shall have to wait till then," he agreed. He lifted a small table nearer to the long front windows so that they might look at the garden while they had their tea. "There's one thing—I haven't any parents to ask. But you?"

"There's mother," said the visitor. "But of course she expects me to get married sometime. Girls do. And then there are babies. I should love to have a baby."

"So should I," said Phineas.

"My name is Mary-love," she went on, belatedly introducing herself.

"Mary-love," he repeated in a dreamy tone, turning to observe her. "Why, what a nice mother you must have!"

"I certainly have," she affirmed gravely. She came to a turn before the fireplace and faced the portrait of the president of Herkimer College. "I know him," she said, to her host's unutterable astonishment. "Is he your father? His name is Mr. Herkimer."

"My brother," said Phineas.

"He's lots older than you."

"But how on earth do you know him?"

"He's been to see my mother often," said Mary-love indifferently, "and on the steamer. All the time. My mother likes him." She came slowly toward the little table where he still stood agaze at her. "My mother likes lots of things—everything, only not powdered sugar. She reads his books."

"She does!" cried Phineas, genuinely startled.

His mental image of this mother underwent a stupendous change.

Mary-love nodded. "They make her all pink," she said.

"Pink!" he repeated, staring.

"I'm sure she likes them better than she does him, because — "

She broke off as Belinda came in with a tray. They exchanged smiles. Mary-love for the moment forgot to finish her sentence while she looked at the brown shining tops of the sugary currant buns.

"But pink!" said Phineas again, as if he were lost in confusion.

It brought her back to the explanation she had tried to make.

" because he doesn't," she said, as a competent observer.

Phineas sat staring at her, while Belinda finished placing the silver and china upon the table. And the thoughts of host and guest, which had been so harmoniously united, went off into widely divergent paths. Mary-love was indefensibly counting the buns and waiting far more politely for them to be passed to her.

But her recent revelations were combining in the man's mind, as the bits of glass in a shaken kaleidoscope slip into a new pattern. The curious discomfort he had sensed in his brother's telegram, the coming of Mary-love and her mother to Herkimer—a place not inevitably in the track of journeyers making a circuit of the globe—the fact that this mother seemed to like John and his books ——

Mary-love finally helped herself to a bun as Belinda went out in quest of the teapot, and set her small sharp teeth into its crisp succulence, gazing out the window at the garden.

"Why do they plant sunflowers against a wall?" she asked somewhat indistinctly.

Phineas, recalled to his duties of the present, ran his hand through his hair again—a characteristic gesture.

"It has something to do with daylight saving," he said.

Mary-love brought her dancing eyes back to his. Never had she met a man with such satisfactory ideas. He had looked very far away a moment ago, but now he was giving her his whole attention.

"I've been wondering," she said, looking lovingly at her bun before taking another bite.

"Wondering?" said Phineas. "My favorite amusement." He was leaning forward over the little table, his elbows planted dangerously near the cream and the honey. He put out two massive gentle hands about her head, turning her face upward a little. "Does your mother make all these curls?"

The child nodded. "It hasn't never been cut," she said.

"Cut!" cried Phineas. "Why should cutting your hair at one end make it grow at the other? But you do your wondering underneath it?"

"Well, you see, I've been wondering if this wouldn't be my supper."

Phineas seemed struck with the idea. He looked down at the tea table.

"You think," he said in a hushed voice, "that any minute it might turn into something else?"

"Because it's late," she said, somewhat prosaically.

"Like Cinderella at midnight?" he persisted. She gave a silent squirm of delight. He was the nicest man! She watched him confidently as he put some honey in a cup and stirred it up with cream.

It seemed an odd mixture, yet she thought it must be a pleasant thing to do.

Belinda thought differently, coming in with a cup of orthodox chocolate.

"Do you want to make the child ill?" she scolded at him, taking the mess, as she called it, away from him.

"Why, Berlindy," said Phineas mildly, "I have the highest authority for milk and honey. However, perhaps the later dietitians ——" He permitted the substitution. "We are thinking of getting married, Belinda, and we do need a sustaining tea. I am always thinking of getting married and I eat a great deal."

Belinda sniffed. "You!" she said. "Thinking of getting married!"

Mary-love was quite aware that Belinda was not including her in this rebuff; she sat back, waiting for her chocolate to cool, and resumed her knitting.

"I don't think there has been a day," said Phineas, letting Belinda serve him with tea, "since Ada Hydekooper went away, when I have not thought of it. Long, long thoughts."

"Hydekooper!" cried Belinda. "Not them Dutch people that moved away from acrost the street when you was a little boy?"

"Yes," said he. "Ah, you think I am not serious!" He looked past Belinda, which did not matter in the least, as he was not talking to her at all. "Love—in a boy's heart. Thinking of marriage. Why, what else is there in the name of all that's holy for a sane man to think about?"

Belinda was used to Mr. Phineas. "Have another bun, my lamb," she said to Mary-love.

The man's eyes came back to them from far away.

"What you doing with them needles, child? Why ain't you got any worsted?"

Mary-love felt a positive pity for this well-meaning woman.

"When we are married," said Phineas, "I shall be a good provider. I do a great deal of wool-gathering, and you shall knit it all into comf'ables."

His prospective bride dimpled with smiles, and kind as she knew Belinda

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Mary-Love Brought Her Dancing Eyes Back to His. Never Had She Met a Man With Such Satisfactory Ideas

GOOD WARM STUFF

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

The Beach of a Florida Development in 1925

WHEN a first-class, high-grade Florida developer gains control of a parcel of real estate that makes the proper appeal to his emotions, his activities in connection with it are of such a tumultuous nature that out of every ten non-Floridians who are given a hasty outline of his plans, about nine and a half of them think that he has been seriously affected by the heat and has developed bats in what our British cousins are pleased to call the belfry.

Early American financiers were bold and fearless plungers, without question; but it is a safe bet that if an earnest Florida resort builder had fought his way into the inner sanctum of the founder of the Astor or Gould or Vanderbilt fortune and trustingly related a few of his Florida fancies to those far-seeing gentlemen, the next tidings of him would have been an obscure news item in the New York papers to the effect that a dangerous maniac had been apprehended in the financial district and temporarily consigned to the asylum for treatment.

When Developers Air Their Views

UP TO and including the year 1923, in fact, it was the somewhat distressing lot of most Florida developers to be pretty generally regarded, even by their fellow Floridians, as addicts to the potent loco weed or sufferers from inflammation of the financial nerve.

Now and again one of them would lead a party of hard-headed Floridians of long standing out to the middle of a flat and sandy tract on which grew a large assortment of scrawny pines and a luxuriant tangle of saw-toothed herbage. He would work his way to an elevation, carefully pluck off twenty or thirty sandspurs that were attempting to bury themselves in his ankles and then call the attention of his friends to a particularly malevolent-looking bit of ground.

"Now," he would say, "that will be the ideal location for the $5,000,000 hotel, because it will be equidistant between the artificial lake and the finest 36-hole golf links in the South, which will be placed a little beyond the $2,000,000 casino and the $1,000,000 clubhouse and just this side of a simpler little $1,000,000 hotel and the great yacht basin that will be connected by a semicircular canal with the artificial lake that I spoke of before, on the shores of which will be erected an $11,000,000 group of municipal buildings and about $17,000,000 worth of private homes."

His hearers would follow his remarks with polite attention as he indicated the various waste places in the surrounding territory that were to be covered—to hear him tell it—with a set of buildings that would make the fairest portions of the Chicago World's Fair look like a slum.

When he paused to get his breath and to remove a few more sandspurs from his trousers, the faces of his companions would express nothing but interest and admiration; but every elbow in the assemblage would be actively engaged in prodding the nearest listener with some violence by way of calling attention to the fact that nobody was being hypnotized by the developer's delirious prattle.

The Site of the Chief Business Street of a Large Florida Development in June, 1921

The Skeptics

LATER that same day, after the developer had talked so much and in such large figures that his voice sounded like that of a terrier that has been barking down a rat hole for six hours, his little group of listeners would disperse to their homes and convulse their wives by giving first-class imitations of him.

"What I propose to do to this house," they would say with mock enthusiasm, "is to run a pipe line from the front hall to the Bahama Islands so that real gin can be drawn from a faucet, and equip each sleeping room with an electric hair-combing machine, a mechanical back scratcher, and a hydraulic trousers presser and shoe shiner.

"On the roof I will construct a collapsible nine-hole golf course that will fold into the chimney when not in use; and a pneumatic tube will connect the dining room with Foyot's restaurant in Paris, France, so that we can be sure of first-class provender at any hour of the day or night.

"Directly above the front porch I shall install an artificial moon that will be a great improvement over the old moon that we have been obliged to use for so many years. Instead of having one lady in the moon, and a pretty sketchy-looking lady at that, my moon will have two ladies; and each one of them will be clear enough and good-looking enough to knock every discriminating observer for a row of facial-cream containers.

"I propose to spend $14,000,000 on these and other improvements; and when they are completed, our house will easily bring $28,000,000."

That was the way Floridians would run on after hearing a big-league developer air his views, and their imitations were thought to be too killing for words—killing, and a little too near the truth for comfort.

All this, it should be understood, took place prior to 1924, when the most skeptical persons in the world concerning the ultimate success of large-scale operations in Florida were native Floridians and Northerners who formed their opinions of Florida without leaving the North.

Newcomers to the state—especially newcomers blessed with access to large bales of currency—have not been so adamantine in their attitude.

When Flagler was merrily engaged in pushing a railroad out across the Florida Keys—a railroad that would have to busy itself, as far as resident Floridians were able to see, in the unnourishing chore of carrying nothing to nowhere for nobody—his friends in the North appointed a committee of three distinguished and hard-boiled financiers to hasten down to Florida and turn Flagler from his mad determination to toss his entire fortune into swamps and sand bars; turn him and tie him, if necessary; at all events bring him back to the sane, frosty and clear-eyed North, where a man's brain wouldn't be uncontrollably inflamed by the penetrating tropical sun.

So the three financiers proceeded to Florida, presented themselves before Flagler, and began warily to watch for a chance to knock him down and truss him up, preparatory to getting him safely away while he still had enough money left to pay his coal bills.

One of the Plazas in a Florida Development in 1923

While they were sparring for an opening, Flagler seized the opportunity to express a few well-chosen views on Florida, its climate, its resources, its natural advantages, its vegetation, its effect on the heart, lungs, liver, sciatic nerve and general disposition, and its probable future as a stimulant to the bank account.

By the time his oration was half finished, the three hard-boiled financiers were so impressed that their lower jaws had slacked away sufficiently to permit a Wilson's thrush to nest comfortably in their mouths.

To Buy or Not to Buy?

BY THE time the oration was completed the financiers had silently relinquished their job of bringing Flagler back North, and had unanimously agreed to act as a committee of three to return to Wall Street and raise $25,000,000 to enable Flagler to continue his money-squandering program in the manner to which he had become accustomed.

But along toward 1924 it began to dawn on even the most skeptical Floridians that when a good developer announced that he was going to build a $700,000 hotel he produced a $700,000 hotel. He did not always produce what the Florida press agents claimed he was going to produce; for there are times when the Florida press agents suffer from multifiguritis, or inability to keep from doubling or tripling all figures mentioned by them—a fact which frequently leads to some embarrassing situations. When the developer himself made the promise, however, he kept the promise, even though he frequently strained himself severely in keeping it.

Since 1924, therefore, no good developer has been able to talk in sufficiently large figures to shock the average Floridian. If he casually mentions that he is going to build a $4,000,000 replica of the Bay of Naples, including Mt. Vesuvius, out of a semisubmerged sand spit, his friends no longer communicate with an alienist. They yawn in a somewhat bored manner and reserve a few fifty-foot lots on the slopes of the proposed Mt. Vesuvius. The developer could have said $40,000,000 as well as $4,000,000 without disturbing anyone, since very few persons in this world know the difference between $4,000,000 and $40,000,000. If he is a good developer he will spend what he says he will spend, and the money will be well spent, so that persons who invest in his development will be greatly benefited.

The only wasp in this particular ointment is the fact that a developer sometimes cannot prove himself to be a good developer until he has developed something. This leads to an involved state of affairs that frequently fills old and new Florida real-estate investors, in spite of their perpetual air of blithe well-being, with such a wealth of nervous indecision that they can barely refrain from getting off in a corner and having a good cry.

If a man has never developed land in Florida, but suddenly appears and says that he is going to spend $18,000,000 or $80,000,000 on a large development, how is one going to know that he is a good developer and will keep his promises? If he is not a good developer it is dangerous to buy a lot in his development. If he is a good developer it is dangerous not to buy a lot in his development.

If one waits until after the development has been made all the lots may have been sold. If one buys before it has been made it may never be finished, and one may never be able to resell. People have gone all to pieces attempting to solve less intricate problems than this. Mr. Einstein, holder of the world's running broad figuring championship and originator of the widely advertised theory, wouldn't be able to figure it out with any greater success than anybody else. It is all very distressing.

Nobody in Florida or anywhere else—with the possible exception of the recording angel's office—knows how many good developments there are in Florida and how many bad subdivisions there are. Nobody knows how many subdivisions of all sorts there are. When the most expert estimators in all Florida are requested to be specific concerning the Florida lot situation, their guesses are even wilder and more useless than those of the gentlemen who make futile attempts each year to estimate the number of telephones that will be needed next year in any Florida city.

A Problem in Subdivision

IT HAS been stated that enough Florida land has been cut up into subdivisions to provide every resident of China with one lot; and it has also been stated that there are enough lots to supply the 110,000,000 people in the United States with one apiece. Conservative estimators frown fretfully at these statements and point out that there are only 58,000 square miles in the entire state; and that 58,000 square miles, reduced to acreage, amounts to 37,120,000 acres; and that this acreage, allowing five lots to the acre and taking out a few acres for lakes, waterways, parks and what not, could only amount to some 175,000,000 building lots—which would eliminate the possibility of small farms and large farms and big estates and waste places. Such things, it is scarcely necessary to state, can no more be eliminated than whiskers can be eliminated from the human face

There are—as anyone can discover by perusing those sections of large Florida newspapers that are devoted to the listing of purchasable acreage—a great many millions of acres of Florida land that have not yet been subdivided. If one wishes to do any figuring along these lines he ought to base his figures on the million and more people who are resident in the state of Florida. It is generally believed that these people own an average of two lots apiece—one that they intend to keep for residential purposes, and one that they hope

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The Main Business Street of One of the Earliest South Florida Developments at its Start

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

The Hunters Were Returning and Their Cry Triumphantly Announced That Their Chase Had Been Successful

WHERE PARIS IS

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

LITTLE SQUIRREL ran laughingly, pursued by his playmates, Fur Rat and Singing Bird, in and out among the reed wind shelters of the camp on the grass-tufted pebble bank between the broad river and the forest. They dashed noisily, in that perhaps earliest of games, through the pungent drifting smoke of the cooking fires—heedless of the shrill scoldings they evoked—across the pegged-down skin which the brutish-faced, hairy-bodied, ocher-daubed women were patiently scraping with flakes of flint.

Their game ceased abruptly, as did the games of all the other infants playing about the encampment. The women jumped up from their diverse occupations, some with babies slung in a skin at the back of their bodies, stood looking eagerly at the forest whence a long peculiar cry had issued. They answered that cry with another, acknowledging and reciprocating a signal that all was well. It was the great event of the day—rather earlier than usual, for the sun was still high above the horizon. The hunters were returning and their cry triumphantly announced that their chase had been successful; there would—a circumstance that brightened the coarse-featured faces of those lean-flanked squalid women, set them chattering excitedly to each other—be a plenitude of food in the camp. A minute or two later they appeared, a single file of savages emerging from the forest with the one-foot-precisely-in-front-of-the-other step of primitive man, some exultantly flourishing their long wooden spears and short wooden clubs, others carrying between them the carcasses of the animals they had slain, all of them with their hairy bodies grotesquely daubed with red ocher and cicatrized with the ceremonial scars which indicated their status as full-grown men, as accepted members of the tribe. Little Squirrel, Fur Rat and Singing Bird stood—automatically scratching their bodies the while—and watched their entrance with awe, with the mingled admiration and envy of boyhood for those they hoped one day to resemble.

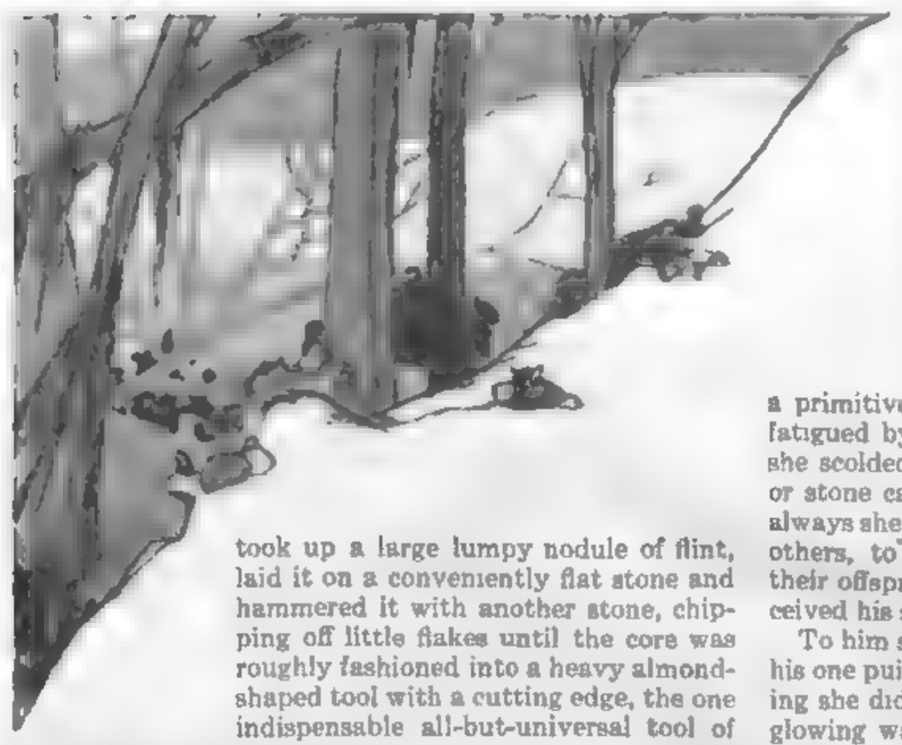
The women of the camp bestirred themselves immediately to a happy activity. Deftly, with sharp-edged hand tools of flint, they stripped those carcasses of their skins, dismembered them into joints of a convenient size for cooking, scattered the embers of the fires so that the meat could be deposited in the glowing ashes, on the red-hot stones underneath. Meanwhile the men flung themselves in luxurious idleness on the ground, boasted to one another in their guttural speech of their prowess in the hunt. Not for them the degradation of mere domestic tasks.

Little Squirrel, Fur Rat and Singing Bird lingered as near them as they dared, drinking in the words of those prestigious beings who ignored them magnificently, greedily noting every detail of their behavior for future imitation. To not one of any of those low-browed, fierce-faced hunters, coarse-mouthed, all but chinless in an abrupt recession of the jaw, were they conscious of any relationship. The idea of paternity had not yet dawned in any of those primitive brains. Children were exclusively the descendants of the mother. To the men of the horde, Little Squirrel and his playmates were the unconsidered appanages of the women, in a responsibility they felt no call and saw no reason to share. Were not children the result, perhaps, of the artful return to life of some child that had died, had seized a favorable opportunity to provide itself with an altogether unwitting and frequently unwilling mother? With savage logic, some of the premises of which are distinctly unfit for polite modern discussion, they could have given admirably cogent reasons for that belief. Consequently, none of those lordly hunters felt it incumbent on them to take the slightest notice of Little Squirrel, Fur Rat or Singing Bird. The children could stare at them if they liked—in fact, they naïvely enjoyed the homage, while affecting a superb indifference—but there was no necessity to throw them a word.

The meat was long a-cooking, and presently some of the younger and more restless of those hunters tired of their inactivity. They rose, busied themselves with tasks that were specifically masculine, implied no reproach. Little Squirrel and his companions followed them, hung around them at a safe distance, thrilled and fascinated. Was there anything in life more interesting than to watch one of those awe-inspiring hunters making a new spear for himself? Those spears with which were killed—how often had he listened, eyes gleaming in ecstasy, to the stories round the camp fires—by a cunning thrust through the eye to the brain, the screaming, trumpeting, great elephants impotently trapped in a pitfall in the forest. They were given names, those weapons—Death-bringer, Straight-flyer, Deep-piercer—and potent magics went to their fashioning as was needful; for had they not to slay also the great burly hippopotamus, the fierce long-horned rhinoceros that wallowed and crashed through the swampy reed banks of the river—perambulating incarnations, perhaps, of the great river itself, which had to be begged not to overflow its banks in anger when these, its clumsy avatars, had of necessity to be killed for food? Nor was that all. There were lions in the semitropic forest, and also—the most heart stopping of all terrors—the great striped, wide-mouthed, fearsomely roaring tiger with long curving fangs, of a surety the very demon of the jungle itself, not to be slain without a multiplicity of spells and subsequent hypocritical prayers for pardon. Very cunning was man—even Little Squirrel thrilled with anticipative participation in that cunning—fertile in tricky resource to outwit the immensely formidable, but fortunately stupid, superior powers that surrounded him.

Little Squirrel craved for the time when he also, admitted after certain mysterious not-yet-to-be-thought-of rites into the brotherhood of the grown men, should fashion himself a spear as he watched these hunters doing, making the long shafts supple by passing them over the fire and then straightening them by the united effort of jaws and hairy hands, scraping them into that exact additional thickness and weight near the fire-hardened point which should give accuracy to their flight. He tried to overhear the exact words of the spells the hunters muttered for each part of the process, dared not come near enough. Those magics were not for uninitiated boys.

Not less fascinating was the skill of those others who were whiling away this exasperating wait before the food was ready, by the manufacture of those stone implements which, in two immemorially fixed types, were the only tools imaginable. The squatting craftsman



took up a large lumpy nodule of flint, laid it on a conveniently flat stone and hammered it with another stone, chipping off little flakes until the core was roughly fashioned into a heavy almond-shaped tool with a cutting edge, the one indispensable all-but-universal tool of their rudimentary existence, sufficient when held firmly in the hand to hack through a tree, a knife for the dismembering of slain animals, for all the other purposes for which a knife is essential. When, by accident, the flint nodule flew into fragments under a heavier blow, the smaller flakes were collected, roughly chipped into shape for those scrapers which came only second in universal utility. Not yet had it occurred to anyone deliberately to crack the large nodule into flakes that would lend themselves more readily to precise fashioning.

In a future infinitely remote, other men would dig up these primitive tools from deposits many yards deep, label them as Chellean, and date them with an antiquity of anything from sixty to eighty thousand years, over so vast a period of time did human development remain almost stationary, its evolution scarcely perceptible. Yet even these crude implements were not the first fashioned by man. From an infinitely distant past, prior by incomputable millenniums to that Chellean Age, those scientists would collate even more roughly chipped flints, would label them as Strépyan, and behind them would catalogue yet others, clumsier still, the Mesvinian, until at last they would dispute over eoliths where natural fractures are not to be distinguished from the first awkward efforts of human handiwork. It was a futurity and a past of which those hairy, ocher-daubed craftsmen, patiently hammering at their lumps of flint, were alike happily unconscious.

At a summoning cry from the women, these occupations ceased abruptly. The men crowded around the cooking fires, flung themselves down in a reclining position, the women and children in a humble outer circle behind them, hungrily ready to receive the less choice portions their lords should disdainfully fling to them. Little Squirrel hopefully settled himself close to that ugly hairy-bodied woman whom the men and the other women called Gushing Spring, but whom he called mother, in a word that in almost all languages has retained its essential initial consonant, or its immediate permutation, from the beginning of human speech. She grinned affectionately at him, darted for the first lump of meat tossed over his shoulder by one of the nearest of the men, gave it generously, self-denyingly, to her offspring. He devoured it greedily, burying his face in the hot juice-dripping chunk, gurgling his satisfaction.

She was wonderful, his mother. He loved her with a single-hearted passion, the sole being in his world, indeed, in whom his elemental human need to love and be loved could find an object. It was a passion she reciprocated with a primitive intensity, although sometimes harassed and fatigued by the hardships of their precarious existence—she scolded at him shrilly, beat him with whatever stick or stone came handy in sudden uncontrolled anger. But always she was there to shield him from the violence of the others, to dispute with the other women championing their offspring in their childish quarrels, to see that he received his share of the precious food.

To him she was the incarnation of all wisdom, as well as his one puissant protector. It seemed that there was nothing she did not know. She it was, as sometimes by the fire glowing warmly red in the blue star-peeping dusk they waited for the hunters to return, who taught him meticulously the clicking guttural difficult words of that speech which was always changing—persons, for instance, were invariably called after natural objects, a tree, an animal, a river, and if those persons died it was unlucky to pronounce their name again and therefore a new word for the object had to be devised—and always being enlarged by the appearance of a stranger woman with strange talk, dragged by one of the hunters in accordance with immemorial custom from the camp fire of another horde to be an additional wife. So he himself would gloriously drag a woman one day. She it was who taught him the manifold prohibitions that must be strictly observed by even him, a child, lest dire and unimaginable disasters should befall them all. She it was who told him hair-raising stories of the potent animal demons—and above all of the terrible ruthless Striped One—that roamed in the forest, whispered in mysterious answer to his bewildered question that the hunters could kill the Striped One, because they were magically kin with the Striped One themselves, as he, Little Squirrel, would one day be made kin when he became a man.

Many things she taught him out of the great treasure of secret knowledge possessed by the women alone—and, in particular, she inculcated in him an awed vague superstitious cult of motherhood, that primal human relationship which was the germ of every social institution, whispered to his confused embryonic intelligence half-understood tales of an original Big Mother, dimly remembered from an unidentifiable past, from whom had proceeded not only the earth and all things upon it but the all-important beneficent art of summoning the fire spirit to its meal of heaped-up twigs and leaves. She imparted to him vague ancestral memories of an infinitely remote epoch when the women alone possessed that essential secret, memories which persisted in the female responsibility for maintaining the hearth; in the crude myths which identified that Big Mother with the big fire which passed across the sky each day, followed by her pursuing husband, the Moon—myths which would fragmentarily survive scores of thousands of years hence, when the primeval cult of motherhood had long been obscured by a recognition of paternity and its train of younger masculine gods, in the feminine gender of the sun retained by many languages, in the vestal virgins sacred in the guardianship of the sacred flame.

Living as he did, an unconsidered infant, in the sharply marked-off sodality of the women, his child mind conceived an awe of them quite different from the envious awe with which he regarded the hunters. Oppressed and harshly treated though they were by the men, who were each of them the tyrannical masters of three or four wives—and those by no means clearly differentiated—relegated to a conspicuous humbly accepted inferiority when their lords were present, nevertheless, within that male autocracy, they formed an elusively potent, closely knit feminine republic which could upon occasion assert itself. It was they who were the custodians of that domestic lore which provided all there was of rudimentary luxury. It was they, quicker-brained, more readily articulate than the men, who maintained intact from generation to generation—from a period already immemorial—the rigid and complicated code of traditions, taboos and magical ceremonies which governed every

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Bewildered, Still In Superstitious Awe of Her, He Half Understood

THE ILL WIND

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"The Captain Uttered an Exclamation and Exchanged Looks With the Senhora. 'Check!' He said. 'I'm Going to Take Her In. They Can Quarantine Us Inside if They Want To.'"

THE flat yellow front of the great old house, dotted with the green *jalousies* of its narrow windows, stood upon the road, and beyond the road was the beach. So that those who gathered each evening, at the hour of which sunset is the climax, in the arch of the gateway, running like a tunnel from the hot light of day to the unchanging shadow of the courtyard, sat on the very brink of Africa and had under their eyes that moody ocean whose farther shore is South America. Upon three hundred days of the year, the night came up as if upon a familiar path; the flush of the sunset would spread into the sky; the sea would show a tinge of it like the stain of wine in water; the squawking of the parrots among the palms would die down and the first cool of the evening would steal inshore across the water. But upon the other sixty-five anything might happen.

"Wind? Yes, there is wind, and there is more to come. Me—I have sailed these seas and I have learned the nature of the winds upon them."

Squatted at the lip of the archway, leaning against a leaf of the open gate, old Ana, chief woman of the household, pinched her black shawl together under her chin and stared down to where the high surf pranced and stamped upon the beach. The driven sand raced past in gusts, like wind made visible; and over the horizon the squalls stood ranked like smoke columns riding against the sky. A southeaster was booming up the Mozambique Channel and growing as it came.

Beside her, Felipé, the butler, and Jao, sacristan, bell ringer and sexton, reposed in such a posture as her own, grave men, slow-spoken and deliberate of movement. Behind them crowded some of the girls of the house, barefooted, each with her bright-colored kerchief about her head. Behind Ana's black-draped shoulder crouched Brigida, the youngest of them all, a wisp of a little thing, the color of a yellow rose, with that delicate and wraithlike beauty which touches for a season those of the mixed blood of the coast. Old Ana, with her fierce monkey's muzzle and her cobweb effect of wrinkles, had once been such another.

Jao reached into the space between his shirt and himself and drew forth a bent but still serviceable cigarette. Having lit it, while all watched him, with a sulphur match that fumigated the whole assembly, he blew forth a lungful of smoke and spoke.

"I remember," he said, "seeing three ships driven ashore at one time. They fouled each other, and they drifted in locked together till they struck, and then the three of them made but one wreck of it. There were bodies on the beach for weeks."

Brigida shuddered. Old Ana wagged her head, the shawl drawn over it like a tight black hood.

"Their own fault," she pronounced. "These winds—one must not encourage them. Now if I were a captain ——"

In the huddle of girls at the back someone giggled. Felipé, the butler, turned his head and stared them into abashed silence. A terrible man when he liked; he was capable of sending them all to draw water till further orders, and they knew it.

"If I were a captain," went on Ana, "and I beheld the wind approaching thus, I should command my sails to be set and go forthwith out to sea. In the sea there are no beaches to break oneself against; and the wind—the wind should thus carry me to safety."

Jao nodded slowly; Felipé, having considered the matter in silence, nodded likewise. Only Brigida ventured a suggestion.

"I should leave the ship and come on land," she said. "Then I should be quite safe."

The two men turned grave inquiring eyes on the old woman and from the girls at the back there was a rustle and a murmur of agreement. If was felt that Brigida, after the known manner of babes and sucklings, had uttered words of wisdom.

Again old Ana wagged the head of experience.

"Brigida is a little fool," she said calmly. "Come on land, indeed! But supposing you could not come on land! Supposing an ugly black ship of war, with a long black cannon pointing at you, stands between you and the land, to shatter and destroy you if you should attempt it? That is what happened to me when I went voyaging, and therefore, as I have said ——"

Felipé coughed. A cough from Felipé was equivalent to an oration from anyone else.

"It is true!" said Ana with vigor. "A long black cannon with its nose a little lifted. We needed the land just then as we needed air to breathe; death and fear dwelt on board with us; the wind was swelling to tempest; yet we set our sails and turned from the sight of the earth and the trees and the roofs to the desolation and inhospitality of the sea."

Silence followed, ruminative and critical. It was, of course, Brigida who broke it.

"But that is not Christian," she said, deeply shocked. "Why did they do a cruel thing like that?"

Jao, the sexton, let himself down upon an elbow for greater ease; Felipé felt for a cigarette; the girls pressed nearer. They knew, all of them, what they were in for. The southeaster hooted past the mouth of the archway; the surf was like a wall of white crystal on the beach, and the noise of it rose and fell in a changeless cadence. The eastern sky was black with wind; the old woman's eyes dwelt upon it unseeing as she went back to the times that enriched her memory. She began to speak:

"In those days I served Doña Henriqueta, the wife of Dom Luis da Sousa, in their great house in the groves above the bay of Bandero. You girls, you have not seen such a house, with its archway through which carriages drove into the court—not like this, a mere stone pipe from the gutter to our little pit of a yard—and the fountain in the middle with five thin strong jets that met and made a lace of water in the sunshine. There, I promise you, was no rabble of half-naked sluts calling themselves maids."

There was a froufrou of chemises being pulled up over smooth shoulders hurriedly.

"No! Those fashions were not for the Senhora Henriqueta da Sousa. Ah, that was a lady in the grand manner! Even I, her own maid, who made her every day with my two hands into the fine thing she was in the eye of the world, and unmade her again every night—creating her, you may say, out of mere sleepy flesh and crumpled linen into a finished thing of life and splendor—even I might not approach too nearly. I tell you that for no more than a smile of mere gladness when her mood was otherwise I have been beaten down the corridor with a stick. Yes, Brigida"—there had been a movement on the girl's part—"in that great house one learned not to trespass upon one's betters. It is by discipline we come to virtue. . . . Eh, what did you say?"

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OLD FLO

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

OLD FLO opened her tiny sunken eyes and looked drowsily about her cabin in Long Lane in Gettysburg. The cabin contained but one room, and that room was furnished with a pallet bed, a table, a stove, a wood box and a chair. The chair was old and decrepit like its owner; last evening it collapsed and precipitated her to the floor.

"You ole boa'ds, you ha'd!" said Flo, whose few coherent thoughts were invariably expressed aloud

On the wall hung an almanac of the year 1890, on the table stood a few dishes and pans, behind the door hung a coat and sunbonnet—this was the sum of Flo's earthly possessions, except a basket and a quarter of a dollar.

"Got no use fo' nothin' else," Flo would say. "Got no use" was a favorite phrase; she had no use for cold weather, no use for poor white people or rich colored people, no use for certain folk whom she called the "Cluckses." There were individuals for whom she had no use, and about them she talked as frequently as though they were her living enemies—"Geo'gia traders" were among them, and so was Jefferson Davis.

"No use fo' Jeff Davis," she would say. "Goin' to vote fo' Abe Lincoln all my lifetime."

She had various picturesque delusions. She believed that she had been captured in Africa and brought across the sea and sold from master to master, and that she had been beaten, and had run away and had come to Gettysburg, and that again and again she had been captured and had escaped. She believed that she had seen Jefferson Davis and had given him a piece of her mind, and that she had spoken with Abraham Lincoln. The first was impossible; the last probable, since she had been born in Gettysburg and had never been away and Lincoln had visited there.

The children loved to hear her stories.

"What did he say to you, ole Flo?"

"He leaned out de window up at Jedge Wills' house and he single me out wif he bright eye. He say to me, 'God bress you, Flo, fo' all you is, and all you done fo' me.'"

"What is you done fo' him?"

"I votes fo' him," declared Flo with conviction. "I votes fo' him befo' an' endurin' de wa', an' since de wa'."

It was true that Flo voted, with a large shaky X, but though she voted for Lincoln's party she did not, needless to say, vote for him.

Lying on her pallet, Flo came gradually to full consciousness of her surroundings. There was something on her mind; she had made some important plans for the day, but she could not remember what they were. At last, deciding that she could think better standing than lying down and that besides she was hungry, she rose and shook herself like a dog after a comfortable sleep. She was less than five feet tall, and between her bony framework and her black skin there was little flesh. Her front teeth had gone and her woolly hair was a sparse gray fringe, but there was something elfin about her little body, and her smile was sweet.

"Got to go out," she said, puzzled. "Got to go out dis day, but whar's I goin'?"

Standing by the table she breakfasted, a thick slice of cold bacon in one hand, a slice of dry bread in the other The process of chewing was difficult and she soon desisted.

"Got no use for much eatin' dis mo'nin'," said she. "But what is it I has got use fo' dis day?"

Neither meditation nor mastication solved her problem. At last, wiping her fingers on her dress, she walked toward her shaky chair. Perhaps if she sat down she could think. She bent her little body stiffly, and instantly she sat upon the floor. Her feeble pressing of rungs into uprights had not served to hold the chair together.

"Well!" said she with indignation. "Well! Ise gwine today to buy me a chaih, dat's what's on my po' ole min'!"

She sat for several minutes, her hands clasped round her knees, as a child might sit hearing stories before the nursery fire.

"Ise goin' to de square to de sale to buy me a chaih, dat's what's on my po' min'. Got no use fo' payin' money in high-class sto's."

Scrambling up, she found herself unhurt.

"Ole bones," said she, chuckling; "you might 'a' done me up dat time!"

Flo had no clock, but she guessed that it was nearly the middle of the morning, and putting on coat and sunbonnet she went out and shut the door. In her little yard was a gigantic sycamore which arched over her cabin and the houses on either hand. With its silver trunk and golden leaves and the background of blue sky, it was the most glorious object for miles round.

The children playing in the street shouted their unfailing greeting, "Flo, ole Flo, shut yo' do'!" and Flo smiled at them. Old age brought with it no rancor and no fear; in this respect Flo was enviable. Even her dislike for Jeff Davis was not really serious; humor entered into it as well as into all her emotions and opinions.

The appearance of the street fortified her in her opinion that it was about nine o'clock. At the corner was the bread man. He would stop at her door and leave a loaf on her table—who sent it she neither knew nor cared, being as unanxious as the fowls of the air. If she needed food she asked for it: either she visited the families of ladies for whose mothers or grandmothers she had worked, or she begged in grocery or meat stores until she had a supply to last her meager appetite for days. She even requested candy.

"Got few toofs, mars'r. But what I has is shu'ly sweet toofs."

"Clear out!" the candy man would say—Flo herself was not an object to invite trade. But the hand which waved her away tossed her a bar of chocolate or a bag of peppermints.

"I likes 'em ha'd," Flo would say as she caught the missile. "They lasts longer."

Flo went toward the square, walking at a leisurely pace, her skirts dragging. Now and then a passer-by greeted her, and she answered pleasantly. Her faculty for remembering names was a business asset; benevolent ladies liked to be called by name.

The sale which was about to begin was held in front of a pleasant old house in a corner of the square, the last domestic survivor among the store and office buildings. The family had ceased to exist and the property was willed to charity. The house had been a homestead for many generations and departing members had returned at the breaking up of their own homes, bringing their possessions with them, so that the accumulation of movable property was large. Some of the chairs had belonged to the founder of the town; and though there was little else of historical value, there were many beautiful old pieces. The sale had been widely advertised and the deep pavement in front of the house was thronged. Before the door a platform had been built for the auctioneer, and the articles for sale were handed one by one out the windows.

"Fat Man Down Dere Givin' Away Chairs. Shouldn't be Su'prised if He's President of de United States"

Flo was astonished; among the throng she saw many strange faces. Another person so old and feeble would have retreated, but Flo had no such intention, though she was promptly and loudly advised to go.

"No place fo' you, Flo," said a pert young person of her own color.

"Much right heah's you," answered Flo pleasantly.

"Going to buy antiques, Flo?" asked a white person.

"Ise got no use fo' antiques," said Flo. She indicated her body with a gnarled forefinger. "Got enough antiques rattlin' roun' inside of me. Ise got antiques at home too. I has one chaih so antique dat it lets me down on de flo', kerflum, kerflam. Ise heah to buy a strong chaih."

Flo moved on round the crowd behind the young person who had protested against her presence.

As has been said, Flo spoke every thought aloud. Her attitude toward her acquaintances was sometimes critical, but it was humorous and not moralistic.

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SEEING'S BELIEVING

"I Don't See Why I Can't Go to the Smiths' Dance," Protests the Young Girl Whose Mother Still Attempts to Exercise Some Supervision Over Her Engagements

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A YOUNG man who came to New York from a small Western community obtained a temporary position with a well-known publicity firm. He brought with him testimonials as to his proved ability in this ultra-modern profession, but the successful heads of the firm refused to take him on any basis more permanent than a few weeks of trial.

Shortly after he had entered upon this probation, which he felt was entirely superfluous, a charmingly dressed woman came into the office early one morning and the young Westerner was detailed to interview her.

"I want to arrange for publicity for my daughter," she said.

He listened sympathetically as she told him of her daughter's featurable points—her skill at swimming, her rare type of beauty, and especially the marked attentions she had received from a famous titled foreigner.

"Which up to this time we have tried to keep out of the press," said her mother. "And, of course, his name must not be mentioned now; but you can word the story in such a way that the idea is conveyed that he is connected with one of the royal houses. I'd suggest that you see to it that the story appears to originate in Europe."

"Excellent!" he said. "We have affiliations in various parts of the world, of course."

"I think those things will do for a beginning. But I shall expect you to suggest other things from time to time. It's absolutely essential that she should be kept before the public eye this winter. It's up to you to make her interesting."

"We can attend to that, I'm sure," said the young man with professional urbanity. "But may I ask what play she's to appear in?"

"Play!" repeated the mother with indignation. "Why, my daughter's not an actress! She's one of the most important debutantes of this season!"

She was so perturbed at the thought that he had not recognized her name, with all that it stood for socially, that she reported the case in scathing terms to one of the partners, who came in just then.

The Westerner declares that he learned more about contemporary society from the results of this error than anyone inside or out of it can possibly know. And as he has since then built up a highly remunerative business of his own based upon this insight, one may assume that he has proved many of his theories. He declares, for instance, that everyone in the world loves personal publicity.

Everybody Likes Some Publicity

"HIGH or low, rich or poor, they all love to see their own names in print. Now I don't mean that they all like to see it in the same form. Far from it. That's where my skill comes in. The majority of people don't care how it's done, if it works—on the theory of the English writer who said of flattery, 'If you throw it on thick enough, some of it's bound to stick.'

"But in all communities there are small groups of conservative people of the old school who avoid having their parties, and so on, put into the society columns of the newspapers. However, even they succumb if the bait's right. I remember a woman of this sort who raised a row when a reporter tried to get details from her about a dinner she gave for a famous European.

"'Such impertinence!' she said. 'People of my sort try even harder to keep out of the public eye than vulgar people strive to keep in it!' The poor reporter was awfully upset. Then the European went home and wrote his book about America. In it he mentioned this woman at length as embodying the most gracious and charming type of hostess, and so on. She bought dozens of copies and gave them to her friends!

"She was sincere when she said she did not like to be in the columns of the daily newspaper. But that dislike was not based upon modesty; on the contrary, to a woman of her secure position, there was something almost belittling about being associated more or less indiscriminately with all kinds of people. It seemed to put her on a common level with social climbers and *nouveaux riches* and other people to whom she felt superior.

"But when the printed word was discriminating she felt that it did not subtract from but rather added to her distinction, and so she welcomed it. So does everybody else in the world."

Apart from the almost pathetic desire for some sort of recognition which is inherent in all humanity, there is in America today an added reason for the social power of personal publicity. The vastness of our country, plus the extraordinary way in which people of all sorts move about, has made us naturally receptive to the idea of judging the individual upon his or her own merit. We have a naïve faith in the printed report of these merits, however, which is rare among literate peoples. This belief indicates a laudable sincerity, but one which, unfortunately, is often used by those not so sincere for their own purposes, which are sometimes merely vainglorious, but on occasion may be worse

In one of the most sophisticated of our larger cities, it was announced not long ago that a titled European and his wife had arrived at a certain hotel. The announcement added the names of certain socially important Americans who had been their hosts in other cities. Before long the visitors had been taken up by some of the most conservative residents, and the ensuing entertainments were also chronicled.

In between social activities, the foreigners found time for hasty expeditions to the best shops, from which they ordered on approval various expensive furs, gowns, jewelry and other accouterments of the rich.

Then, to the amazement of everyone, it was discovered that they had quietly slipped away, taking with them a small fortune in merchandise as well as appreciable sums of money borrowed from their social acquaintances. The humiliation of the representative people who had entertained them was equaled only by the wrath of the shopkeepers.

One of the latter said to a well-known woman who had been hostess to the visitors at dinner, "I never would have given them credit if I hadn't supposed that a lady so careful as you would know all about foreigners before you'd ask them into your home."

It developed that when he had grown suspicious he had gone to the public library and consulted the Almanach de Gotha without finding the name or title authenticated.

Faith in the Printed Word

BY THIS time it was too late, however. The pretenders had vanished. Of course they were not titled people; the man was merely a clever swindler who had preyed upon American gullibility. He had made certain advantageous acquaintances on the steamer coming to this country, and after landing had used their hospitality for publicity purposes.

He was astute enough to wait until sufficient evidence purporting to prove his social prominence had accumulated so that he could use it in one big coup.

Downright knavery of this indisputable sort seems very important because of its sensational results, but a great many other unscrupulous people benefit by our belief in the printed word to attain social or political ends without being detected. Sometimes this insidious trickery has more harmful results than mere loss of money.

Almost every community has its local version of the story in which an ambitious mother, determined that some desirable *parti* should marry her daughter, forced his hand by a newspaper announcement of their engagement. There must have been some foundation for this story of coercion through publicity, because today reputable journals will rarely publish such announcements without consulting both parties.

Another rule which may have to come into effect, if accurate social news is to be accomplished, would be not to

publish names of guests without their consent, except when the hostess' accuracy is unquestionable.

Certain names have an indisputable news value. Sometimes this is due to wealth, sometimes to public distinction and sometimes to a much less definable quality, difficult to name. In all groups, whether of actors, authors, politicians, society women or millionaires, there are some names which stand out in the public interest. Occasionally this is the result of what is called genius for self-advertisement, but on the whole it is due less to this quality than to some curious twist in the public mind. For instance, among a group of actresses, all of whom may desire and attempt to capture publicity, one may get it without apparent effort, because people really want to know about her. By the same token, in that mysterious realm of society, now so enlarged as to be extinguishing itself, there are certain names which any newspaper will be glad to carry. Sometimes these men or women are less wealthy, less well-born, less handsome, even, than others of the same group; but nevertheless they are better publicity material.

Among Those Invited Were —

NOW nobody recognizes this better than the ambitious outsider. To most active-minded Americans it seems incredible that anyone of ordinary intelligence can devote time and energy to the process of becoming known socially, and yet this is the profession and the pastime of a surprising number of idle women. Usually these are recruited from the large class who, to their own surprise, have found themselves transported into a stratum of economic wealth which their husbands have earned, but for the enjoyment of which they are not prepared. Women of this sort, however, have more power than even they realize. It is a destructive power, because they attempt to reduce all social intercourse to their own level. Through the meretricious power of persistence, money and publicity, they sometimes reach prominence. By the same token, many people whose intelligence, breeding and capacity fit them to raise the standards of society will not, and indeed cannot, compete on these grounds; and so in certain communities they leave undisputed leadership to the insensitive and noisy.

On the way up, the modern social climber often resorts to strategy which, in any open game, would be disqualified as dishonest. Publicity is one of their greatest aids.

A short time ago an ambitious woman who has no qualification for association with cultured or intelligent people was featured in the newspapers of the large city to which she has lately moved, as the hostess to certain distinguished people. Her method of attack was related afterward by one of the indignant guests.

"I had never seen her until two minutes before dinner," he declared. "My wife and I had been asked to dine quietly with an acquaintance of ours in his hotel sitting room. He was leaving town shortly, and as I had to see him about a certain business matter, we combined in this way. When we were shown up to his room he seemed a little upset. 'I've got myself into a scrape,' he said. 'I quite forgot that I'd promised to dine tonight with Mrs. B, and she's just called me up and almost wept over the telephone.' We told him that that was all right, to go ahead and dine with Mrs. B, whoever she was, and we'd dine by ourselves. To this he refused to listen. The upshot of it all was that, in order not to be too disagreeable, we suggested that he include Mrs. B at our small dinner, although it was difficult to see how our business could be talked over in the presence of a stranger.

"At this moment the telephone rang, and a servant informed him that Mrs. B was waiting in her suite. When we reached her door we heard the noise of many voices, and my wife and I looked at each other in dismay.

"Mrs. B proved to be an extremely ordinary woman of just the sort you'd expect to do a thing like that. We were helpless. Without being conspicuous, it was impossible for us to back out. After cocktails, she led the way down to the big main dining room, where she had a table in the most conspicuous spot. She even had the audacity to put me on her right.

"I knew, before I saw it in the paper the next day, that publicity was her real goal. She carefully omitted the names of most of her other guests and played up ours. Of course it was literally true that we had dined with her. Sometimes, of course, I've seen my name in the paper when I've not been there. But that's no more dishonest."

Any person whose name has social-publicity value can relate countless instances of its unscrupulous misuse. There is a phrase used by some hostesses who send impressive lists of their guests to the papers, which is inserted sometimes much the way a clause might be slipped into a legal document which to the layman would be insignificant, but to the trained eye might connote something quite unlike the ostensible purpose. This phrase, sometimes used for social chicanery, consists of these words: "Among those invited were."

If this and other kindred forms of publicity which are used to further snobbish aims had no worse effect than wounding the *amour propre* of the people whom they unfairly exploit, they might not be worth consideration. But unfortunately they also give impetus to the whole trend of indiscriminate associations.

"I don't see why I can't go to the Smiths' dance," protests the young girl whose mother still attempts to exercise some supervision over her engagements. "Everyone else goes to their parties—the Browns and the Joneses and everybody who's important."

Where Fixed Standards are Lacking

AND the wife whose husband is reluctant to begin social affiliations with people of whose standards he is uncertain will read aloud triumphantly from some society column: "'Mr. and Mrs. Blank, who have as their guests Count and Countess ——, entertained last night with a large dinner dance. Among those invited were ——'" She may add, "There's no need for us to hold off any longer."

Permanent associations, however, must be based upon similarities of taste and mutual acceptance of broad lines of conduct. When any group of people, whether in or out of society, accept large numbers of others who are not like-minded, those whose standards are lower will usually prevail over the higher.

In countries where the aristocratic principle prevails, the leaders can better afford to accept those who do not adhere to their ideas. By and large, ambitious people in old European communities will try to mold themselves on what they believe to represent the best results of tradition and continuity.

But in the United States fixed standards are lacking. There is no one class which is universally looked up to and followed. In certain sections, to be sure, the descendants of representative old families are admired. In other places men who through their own efforts have built up great fortunes are esteemed. Widespread now is the respect for personal achievement of any sort—professional, artistic, political or economic.

In America, therefore, it is ridiculous pretentiousness to set up the guardianship of social values imported from an

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In Between Social Activities, the Foreigners Found Time for Hasty Expeditions to the Best Shops, From Which They Ordered on Approval Various Expensive Furs, Gowns and Jewelry

THE YES-AND-NO MAN

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

MY EYE skimmed the morning paper. Jumbled headlines raced across my ken:

BRIDE SLAYS SPOUSE COAL PACT ALLEGED PEARLS PILFERED FROM STAGE STAR KID KEATS KAYOS YOUNG SHELLEY SKIRTS SHORTER SAY STYLE CZARS ARMY CIRCLES STIRRED TRACE DEATH CAR ——

Then I found what I sought—the daily feature, with picture: How to Make a Million Dollars, by Men Who Have.

This I never miss. There is ever a potent fascination about true stories that shed light on the great mystery of success. Usually, one finds, the Men Who Have are weighty-looking gentlemen of mature years, with shrubbery eyebrows and chins like piers. In crisp, frank phrases they give away their secret.

"Work hard. Keep fit. Don't wait for Opportunity to knock: go out and grab it. Believe in yourself. Keep your eyes open. Make the most of your chances. Be a bull on your future."

Such, as a rule, are their words of hope and encouragement.

On this particular morning, the countenance of the hero of the feature gave me a start. I gaped at it.

His face was different from the other Men Who Have. It was not impressive or mature; no commanding eyebrows; no more chin than the face of a wrist watch; a tentative mustache; a mild, apologetic eye. In black type, his credo was given:

"My success, if such it can be called, may be due, I suppose one might say, to the fact that I do not believe in taking chances. . . ."

I put down the paper and thought of Eustace Tepler, the Yes-and-No Man.

"I'm Done for," He Moaned. "You Mailed the Wrong Letters"

When I first went to work in the Kendrick Piano Company, I naturally set out to find out who was who in that large organization. I learned that Old Man Kendrick was the head of the whole show. Under him were as many vice presidents as a crab has legs—Vice President Lane, who supervised the manufacturing; Vice President Guthrie, who had charge of the selling; Vice President Ward, my particular boss, who kept both eyes on the advertising; and a sizable array of other executives and their assistants, all of whom had definite jobs to do.

But there was one man in the office who had no title and, so far as I could see, no particular field of activity. Mystery surrounded him. He sat by himself in a neat little office, a neat little man at a neat little desk. Whenever my eyes fell on him, he was busy. Always he was poring over papers with the concentration of a scientist searching for a new germ. To me there was something ghostlike about him, as he sat there in a subdued suit of pepper-and-salt and a necktie no more colorful than a glass of water. Ghostlike he seemed, as he stole at dusk from the office, in a gray raincoat and tweed hat of a faded mustard hue.

Chance brought us up in the same elevator one day. It was a rainy day in late autumn; in fact, it was an excessively rainy day; only Niagara on a busy afternoon was any wetter. I was shaking the water from my umbrella in one corner of the elevator, when I saw him doing the same in the other corner. He looked at me and seemed to be waiting for me to give some sign of recognition. I bowed. His response was a duck of his tweed hat, a friendly enough duck, but shy.

"Rainy, isn't it?" I said, brightly.

He did not reply at once. That concentrated look of a germ-hunting scientist came to his face.

"Well," he said, slowly, "it was raining when I came in."

"It looks," I remarked, "as if the rain would keep up all day."

We had passed five floors before he expressed an opinion on this great thought.

"It might," he said, "and then again, it might not."

"That was a bad storm they had in Nebraska yesterday," I observed, as the car reached our floor.

"Yes," he said, "probably it was." And then, as he disappeared in the direction of his glass coop, "At least, according to the newspapers it was."

It was Bettle who told me who he was—Bettle, whose desk was next to mine and who knew everything about everybody and everything; Bettle, that unfailing geyser of gossip, fact and fancy.

"That fellow?" said Bettle. "Why, that's Tepler—Eustace Tepler."

"What does he do?"

"Nothing," said Bettle, "and everything."

"Don't be cryptic, Bettle."

"I coined a name for his job," said Bettle. "I call Eustace Tepler"—he paused to be sure I did not miss his gem—"the Yes-and-No Man."

"Explain." A needless request on my part.

"Do you know what litmus paper is?" queried Bettle. But before I could give him the answer, which was "Vaguely," he was rushing on.

"Litmus paper," he informed me, "is the stuff chemists use to make tests. You stick it into acids and it turns red; you stick it into alkalies and it turns blue."

"Interesting, but how does it explain Tepler?"

"Eustace Tepler," said Bettle, "is a sort of human litmus paper."

"You mean he can turn red and blue?"

"Not literally. What I mean is this: Every engine has to have a brake, doesn't it?"

"We were talking about Tepler and litmus paper," I reminded him. "I want to find out what he does around here."

"I'm telling you," said Bettle. "Are you familiar with the function of guinea pigs in experimental science?"

"I have a fair layman's knowledge of litmus paper, brakes and guinea pigs," I said. "But what interests me at the moment is Tepler. Why do you call him the Yes-and-No Man?"

"I thought," said Bettle, "I had made it perfectly clear. In words of one syllable then, Tepler is the litmus paper, the brake and the guinea pig of the Kendrick Piano Company and affiliated subsidiaries."

"Thank you. Now tell me what he does."

"When one of the big chiefs has a hard proposition," said Bettle, "he tries it out on Tepler. Tepler studies it, and makes a report. A 'Tepler judgment,' we call it. You can depend on it that if Tepler says it is likely to snow a little, there's sure to be a ten-day blizzard. He leans so far backward in his desire to be on the safe side that his rear collar button almost touches the floor. Trust him to find the out or the loophole in anything. He's the sort of fellow who keeps the brakes on going up a hill. Valuable chap though. You know what an enthusiast Mr. Kendrick is. He needs some anchor like Tepler fastened to his coat tails. Tepler may not make money for the firm, but I'll bet he's saved it many a dollar in the past five years. Old Kendrick appreciates it too. Tepler doesn't do so badly on pay day."

"Must be rather a strain on Tepler," I remarked, "if he always has to play his cards close to his vest like that."

"You don't know Tepler," said Bettle. "He was born that way. Never took a chance; never will. What's more, he's never wanted to. Just isn't in his make-up. I'd blow up on such a job. I'd go along saying yes-and-no to everything and then one day—pow—I'd explode and make up for months of pussyfooting by doing some smart stunt, like shipping a cargo of concert grands to the Congo pygmies. So would anybody. But not Tepler. He just isn't human, that's all."

Bettle snorted.

"Why," he declared, "if you asked Tepler where the sun rises, he would say, 'On those few occasions when I have witnessed the phenomenon, the sun has, unless my memory is at fault, risen, approximately, in the east.'"

That afternoon a young man came into my office with what he described as "a great big red-hot idea for putting the Hawthorn piano over in a great big smashing way." I was interested. My mission in the world was to put a Hawthorn into every bungalow in the land. He was an eloquent young man, with an enthusiastic vocabulary and a hypnotic eye. The elaborate details of his plan I have forgotten. It was something highly ingenious about holding beauty contests in all the big cities, with a Hawthorn Grand as the prize, and then having the winning beauties play the piano for a week in some public spot like a store window. Something like that.

He was willing, he said, to do all the work. All we had to do was supply the pianos and the money. He had sheets of figures to prove he could, at the very least, double our sales. He'd put over, he asseverated, in a great big smashing way, a motorcycle and a washing machine by similar methods. I must say it looked pretty good to me, especially when my visitor told me that it was sure to put me over in a great big smashing way with the company. Bettle was for it loudly. I was all for signing the contract on the spot, as the eloquent young man urged, on the ground that if I did not act quickly, he would, though reluctantly, be forced to take himself and his plan to our chief competitor, the Latimore Music Corporation. But I stopped, fountain pen in hand, for I had seen a figure in a gray raincoat and faded tweed hat go ghostlike past my door.

Somehow the sight of Eustace Tepler impelled me to say, "I won't decide today. See me tomorrow."

That evening I called on Eustace Tepler. It turned out he lived in a rather grubby boarding house in a genteel brownstone tomb in the West Eighties. When I came in he was smoking a pipe and reading Buckle's History of Civilization in England. He seemed surprised to have a visitor, and, I thought, pleased too. He assured me he was

glad to help me, outside office hours or any time. I laid the plan before him.

Tepler adjusted a pair of steel-rimmed glasses on a thin red nose, and for a long time silently studied, smoked and thought.

Then he said with deliberation, "Of course I never like to give an off-hand opinion, but I should say in this case that though the plan has its attractive features, it also has unattractive ones. For example, suppose the girl who won the piano couldn't play it. And another thing ——"

His Face Was Different From the Other Men Who Have

He went over the plan, step by step. He had a dispassionate, analytic way of looking at things; and he was no optimist.

"Of course," he concluded, "it might turn out to be a big help in selling the Hawthorn; then again, it might not. It's a gamble, and, personally, I don't believe in gambling. You have a certain sum to spend on the Hawthorn. How you spend it is up to you. Mr. Kendrick will judge you by the results. You will have to decide whether you want to take a chance on this plan or use the money in ways that have brought results in the past, such as advertising in sound mediums. As for me, I think I should be inclined to do the latter. Of course I may be wrong—I may be wrong."

Later I was grateful to Eustace Tepler. I did not take up the eloquent young man's big idea, and the Latimore people did. It proved to be a prime example of a first-class fizzle.

The night I called on Tepler, partly through curiosity and partly because I felt an unexplainable liking for this odd old-young man, I did not leave as soon as our business was finished. He sat in his chair, pulling at his pipe, and regarding me, I thought, uneasily, as if, without something concrete in the way of work to talk about, he was at a loss for something to say. I divined that Eustace Tepler was much more accustomed to the society of his pipe and a book than to that of other people.

"You have a cold, haven't you?" I began. I had to start somewhere. That he had a bad cold was obvious.

He sneezed. He considered my question.

"Well," he said, "I have been sneezing and sniffling all day. I think it is possible I may have caught cold."

"What do you take for a cold?"

He balanced this problem on the scales of his mind before he replied.

"There are, I believe," he said, "numerous remedies. Some advocate quinine, others bicarbonate of soda; still others use gargles and sprays. My grandmother believed in the curative powers of onions. My grandfather, on the other hand, used to go to bed under eight blankets and drink liberally of hot rum toddies until he recovered."

"But what are you doing for your cold?"

"To tell you the truth," said Tepler, "I'm not doing much of anything. When I have a cold I consider all the various remedies, and by the time I have decided which one is apt to prove the most efficacious, the cold has, as a rule, disappeared."

"I don't wonder you get colds in this room," I remarked. "There's no heat in your radiator."

"Practically none," he conceded.

"Absolutely none," I assured him.

"Well," he said, "I believe the furnace has been out for two days."

"You should kick to the landlord," I said. "Tell him if he doesn't give you heat you'll move."

"I think I shall move anyhow," Tepler said.

"Going to get married?"

He looked alarmed.

"Oh, no. Nothing like that. Not exactly anyhow. I'd be content to stay here. Been here about four or five years; don't like moving about. But I don't believe it will be practicable for me to stay here after tomorrow."

"Why is that?"

"Because the day after tomorrow they are going to start to tear down the building."

"Have you found a new place to live?"

"Well, yes and no. I have considered a number of places. There's Washington Heights, but that's so far uptown. There's Columbia Heights, but that's in Brooklyn. There's Gramercy Park, but that's expensive. There's Chelsea, but ——"

"You'll have to live somewhere," I said.

"I suppose so," he admitted.

Then I yielded to an impulse.

"Look here, Tepler," I said, "I have a big apartment in Thirty-eighth Street, three blocks from the office. Allen, who has been sharing it with me, was transferred to the Paris branch. I'll be glad to have you park there, if you'd like to."

Eustace Tepler blinked at me. There was surprise in his face, and gratitude; also there was caution.

"That's very good of you," he said, "but ——"

"The rent is low," I put in. "About what you pay here, I'd say."

"I wasn't thinking primarily of the rent," said Eustace Tepler, "though, of course, I must consider that. I was thinking you ought not to take in a comparative stranger without—well—references, or something."

I laughed.

"I'm not worrying about that," I said. "You're not in the habit of staging more than two or three champagne parties a month, are you?"

"Oh, no, indeed," he answered earnestly. "Nothing like that. But I'm afraid you'd find me rather quiet."

"That's hardly a disadvantage," I said. "It is a long railroad apartment. You can have two rooms and a bath at one end of it, and a private entrance, and be just as quiet as you like without disturbing anybody. Of course if the idea doesn't appeal to you ——"

"It has its attractive features, of course," said Eustace Tepler, "but would you mind very much if I took a day or so to think it over?"

"Not at all," I said, and wished him good night.

So it was that Eustace Tepler came to live with me. But he did not move in until he had personally inspected every inch of the apartment, examined the heating plant in the basement, and drawn up and signed a lengthy and extremely legal sublease

Tepler proved a model tenant. Allen, his predecessor, had been a genial but vociferous soul who played stringed instruments, favored my neckties and sometimes woke me up at dawn on his return from a party by giving imitations of birds and beasts of the forest. Tepler was a rather pleasant contrast. He was so quiet he was practically inaudible. He never came into my half of the apartment without an invitation. Usually in the evening he stayed in his rooms, working, or reading Buckle, or Gibbon's Decline and Fall, or similar sprightly tomes.

Then one day I became aware that something peculiar was happening in the life of Eustace Tepler. I heard him humming in the bathroom one morning; no special tune—I doubt if he knew any—but authentic humming, nevertheless. When he emerged he was wearing a new suit. It was not exciting or extreme, but it was less sedate than his habitual pepper-and-salt, and, knowing Tepler, I sensed the suit symbolized something. We walked to the office together, and when I remarked it was a singularly fine day, and Tepler with hardly any hesitation said that yes, it wasn't such a bad day, I felt sure something out of the ordinary was going on inside him.

That evening Tepler announced to me that he would be very busy working in his rooms. He told me this twice. That puzzled me. Ordinarily he showed no disposition to inform me about his plans. I was still more puzzled when about eight o'clock I heard him cautiously open his door, slip out and tiptoe downstairs.

It was after midnight when I was awakened by the sound of a key carefully insinuated in Tepler's lock. When the same thing happened the next evening, and the next, and kept up for several days, I could not resist speculating about it, although Tepler's goings and comings were no concern of mine. What strange secret, I wondered, did this ghostlike individual harbor within his pepper-and-salt bosom? Did Tepler, so negative by day, seek at night to find some expression for a positive self? I had read Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I pictured Tepler throwing off his suppressions and —— But what might so repressed a man not do? No, any Jekyll-Hyde business was fantastically unlikely. Doubtless he went out to walk for the exercise. Then I stumbled on the solution of the mystery, and it was entirely unexpected.

One evening I said to him, "Eustace, a friend of mine has given me two tickets for a show tonight. Would you like to go with me?"

"Well," said Tepler, "yes—in a way. What's the show?"

"A Doll's House," I told him.

"Sounds pretty good."

"We'll walk over to the theater after dinner."

Tepler played with his watch chain.

"I'm afraid I can't go," he said.

"Work to do?"

"Yes, yes, that's it—work. A lot of work."

"Couldn't the work wait?"

"It could," he replied, "and then again, it couldn't. I'm sorry. Thanks just the same."

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"You are in Love Then?" "Well, Yes and No. I Don't Really Know. I Suppose It's Sort of Ridiculous to Feel the Way I Do at My Age"

THE GENERAL

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

OLD BENNIE JOE had about reached his limit. From his insignificant five-feet-seven the pudgy little river rat glared up at his incredibly long skinny partner, grinning malevolently. The tuft of whiskers on his chin trembled with the violence of his emotion and he stuttered.

"Ain't I told you a hundred times that General Beauregard ain't no name for a motorboat?" he demanded shrilly. "Ain't I?"

"It's a bully name!" insisted Bayou Willie stubbornly. "A swell name!"

"For a motorboat? Say, you're gettin' old, Willie! Old and feeble in the head!"

The little sawed-off partner laughed with stinging derision and Bayou Willie was spurred to the quick. He straightened up from the sawbuck frame whereon he had been bundling palm shoots for the Northern market and glared down from his superior height of six-feet-four.

"Yah!" he sneered, and the dire insult of the tone in which he enunciated the monosyllable cannot be reproduced on paper. "And what did you want to name that there motorboat, hey? The General Budd! After your grandfather! Say, your grandfather wasn't no general."

"Well, anyhow, my grandfather was a good soldier!" Bennie Joe stuttered again, hardly able to speak because of his fury. "He'd ought to've been a general, at that. He fit in the Mexican War, under Doniphan."

"Under the bed, you mean!" Delighted with this bit of flaying repartee, Bayou Willie flung back his peaked head and uttered a high, raucous neigh of laughter. "Yes, sir," he said, "I bet your grandfather was hidin' under the bed!"

Bennie Joe doubled his fists and strove to articulate sentiments befitting this heinous libel upon the fair fame of his ancestor, gave it up finally and turned to his own bundling frame, muttering and chewing violently.

Bayou Willie Made No Reply, But Stood Gazing Stupidly After the Departing Skiff. Bennie Joe Quitting Him? It Could Not Possibly be True!

It was the continuation of a quarrel which had started with the finding of an old motorboat, out on the edge of the mud flats. Bayou Willie had happened to be the one to discover the derelict, therefore he felt that to him belonged the honor of naming it. Here, however, he found Bennie Joe inexorably opposed. The little man maintained that by virtue of his standing as a partner he had equal rights in the matter. It was a deadlock.

The finding of this old boat had, indeed, been a piece of good luck. Heretofore they had been obliged to ship all their palmetto hearts to St. Augustine by Captain Wink's Petrel, the little passenger boat that made daily trips along the sluggish tidal river that parallels the Atlantic on the east coast of Florida. Now, having a boat of their own, they could cut the cost of transportation, besides having the comfortable feeling that they were now operating a shipping system of their own. They had dreamed for twenty years of owning a real boat. This seemed a beginning and they were wildly excited. Then their beautiful enthusiasm fell into the muck of this their first great quarrel.

For some minutes Bennie Joe and Bayou Willie worked sullenly, silent and hostile. Presently there sounded the far-away rumble of thunder. Bayou Willie went to the front of the palmetto-fan shed and looked across the mile-wide expanse of mud flats, covered by shallow water. A bank of thunderheads was showing above the distant fringe of palmetto and another roll of thunder sounded.

"Comin' on to rain, looks like," observed Bayou Willie. "Reminds me—we ain't got anything to eat but oysters, and I reckon we better ketch us a supply of mullet before the storm gets here. I see a fine rally of mullet just across the channel."

Bennie Joe did not answer, for he still seethed. The wrongs of his grandfather, however, did not cause him to underestimate the soundness of his partner's observation. He left his bundling frame and followed his skinny partner down the muddy bank to the edge of the water where the Sea Wolf lay—a water-logged old skiff tied up close to a green-slimed, rotten motorboat that looked as though a hearty kick would send it to the bottom.

Bayou Willie stepped into the skiff, gathering up the folds of his circular casting net with a practiced hand, his eyes searching for his rally of mullet. Bennie Joe untied the shore rope and got aboard also, still sulky. As he picked up the long push paddle he flung a disparaging glance at the patriarchal motorboat and laughed gratingly.

"General Beauregard!" he said, and it was the way he said it.

"Soon's you're able to get your fool face shut again," said Bayou Willie politely, "let's get goin'!"

Bennie Joe gulped, once more poignantly aware of the paucity of the English language. He set the long paddle against the bank and gave a vicious shove. Unfortunately, he had forgotten the stern anchor; and as the skiff shot out into the channel and reached the end of the anchor rope it stopped suddenly and poor Bayou Willie catapulted far over the bow in a splendid parabola and disappeared head first in the brown swamp water like a plunging needle-fish. Bennie Joe struggled to keep his own balance, but slipped on a slimy board and went over backward. A moment later both old men popped to the surface and clung to opposite sides of the skiff, spitting insults at each other like angry tomcats.

"Blunderin' ole crawfish!" snorted Bayou Willie, blowing a lump of mud off the end of his nose and shaking a skinny fist across the bottom of the upturned boat. "Durned little pot-bellied s'rimp, if I wasn't so long-sufferin' and patient I'd just naturally lean over and bite your ear off!"

"You couldn't bite anything!" guttered Bennie Joe through a mouthful of swamp water. "You ain't had a snag left since fifteen years ago last March—and you know it!"

The rain was coming down hard when at last they got the swamped skiff ashore. As they made a lunch of oysters, the roar of the rain upon the palmetto-fan roof of their shed sounded like the prolonged roll of a thousand bass drums. The lightning flashed incessantly, followed by awesome thunder that seemed to shake the whole state of Florida. Water streamed down through the air and the rain frogs quacked like ducks.

In the midst of the uproar the two old river rats heard faintly the steady beat of a boat's exhaust and went to the front of their shed to see it go by. Now here and there along the Florida east coast the tidal river spreads over thousands of acres of mud flats. To the uneducated eye the lake thus formed seems deep and navigable, but the one who knows the river is not deceived. A narrow boat channel has been dredged across these shallow lakes and at this particular point the channel hugged the shore. As the partners watched, a little cabin cruiser appeared out of the rain, coming up from the south.

It was a beautiful boat; all snow-white paint and gleaming brass where it was not gleaming enamel. It carried a cocky little burgee forward and the American flag trailed over the stern. Its name, done in blue and gold, was Pelican. A little mahogany tender flirted along behind the Pelican, riding the water like a wild duck.

A fat man paced the tiny after deck, protected from the rain by a gay red-and-white awning. He smoked a huge cigar, and as he flicked the ash over the rail the palm cutters saw the flash of a huge diamond. The man was dressed in white: white yachting cap, white trousers and shoes. Only his coat was black. He glanced up at them in passing—an incurious glance, then resumed his nervous pacing. The boat glided on up the channel and disappeared in the sheeting rain. Bayou Willie sighed deeply. The two old vagabonds returned in silence to their bundling frames. An hour later Bayou Willie spoke.

"If we only had a boat like that there Pelican," he said wistfully, "we could take it down south where the rich Yankees come to spend their winters and their cash. Why, lots of them Yankees would pay as high as—as forty dollars a day to be took out in a boat like that, pleasure ridin'." He sighed again, and little Bennie Joe Budd sighed also. But he did not speak, for he was still too mad.

"Or fishin'," went on Bayou Willie. "For tarpon and snapper."

The homesick longing for a real boat hit poor Bennie Joe and piled itself upon the mountain of his other wrongs.

"Aw, shucks!" he spat venomously. "Even if we did have a boat like that, why, you'd go and disgrace it! You'd name it the General Debility or the General Swamp Fever or somepin like that."

This was too much. Bayou Willie straightened to his full height of six-feet-four and swallowed convulsively, the Adam's apple jerking violently up and down his stringy throat, the breath whistling through his inadequate nose.

"You know what I got a mind to do?" he demanded in a high, thin squeal of rage. "I got a mind to haul off and sock you spang in the eye!"

"Do it!" screeched Bennie Joe, standing on tiptoe and waving both pudgy fists upward toward his partner's button nose. "Do it!" he repeated with horrifying truculence. "Do it, you big mus'rat! Do it! Do it! Do it!"

At each explosive repetition of the challenge Bayou Willie's white-lashed eyes batted nervously. For several pregnant moments the tense situation held, then Bayou Willie relaxed and rubbed his insignificant chin. But Bennie Joe continued to force the issue.

"Do it!"

The little man leaped into the air, smacking his fists together. Startled, Bayou Willie jerked his head upward and bumped it violently against a rafter. But at this instant there sounded once more the rhythmic cough of a motorboat, this time from the north, and Bayou Willie ostentatiously transferred his attention to this providential diversion and hurried again to the front of the shed.

"It's the old Petrel," he announced with exaggerated cheerfulness. "She's slowin' down," he said later. "Must have a letter for us or somepin."

The Petrel came on at half speed. As she passed the palm cutters' camp, Captain Wink put his head out of the pilot-house window and cupped his hands.

"Hey!" he bawled. "There's a fat man aground half a mile back. He's got a picture-book boat and two darkies that don't know how to run it. I told him you boys could do it and he said send you up."

The Petrel gathered way again and melted into the rain, her wheel churning the brown water into a yellow froth. Bayou Willie was all excitement, eager to undertake the commission, but Bennie Joe was pessimistic about the whole affair. In his opinion, the fat Yankee would skin them.

"But he's got a diamond on his finger," Bayou Willie pointed out. "That means he's rich. He'll maybe give us three dollars."

In the end, Bennie Joe allowed himself to be persuaded, though he made it plain that he went against his better judgment. They got aboard the leaky motorboat and chugged away through the storm to where the unfortunate little Pelican lay out among the reeds, pathetically helpless in a falling tide. The fat man was still pacing the after deck, gnawing fiercely upon his cigar.

"Captain Wink send you?" he demanded. On receiving an affirmative—"Captain Wink says you boys know the river like a mudcat. Can you get my boat into the channel again?"

"Sure," said Bayou Willie. "But we got to wait for high tide." The big man reflected.

"All right," he said finally. "Come aboard out of the rain." His manner had changed suddenly and he was all affability. Bayou Willie warmed to him, but Bennie Joe kept himself neutral

It was growing dark when the fat man sent the two colored navigators ashore and turned them adrift on the dunes. The old partners were reluctant to have a part in this, but there seemed nothing else to do.

"Tell you," said Bayou Willie, as the frightened black men stood shivering and uncertain in the rain, "you go down and stay all night in our shack. It's only about two miles. In the mornin' you can cross over to the beach and get to town easy." The disgraced mariners were very grateful

"But you is welcome to my job, white man!" said one of them earnestly. "I has quit de sea and quit it permanent!"

A vague uneasiness sprouted in Bayou Willie's mind as he turned over in his mind these words of the discharged sailor. But when he got back to the Pelican his doubts were lulled anew by the big man's affability. Night came on and their employer went to bed, leaving orders to get the Pelican into the channel as soon as possible, then anchor and wait for daylight.

The old rivermen got the boat off the mud during the night, and when morning came the Pelican lay anchored across the channel at the edge of the dunes, with their disreputable old motorboat tied up to the bank, the equally disreputable Sea Wolf dangling from its stern. The storm had passed and the early sun shone upon a sheet of water that was as smooth as a mirror. From across the dunes came the roaring of the surf, fretting at the peacefulness of the new day.

The fat man slept late. When at last he came on deck he was in high good humor. He complimented the old men extravagantly and Bayou Willie expanded under the praise. But Bennie Joe still nursed his grouch and would not be drawn out of it by encomium, however rare. He spoke up, suggesting none too delicately that they had better get through with their job so that he and Bayou Willie might get back to their work.

"Why, say," protested the fat man, "look here! You can't leave me flat on my back like that. I was expecting you to stick on the job until you get me back to Jacksonville; or at least St. Augustine. I don't know a thing about running a boat. Can't I make a deal with you boys?"

"How much?" demanded Bennie Joe bluntly.

There was barely a second's hesitation, then—"Oh," said the big man carelessly, "anything in reason—say, ten dollars a day." Then, as neither partner spoke—"Ten dollars apiece."

Now this should have aroused fervent enthusiasm in the river rats, who were barely able to comprehend the stupendous sum. However, it had exactly the opposite effect Ten dollars a day—apiece! No man on earth would pay such a fabulous wage unless there was a joker hidden somewhere. Bayou Willie continued dumb. Bennie Joe spat into the river and his eyes went along the broad sheet of water and stopped at a black speck far to the south.

"We're mighty busy," he said presently, still contemplating the black speck. "Two-three days' work—it'd cut into our business a lot."

A mask suddenly descended over the fat man's face, for he was a shrewd fat man and he understood.

"But I'm hiring you for three months," he explained; "three months, at twenty dollars a day—figure it out."

Bayou Willie could not figure it out. Neither could Bennie Joe Budd. Three months' steady employment at twenty dollars a day—it was a matter requiring hours beside their smoky camp fire with the stub of a pencil and much sweat. But both partners knew that the amount was something incredible.

(Continued on Page 184)

The Pelican Drew Alongside and the Man Ed Forced Bennie Joe Aboard the Larger Boat

From the Diary of a Dramatist

"It's Rather Exciting"—the Same Old Word—"to be Herded Into Ill-Ventilated Dressing Rooms at the Top of a Theater"

By COSMO HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

SHE was Pussy-pussy-purr-purr—typical of the chorus. Hair that had been rendered brassy by some strange concoction was fuzzed about her ears. The remainder of the bird's nest was fortunately hidden beneath a tweaky little hat. Her face, still young and cherubic, was thickly coated with rouge, and her lips, fresh from the dabbing of lipstick, were the ripest strawberry red. Every eyelash had been stiffened with heated black stuff, and her nose, tiptilted, made to resemble a small round piece of Turkish delight. Joseph's coat had not been so many colored as the things she wore, so that one hoped against hope that no conscientious member of the Quixotic family of chameleons would catch a sight of her.

"Glorious dee," she said, giving an all-over wriggle. "You'll put in a keend word for me, won't yer, Mr. Hamilton? I may say, without pullin' the blind down, that I shall be very, very glad of a job." Hers was the neen-neen-double-feeve accent of the London telephone gurl, though her voice was far more ingratiating than those of that harassed breed. I gave my promise, went into the theater and left the sun behind. There was to be a voice trial that morning for a musical play, the book of which was mine, and I knew from bitter experience that I was doomed to listen to the untrained singing of a hundred similar girls.

The Stage Shorn of its Romance

WHEN driving to one of the ancient London theaters you tell the taxi man to pull up at the top of the first insalubrious alley, or, if the theater is one that has been built more newly, to drive behind it if he can and stop at a hole in the wall. This may be, and is generally, opposite to a butcher's shop, a coffeehouse, or a *charcuterie* behind whose tempting windows there are grotesque delicatessen in tins and bottles. There oozes from its welcoming door a pungent smell of garlic. If it is an alley, it is used as a dark and lurking entrance to a public house. Flotsam and jetsam haunt its darknesses, and the theater cat emerges to do battle in the night.

The theater in which I was interested at the moment was new. I mean that it had been built within the memory of the oldest living Londoner. Its stage door happened, by a not inappropriate accident, to be in a narrow street facing Wren's most lovely church. Men and women who had played their parts upon the stage of life were resting in its yard and callous pigeons made their homes beneath its eaves. I arrived in time to find a bevy of cockney stage hands carrying out the scenery of a dead play—a funereal moment not greatly relieved by a loud discussion of that day's racing by the indifferent undertakers. There also was the inevitable figure of a shabby but flamboyant person waiting for a silver answer to an urgent question, sent in the form of a note to someone who, like myself, had come to attend the trial. An actor, out of grease paint, who had perhaps played Hamlet on the road or Sherlock Holmes in a tenth-rate company which haunted summer resorts. The doorkeeper, clean and tidy even in the rabbit box which was all that he and his useful kind are ever provided with, knew me, gave me "good morning" and letters—begging letters, some of them pathetic enough to render that sunny morning very far from good.

Reaching the stage by way of a chilly and barracklike passage I found its three high walls devoid of scenery. The safety curtain composed its fourth, against which I refrained from leaning. It had a way of covering one's back with a sort of woolly dust. A table had been placed beneath a strong electric light and at this were seated several men in hats and overcoats. A wise precaution, because the place was colder than charity and at the mercy of insidious drafts.

In the shadow at the back, sitting and standing, there was a bevy of girls who had swarmed like chickens at feed-time in answer to the call. Some were young and pretty and, therefore, confident. They laughed and talked and broke from time to time into dance steps with most gymnastic ease. Others were neither pretty nor young, and I could see that they were endeavoring to overcome this heaviest of handicaps by the nervous simulation of alluring coyness. It was a little painful to watch. A piano had been placed on the left of the table and at this a short, plump, elderly young man with a mop of musical hair was sitting in a blasé attitude. It was plain to see that he had endured this tragic proceeding many times. He addressed the stage manager by his Christian name, but called the orchestra leader, "sir."

The former was a man who seemed to be charged with nitrates, who suffered, probably, from a high blood pressure, smoked one foul cigar after another and issued conflicting orders in a loud cantankerous voice. Before approaching people could formulate their questions, he whipped out, "What is it? What is it? No!"

Swan Songs and Ugly Ducklings

THE latter, a neat and dapper person with a Viennese mustache, who strutted about with short quick steps and rapping heels, asking all and sundry, "Vy do ve vait, *Mon Dieu?* Vat is the 'itch today?" The little nippy man who seemed to have escaped from the pages of Dickens, and who might have been under twenty or over the forty mark, scudding about the stage like a sheep dog yapping at the heels of the chorus ladies and rounding in late arrivals to the pen, was, of course, the call boy. He had an accent riper than that of the chauffeur in Man and Superman and answered to any name that sprang into the mind, especially if it were George. He had naturally been christened Albert.

I had erred, impatiently, on the punctual side of my appointment, but was lucky enough to be kept waiting only a bare three-quarters of an hour. A slight stir and a sudden silence at last announced the arrival of the manager. He wore a gardenia and an injured air, and went quickly into the light—a fat man, glossy, irascible, somewhat short of breath, who dressed *en suite*, matching his collar, tie, socks and handkerchief to whatever suit he wore. It was a vivid blue that day. Not an actor, it was his pose, nevertheless, to play the part of one whose soul was not his own and who, like Atlas, bore the weight of the world on his shoulders:

"Now then, now then," he snapped at those who had not dared to keep him waiting. "What on earth's the matter? Why can't we begin?" At which, having bent over

a list of names to hide an ironic smile, the stage manager darted a look at the mass of silent humanity in the shadow and called, "Miss Montgomery."

A pretty girl stepped forward in very pretty clothes, took up a position at the elbow of the pianist and gave him a dog-eared song.

"I've got laryngitis or somethin'," she said. "Shan't do myself no good. However, let it go." Whereupon, pressing the loud pedal with a dirty shoe, the grinning pianist played the prelude with a certain dash. A shrill harsh voice rang out. The manager hit the table with an open hand after the first six bars.

"That'll do," he said, wrote V. R. A. G. against the name—voice rotten, appearance good -and added, "You can wait. Go on."

"Miss Montpelier."——The chorus looks down on every name that is not five hundred years old.

The next candidate was tall, angular and not conspicuously young, and because of fright and intense anxiety to add a few shillings a week to a narrow family purse, her voice, though full and true, cracked on the first high note. "V. G. A. R." was scribbled against her name. "Leave your address. Good-by." She left her address with the call boy and with something damp on her eyelashes hurried away from the stage. She had often left her address, I could see, without the smallest result.

The third was plump and merry, cheeky and as cool as a fish, and when she pushed her music at the pianist, and said "Melba this time, Paddywhisky," he laughed, and so did the men at the table. Her voice was plump and merry and she bubbled through her song, so that the pianist enjoyed himself and the orchestra leader looked happy. She was permitted to sing to the end.

Girls That Should be Seen, Not Heard

"ALL right," said the manager. "My office, three o'clock." A little sigh ran from one untried girl to another like a breeze among trees.

And so it went on for hours. Against the majority of names N. G. was written and sometimes P. D. A. G., and V. G. hardly ever, though A. G. V. R., to which was added "My office" by a more and more tired voice, appeared from time to time on that long pathetic list. Many of those poor children were so agitated and nerve-racked that they did themselves scant justice. They stood in awkward attitudes with twisting fingers and sang hideously out of tune. Others sang in their boots and wavered, stopped before the hand of judgment fell heavily on the table, grabbed their music and ran. Those of whom it could be said that their voices were rotten but appearance good were pounced upon by the call boy, but those with good voices who could not be labeled pretty by the most lenient pencil were shouted down without mercy and driven into the street.

Among these eager-to-work young women to whom the hard life of the chorus meant bread and butter and roof, there was, as usual, a smattering of girls who were quite expensively dressed. They had arrived at the stage door in long torpedo-shaped cars. Driven by beardless boys in hats with flopping brims, who sat behind their steering wheels during the voice trial, gazing with fatuous affection at their silver mascots, they stood aloof with supercilious noses, and sang with carelessness. For the most part, they were good-looking, well-groomed and attractive, and thus were engaged on sight. Not, however, for the working chorus, but for show girls who stood about. I had seen their kind before and knew that they would prove to be a constant source of worry and irritation, being erratic and insubordinate, with no other interest in their work than to be seen on the stage every night.

Bored and depressed by this long, noisy and rather cruel process of elimination and selection and far more interested in the human than in the vocal side of the business, I spent most of these hours in the shadows, talking to the girls. Pussy-pussy-purr-purr—for whom I did put in a word and who went off smiling to eat a hard-boiled egg before lining up in the manager's office at the magic hour of three—had many duplicates among the crowd. One of them had been in another play of mine, and on the strength of that and also because she had been a chambermaid in the house of one of my friends, chatted about herself.

"Well, yes, I suppose I was better off and more comfortable in service," she said, "with nothing to do but make the beds and dust the furniture, sleep in a nice room, eat good food and spend most of my wages on my back. But I like life, I do, and there are usually only two ways to get it for the likes of me. The other ain't in my line and won't be, but the chorus, when the piece runs, does the trick, all right. Yer see, it means London, bright lights and excitement and, if the stage manager's a decent little feller and yer work like a horse and smile from ear to ear, everything goes on wheels and the money's pretty good. Half a dozen of us share a couple of rooms in a back street and pan in on the food, and there's nobody to order us up in the morning or pounce when we get in late. Then, mind you, there's always a chance of getting married to a man with a bit of brass. There's a lot who get dazzled by the footlights, the make-up and the music, and who think much more of us than if we were not on the stage. You know what I mean—romance and the mystery of the stage door, and all that sort of thing. One of the girls married a colonel in my last show and another went to church with an old Scotch gent with a factory up North. He's old enough to be her father, but she's got two pianos and a motor, a chinchilla coat and a bulldog. What more can any girl want?"

Life and the Hope of a Gold Ring

IT WAS in some such words as these that many of those small adventurers expressed their creed to me. Like this one, they had been servants or waitresses, worked in dressmakers' shops or served beer in country inns, far -too far—from the madding crowd. Life was what they needed, and freedom, to be their own mistresses. They preferred the glamour of the theater to the humdrum and monotony of other employments and were perfectly cheerful under the hardships and humiliations, the bullyings and uncertainties of the stage. They had escaped from the regular routine of day work and could kick their heels about. Honest and philosophical, self-respecting and shrewd, with no false hopes of rising from the chorus to small parts or a niche in the profession, they frankly loved the city, the constant roar of traffic, the sense of being alive, and their only deep-rooted ambition was to catch someone in front and better themselves by a marriage otherwise impossible to achieve. They worshiped the little gold ring, especially if it could be preceded by one with a diamond.

I talked to one of the girls who were known as "Back row, O. P. side." Small, birdlike and voluble, she was a little disconcerting by her inverted conceit.

"Um, I know what you're thinkin'," she said before my opening remark. "Ugly ducklin', what? Well, that's right and I can't do nuthin about it. But wait till you hear me sing! Mine isn't a voice; it's an organ. If someone had been a little less careless in the way of mer face and mer figger, I should have been in opera and the darlin' of the world. You'll see what happens after Bouncy plays the prelude. It's always just the same. The musical director'll 'ave a fit of joy and the manager and stage manager'll put their 'eads together and say 'She'd scare an old steam roller, but oh, golly, can't she sing.' I shall be engaged, all right, there isn't a doubt about it, and put behind the

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"One-Two-Three-Four-Kick," He Cried. "One-Two-Three-Four-Turn. One-Two-Three-Four-Bend. One-Two-Three-Four-Spring"

PEOPLE EX REL. CLEMENT

"Here's Your House, Mister," Said the Driver

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Fans will be mighty glad to hear that Curly Joe Clement, the well-liked middle sacker of the locals, has come into a fortune. It couldn't have happened more apropos, say all, since it is our information that the injury to Curly's back is liable to put him out of professional baseball. Our congratulations, Curly, and we speak for all. This department extends to Joe Clement its condolences for his deceased uncle.

—Dubuque Record and Prospect, June 8, 1908.

THIS road's been closed for nigh on two years, mister," grumbled the driver of the rickety hack that was feeling its way purblindly down the dark Gunners Point road in the township of Hollymont, Long Island, New York.. "Queer Jarvey's place is down here somewheres, but we won't never —— Whoa there, durn you!"

"It's a house," said Joe Clement, straining his eyes to see more clearly the barrier that had risen before them. He was in the rear seat, sheltering as best he could from the driving rain.

"We must have got off the road, mister. Hey, in the house!"

An illuminated doorway suddenly appeared above and before them; a man was standing in it, holding up a lamp. The lamp flared up and went out.

A voice bawled against the wind, "Who's there?"

"Is this the Jarvey Clement house?" shouted Joe Clement. "Is that Mr. Carman? I'm Joseph Clement, from Dubuque. You wrote me a letter to come on and —— Light up, will you?"

After several seconds' silence, the voice said worriedly, "You wired two weeks ago you couldn't come for a month."

"Even so," said Joe Clement impatiently, "you don't want me to sit out the two weeks down here in the rain, do you?"

"Sit tight and I'll lead the horse, or you'll all go into the pit," said the invisible Carman. "How'd you get in here? Jump up."

"My back is hurt," explained Joe Clement. "I've got to be awful careful. Can't you make a light?"

"Can't you move?"

"Just about. I'm all taped up."

"There's a flash inside somewheres. Sit tight a minute." They heard him go and come. A beam of light shot into Joe Clement's face, dazzling him. When his eyes became oriented, he saw a hand and forearm in the cone of light; Carman was standing on the high porch and reaching down to him. "Step up," invited Carman, turning the light onto the tread below him. "It's the carriage step."

The hackman clambered over the seat back and helped the ex-athlete to his feet. Joe Clement made the precarious stride to the step, availing himself of Carman's arm.

"The front steps are broken down," apologized Carman gruffly. "I guess you didn't know your uncle, did you? He wasn't much of a man for keeping things fixed. Wait here till I come and get you. I got to get that cab back on the road or it will ——"

His voice trailed off to a grumble as he jumped down to the ground and went to the horse's head.

The feeble side light of the hack described a slow arc, vanishing behind the vehicle when some fifty feet away. The horse's hoofs set up a steady klip-klop on the hard road, the sound tailing off until all sign of the conveyance was swallowed up.

"Come in," said Carman, laying a hand on Joe Clement's arm.

They entered the house. Carman guided his visitor to a chair, bestowed him in it and relit the oil lamp.

The young Iowan found himself seated in a low-ceiled room that was about twenty feet square. The lamp—a glass one of the cheapest sort—stood on the table of common deal that occupied the center of the floor; on the table also were the half of a ham, a cut loaf of bread, three bottles of beer and tableware for one. There were a bumpy horsehair sofa, two decrepit armchairs to match, and two kitchen chairs. The chamber had evidently been the dining room when the house was last tenanted in civilized fashion. A dark doorway to Joe Clement's left suggested a kitchen beyond, and to his right was the square entrance hall through which he had come. The large room on the farther side of the hall seemed unfurnished.

Carman had said nothing since his curt invitation to enter, and now he sat down in the other armchair and stared at Joe Clement across the table with an air of bewilderment. He cleared his throat at last and said defensively, "The wire said you were positively not coming for at least two more weeks."

"The head doctor sent you that," chuckled Joe Clement, "but I skipped out on him. I was all wore out with lying on my back and gaping at a hospital ceiling. So I hauled out, after they made me sign my life away. There's nothing the matter with me. A big corn-fed was stretching a single, and I was holding him off the bag while I took the throw, and he hit me head on and knocked me into deep left—and I had just signed up with Cincinnati. I asked the doctor when I could play ball again, and he said I ought to make a cracking good pitcher in the horseshoe league in another year or two. Well, I am sorry for Uncle Jarvey, though I never saw him; but such is life, and there is a guy playing second for Dubuque right now who is sorry for me. . . . This looks like a fine house—and it's mine, isn't it?"

"I'll show you the will after a bit," said Carman. "But it's a fine-built house. Those walls are solid brick and a foot thick. Look at those beams across that living room; you could stand this house on end. Yes, sir, they built houses in those days to stay put. There's four nice bedrooms upstairs, under a slate roof."

"What was that important business you wrote you wanted to see me about when I came on?"

"Suppose we eat first," said Carman. "I was just sitting down when I heard you coming. Take potluck, won't you?"

"Give me a lift. Easy now! Much obliged."

They sat at the table. Joe Clement made a good meal, chattering away merrily. Carman abandoned the lead without a struggle, and lapsed soon into almost unbroken silence, making a poor pretense at eating. And yet it was not rustic awkwardness that inhibited his speech; he was not a country type at all. He was a middle-aged man, with a heavy and strongly marked face above a bull neck that surmounted a body slender to scrawniness; only habitual

abstention from muscular effort could have so wasted him. His hands were large boned but poorly fleshed, the joints bulging. He pushed back his chair while Joe Clement was still eating vigorously, and announced that he was going out, adding, "You'll be all right here, won't you? I'll be back in no time."

"Don't hurry for me," said Joe Clement. "The ham will keep me company."

Carman departed through the kitchen, locking the outer door behind him. Joe Clement finished his meal and lit a pipe. He smoked the pipe out, returned it to his pocket and glanced toward the kitchen. He put a hand into his breast pocket and drew out an old letter

It was an odd document, and had Carman caught a glimpse of it, he must have been moved to curiosity, even had he failed to recognize the crabbed writing as that of the departed Jarvey Clement. The writer had had a secret that he could not guard too jealously, and he had confided it to this scrap of paper. But his secret was not to be easily surprised. He had pierced the document, envelope and inclosure, with a stout string, and he had sewed the string in and out and had covered each joint with a blob of sealing wax, and he had written in the corners of the envelope Strickly Privet and Poisonel.

Joe Clement, to whom the letter was directed, had dutifully sewed the string in again after reading. He plucked it out now, joint by joint, drew forth the missive and ran a confirming eye over it. He restitched it in its envelope, returned the envelope to his pocket and spent ten seconds in getting to his feet. He picked up the glass lamp, went out into the hall and through to the room beyond. His gaze fastened instantly on the brick fireplace in this room, shifting then and as if with recognition to a door beside it. He opened the door without hesitation and stepped into a closet

The closet was sided with unpainted tongue-and-groove pine; this siding was crossed by two reënforcing bands of the same material, and between these bands were set commonplace clothes hooks of japanned wire. Joe Clement faced the side of the closet adjoining the chimney breast, whispered, "One—two—three—four!" and laid hold of the fourth hook. He lifted up against it, pressed it, and a section of the siding, rising out of a covered slot, swung inward on a hinge, revealing a brick-lined compartment. This compartment was cubical, measuring about two feet along each side; on its square floor, discovered by the yellow rays of the lamp and seized on instantly by the leaping glance of Joe Clement, was a black tin box.

But now, and even while he was in the act of moving the lamp aside to plunge an arm into the cavity, he heard a rattling at the kitchen door. He had been alert for such unwelcome sound. He pulled the secret door to, forced it down into its slot and stepped from the closet. He was standing before the fireplace and scrutinizing the beamed ceiling when Carman came upon him

"Having a look around, eh?" said Carman pleasantly. "And well worth it, this old place is. Yes, yes, it's one fine old house. One of the real old sort that they don't build nowadays. A hundred years old almost, and good for another century. . . . How are you feeling now, my boy? Come in and sit down. Here, have a good cigar."

He talked like a man who had treated himself to a stiff drink, though he exhaled no effluvium of alcohol. Joe Clement was agreeably surprised by his geniality

"Never knew your Uncle Jarvey, eh?" he said, stretching his legs before him. "He was one fine old-fashioned country gentleman, your Uncle Jarvey was. Died last month in East Park Sanitarium—you understand. Lived all by his lonesome in this house and bothered with nobody. Never opened a door or lifted a window, and did his walking in the woods. They say he didn't shave himself in twenty years. If people hammered on the front door, he'd slide out the back and hide in the woods. He kept two hounds that would take your leg off at the knee as smart as a doctor. I know; getting acquainted with him was like making friends with a ground hog, but he was one fine old character when you got to know him."

"You knew him pretty well, did you, Mr. Carman?"

"He took a fancy to me somehow, after a while," said Carman modestly. "I came down here about a year ago for a good rest after a nervous breakdown, and I had nothing to do but mope around. He even borrowed money off me, which I was glad to oblige him with."

"Did he ever pay you back?"

"Not just like that," said Carman. "He wasn't very flush, but he was as honest as daylight, and he remembered me in his will. He had forty acres here, running across the Point from bay to bay, and he left me a slice of property. Here's the will itself—a copy of it; I sent the original to a lawyer in New York to do the needful. The original is all written out by your uncle in his own hand, and he had two fellows in Jamaica witness it so as to keep people here in the dark, but the lawyer says it will do the trick Did you never see it? I'll turn up the lamp."

Joe Clement took the typewritten sheet and turned it to the light:

"In the name of God, amen, know all people by these presents as follows, to wit: This is the will of I Jarvey Clement reading at Hollymont in Suffolk County and Long Island, New York. I own forty acres on Gunners Point from Shinecock inlet to Jones bay acrost and got deed for it from Tobias Clock to Eli Clement in 1828 by the Riverhead book.

"The land on the left side of the shell road from the old dock and all on it when I die gose to my neffew Joseph Clement of Dubuque in Iowa, it being the side my home now stands on. But if he rents it to a soul as long as he lives or sells out for less than a hundred thousand dollars cash money it all gose to the Cartys of Liverpool England my mothers people

"For the money I loned off Philip Carman he is to have all the land on the right hand side of the shell road from the old dock. Signed and sealed by me before two witnesess according to law, January 6, 1908

"JARVEY CARTY CLEMENT [SEAL]."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" breathed Joe Clement "Say, this must be a cracking good house. It's mine, isn't it? That's the way I read it."

"Your uncle had his own ideas," said Carman, "and he was set in his mind. We'll talk it all over in the morning, when we can look the property over. There was an arrangement about the house between your uncle and me, but if you don't want to stand by it, we won't quarrel. I don't want to hurry you, but I'm being expected Where are you going to sleep tonight?"

"Can't I stay here?"

"There's only a single bed in the house. Want to go upstairs and look it over? You better let me run you over to Mrs. Dunzey's near the station. She puts people up overnight that come down to shoot, and you'll be very comfortable. I'll call and get you in the morning. You better do that. Let's go—the car is waiting outside."

"Just as you say," said Joe Clement, getting to his feet smartly enough with Carman's aid

Carman blew out the lamp, guided his visitor to the porch and locked the house door behind them. The rain

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He Was Standing Before the Fireplace and Scrutinizing the Beamed Ceiling When Carman Came Upon Him. "Having a Look Around, Eh?" Said Carman Pleasantly

ROMANCE ON AND OFF

By SIDNEY F. LAZARUS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

"We Called for Papa Coleman at His Office Down in Wall Street, and He Took Us to Dinner at Some Swell Place Over on Madison Avenue"

"WHAT a gorgeous diamond bracelet," remarked Dorothy Arden, pointing to a sparkling band on her friend Madeline Vancastle's arm. "Did you just get it?"

"I've had this over five years," answered Madeline, "only I don't wear it much 'cause it brings back unpleasant recollections."

"I'm sorry I said anything about it then," apologized Dot. "Of course I don't want to be inquisitive or nothing, but why does the sight of it get on your nerves? Was it give to you by a feller what got away?"

"This bracelet was presented to me by a rich society woman as a reward for life-saving."

"That's funny," said Dot. "I didn't even know you could swim."

"There are other ways of rescuing people besides saving 'em from a cold ocean grave," replied Madeline. "They also gives medals for keeping somebody outta hot water too."

"Knowing you as I do," remarked Dot, "I'd be willing to bet one thousand bernes against a messenger boy's speed record that you never got yourself boiled red, like no lobster or nothing, saving nobody. You've broke a lotta laws in your day, dearie, but Exhibit A about self-preservation ain't one of them."

"Just 'cause I fights the booking office for more money now and then an' also indulges in frequent battles with most of the orchestra leaders over my music, you don't give me credit for having no heart at all."

"Certainly you have a heart, dearie, but so has a shark, an' they ain't filled with no milk of human kindness like a cow or nothing. You gotta show me your picture in a Good Samaritan costume before I believe you played the part, an' I'll want to hear from the defendants, besides, previous to reaching my verdicts."

"There ain't no defendants, an' the bracelet is all the evidence I need to prove my story. People don't give flexible diamond bands like this away for nothing, especially women. You've heard of the Colemans, haven't you?"

"Sure. Which ones are you referring to—the miners or the operators?"

"I said Colemans, not coal men. Don't you never read the society columns?"

"No. My name won't be among those present, so why should I care who drank oolong in Southampton last Wednesday afternoon? Them folks don't read my publicity, so I won't read theirs. Of course I know you think you're one of 'em 'cause you spent two weeks once with a cousin in Woodlane, Long Island, but you think a lotta things what can't be proved by algebra or nothing."

"I have never made no pretense of being in society," retorted Madeline, "but I could be if I wanted to, me being a headliner an' all."

"Quit kidding yourself," said Dot. "You ain't got no more chancé of getting in society than a woodpecker has of boring a hole in a steel bank vault. Where did you meet these Colemans anyway—in a shoe-shining parlor where everybody with a dime is invited?"

"I met 'em in the theater an' found 'em lovely people, even if they are inner circle an' rich as Russian dressing. I don't want to talk about myself, dearie, but they took to me right away. You see it was like this: The Frederic Colemans had a daughter named Marjorie who was awful stage-struck. She, being a only child, had never been refused anything in her whole life, so when she chose acting instead of tea drinking as the ideal profession her ma an' pa couldn't argue her out of it. They offered her automobiles, European trips, titled husbands an' everything if she'd give up the idea, but the bug had bit her an' nothing would do but she must emosh in a spotlight with shivery music."

"I suppose she had taken part in a school play or something an' everybody told her she was wonderful."

"I guess so," said Madeline. "Anyway it acts like some of them germs—nobody knows how it starts an' nothing can't cure it but death. Well, when Marjorie graduated from college her dad let her take a course in a dramatic school, thinking she'd tire of it before long. This Thespian factory, which she attended, was run by a actor what had never been able to make a living on the stage, so he quit an' begin guiding others along the sure road to starvation. He guaranteed every pupil a part on Broadway—in his prospectus. The only reason the postal authorities didn't get him was because he didn't say in how many years they'd secure the part. Some of 'em did have offers, but they was too old to play juveniles by the time their turn came. Well, Marjorie Coleman learned everything the professor could teach her about acting, which was too much, 'cause she had to forget it all before she could hope to hold a job. The day she got her diploma she started right out to interview producers, intending to tell 'em just exactly the type of thing she wanted to do. At the end of five weeks she knew all the stenographers an' office boys, but her speaking acquaintance with a manager was still zero. The mere mention of her name would bring out a welcoming committee at any golf club in the country, but it wasn't no open sesame in the Times Square district, on account of the producers not being up on social registers."

"With all his money her dad should ought to have had a pull somewhere," remarked Dot.

"He did, an' he used it as soon as he found out what was going on. You see, Marjorie wasn't no quitter; also she had a lotta pride, so she didn't tell her folks about her disappointments at first. Five weeks of constant looking is enough to take the heart out of a seasoned actorine, so you couldn't blame Marjorie for being kinda downcast an' discouraged at dinner one night. Her old man noticed it an' ast the whys an' wherefores, an' when she told him he made her promise to quit worrying her little bobbed head about it an' he'd manipulate some wires the very next day.

"Well, on the morrow, as the poets say, Papa Coleman invited the president of his bank to lunch. He being a big stockholder an' director himself, the president was forced to accept or run chances of not having his salary raised at the next election. Before the two got to their demi-tasses Mr. Coleman knew the names of all the theatrical men what had unpaid notes at the bank. Well, Papa Coleman didn't waste any time before getting in touch with one or two of the bank's debtors, with the result that Marjorie at least saw the inside of their private offices the next time she called. She was offered parts, too, but most of 'em was in mob scenes an' subway episodes or things like that, which wouldn't suit her at all."

"She didn't think she was going to play leads right away, did she?" asked Dot.

"A girl like her, what had almost been pulled to pieces at every dance she went to, can't be expected to have no sense of values. She was the center of attraction off the stage an' therefore thought she should be the same thing behind the footlights. An' several of the managers did tell her she possessed wonderful talent an' they had just the part for her—if dad would invest a few thousand in the production. When Papa Coleman investigated he found that the few thousand meant anywhere from twenty to thirty-five grand, and the stock distribution all mixed up besides. He loved Marjorie all right, but his natural business sense wouldn't let him go in that deep to satisfy no foolish ambitions, so the budding actress didn't get the parts. Well, one of the managers, what produced legitimate an' vaudeville both, seeing that he couldn't book dad for no whale decided to try him on a frying size. He dug up a fifteen-minute dramatic sketch by a well-known author, what wouldn't cost over twenty-five hundred to put out, an' let Marjorie read it. All she noticed was her own part, an' as that looked good to her she pinched the old man's cheeks, run her fingers through his hair an' daddied him till he came through. Four weeks after that she was in vaudeville up to her neck."

"Ha, ha," laughed Dot. "I see her finish already. Everybody knows dramatic sketches is worse than poison to them birds in the booking office."

"You're wrong again, dearie," answered Madeline. "This was a good vehicle, an' the producer put a big name in the cast, besides, to hold it up, an' the name was Louis Albret."

"Mother, guard your angel child!"

"You said it, dearie, an' they should also have hired a flock of secret-service men like the President uses, besides. It ain't hardly necessary for me to tell you nothing about this Louis Albret, 'cause everybody what reads the newspapers is bound to be familiar with his face an' fancies. Was he good-looking? Dearie, I've seen 'em tall an' distinguished, medium an' athletic, thin an' romantic, but Louis was all of 'em combined an' then some. The only way to describe him, an' do him justice, is to say if you was to put the head of a necktie ad, with dental-cream teeth, onto a ready-to-wear illustration it would be a cartoon beside Louis."

"An' I betcha he was good at whispering sweet nothings too," suggested Dot.

"That feller couldn't any more help making love to women than a auto salesman can refrain from mentioning power. Louis had wooed, won an' woe-ed so many wives he'd forgot in which order they came. Marriage to him was just like a snake's skin, he shed one regular an' painless every year. Why, when he got through dividing his salary

up in alimonies every week he always had to stall off four or five 'cause there wasn't enough heart balm to go around."

"No wonder he was a drawing card, dearie. It gives women an awful thrill to see a man like that an' bet themselves almost anything that they could hold him."

"I guess you're right, Dot, 'cause when he walked out on the stage in his velvet pants with high-top flappy boots, an' velour hat with ostrich feathers on it, you could hear all the female pay customers out front gasp for breath. An' when he whispered 'I love you' in the heroine's dainty ear, capital punishment was the only thing what kept those fool women in the parquet from going right home an' putting arsenic or something in their husbands' soup. Well, in this sketch Louis an' Marjorie was playing, she was supposed to be a American girl touring through Rhubarbia, or some other foreign country like that. He was a nobleman, in everything but intentions, an' was trying to get her in his power. Rough stuff was his long suit; but she was athletic, besides having a nimble brain, so she outwitted him. Before the sketch was over, though, it came out that he'd acted like that 'cause a woman had once deceived him an' he thought all of 'em was alike. However, when he found out accidently, by a locket or something, that Eloise also had royal blood in her veins, he tamed right down an' married her for a happy finish."

"It sounds good an' should ought to have got steady booking," said Dot.

"It did, dearie, an' the audience ate it up. I played several dates on the same bill with 'em an' that's how I came to be mixed up in it. Of course everybody around the theater heard who this Marjorie Coleman was an' how many silver spoons had been born in her mouth, et cet'ra, et cet'ra, so naturally we was anxious to see her. She arrived in state all right, alighting at the stage door from one of them eighteen-thousand-dollar rolling palaces with a chauffeur in livery an' everything. I was kinda disappointed in the way she was dressed, she wearing just a simple frock instead of some Paris creation like I had expected."

"Society always dresses modest," remarked Dot. "You didn't expect her to wear the family jewels around no vaudeville theater, did you?"

"If my old man had been as rich as hers my wearing apparel would have proclaimed it. What's the use of having money if you can't make a flash with it? Anyway, Marjorie had a personal maid with her, even if she didn't wear but one costume in the sketch, an' her mother was on the job besides."

"Her real mother or a stage one?" asked Dot.

"Her honest-to-goodness ma," answered Madeline. "Mrs. Coleman was of the élite an' everything, but still old-fashioned enough to look after her daughter. She mustta heard a lot about the temptations of the stage, so she thought it wouldn't do no harm for her to stick around an' see that her precious baby didn't stumble into no pitfalls or nothing like that.

"Well, the first time I give the act the once-over an' seen how much realism Louis Albret was putting into his love scenes, I could of told Mrs. Coleman right then where a pitfall was located. That bird had just filed his last shackle loose an' was looking for more worlds to conquer. Here was a good-looking girl, from a fine family with oodles of money, right at hand, an' Louis never was no time waster. The act hadn't been working but a few weeks, nevertheless it was easy to see if marrying Marjorie was his goal post he had already got by a lotta interference.

"Daddy's angel child wasn't pulling away from no stage caresses an' also was taking the sheik's kisses smack on the lips instead of turning the other cheek. Of course she wasn't stage-broke an' maybe didn't know such things could be faked, but from where I sat it looked to me like she was getting a lot more enjoyment outta the scene than the script called for."

"An' right under mother's lorgnettes too," exclaimed Dot.

"Mrs. Coleman didn't know actors like we does, dearie. Naturally she'd heard all about Louis Albret's history, but as he wasn't asting Marjorie out to no lunches or suggesting moonlight rides in his sporty roadster, mother didn't suspect nothing. She was standing in the wings at every show. However, her theatrical education having been sadly neglected, she didn't know the real from the make-believe an' thought Marjorie's performance was a great piece of emotional work."

"So you introduced yourself an' told her what was what."

"I don't introduce myself to nobody, me being a headliner an' all; also I never butts into other people's affairs," retorted Madeline. "It wasn't none of my business anyway, an' besides I had trouble enough of my own. The piano player what was with me that season could certainly make the ivories do their stuff, but on account of his liking his wine in any color he could get it, he give the sharps an' flats a lotta wrong cues. The worst part about it was he carried his liquor so well I didn't never know when he was sober or synthetic till he got out on the stage an' begin playing my last song first or something like that. New York is always full of good piano players till a person needs one, an' then they all suddenly get jobs or go to Chicago. Anyway, there was an awful short crop of 'em that season an' I had to put up with Harold as best I could, instead of firing him like I wanted to. Well, one day when I was standing in the wings so nervous I pulled all the skin off my fingers, Mrs. Coleman came up to me an' ast me was I ill or something. I told her what the trouble was an' she sympathized with me like she was my own mother. She said I was foolish to fret myself like that, me being so clever I could get my act over if I didn't have no music at all. Then she ast me didn't I want to take a little ride with her an' Marjorie after the matinée."

"Which you, being a headliner an' all, refused," said Dot.

"You talk like I'm upstage or something," exclaimed Madeline. "An' since when has it come in style to turn down free rides in rolling palaces with real society? I went, dearie, an' had a gorgeous spin along the river, with tea an' everything. Naturally, Marjorie ast me what I thought of the act, an' I made a few suggestions regarding her make-up an' also told her two or three pieces of business what would get laughs for her, if she used 'em. Before we got back to the theater me an' her was calling each other by our first names, an' I begin planning what clothes I would take with me the first week-end party she invited me to. An' Mrs. Coleman—she was the darlingest woman I ever met. A regular feller too. Well, with the ice broken like that, naturally we kept on getting better friends every day. I didn't run after 'em or nothing, but it so happened that I was around the stage door a lot when I thought they might be going to take a afternoon drive. Also they got to giving me a lift to my hotel at nights, if I rushed outta my make-up quick enough—which I usually did."

"An' the following week," said Dot, "you borrowed Marjorie's personal maid to help dress you."

"I didn't do nothing of the kind," snapped Madeline. "I only let her sew on some hooks an' eyes what had come off. Anyway, Mrs. Coleman ast me one day didn't I want to go shopping with 'em after the matinée. I told her my exchequer wasn't in no condition to stand that kind of a strain right then, but I'd go with 'em an' sit in the car while they bought out as many stores as they wanted to. Well, we rolled down Fifth Avenue in that gorgeous car, me bowing to everybody I had ever been introduced to an' several I hadn't, an' we finally pulled up at the curb in front of one of them exclusive places where you can't even get a simple little tub silk for less than a year's room rent. Since Marjorie only intended to purchase a couple of evening wraps, which wouldn't run up to more'n three or four thousand dollars, mother didn't think it was worth while going in an' helping her select 'em.

"While Marjorie was gone in the store Mrs. Coleman begin asting me some questions.

"'I saw you talking to Louis Albret the other day,' said she. 'Have you known him long?'

"'Only a few years,' says I, 'but I know a lotta his ex-wives.'

"'How many times has he been married?' asts she.

"'I had to leave school very early,' says I, 'so I can't count that high.'

"'Why has his matrimonial ventures all been failures?' she next shoots at me.

"'Because,' comes back I, 'he wasn't born in Utah during the reign of Brigham Young.'

"'Then none of his wives wasn't to blame?' asts she.

"'Sure they was,' answered I. 'If they'd been broader-minded, they would of understood him better an' not tried to make a household pet of him or nothing.'

"'You mean,' says she, 'he's temperamental.'

"'You might call it that,' answered I, 'but I think changeable is a better word. If variety is the spice of life then Louis sure likes his highly seasoned.'

"'He's not married now, is he?' ast Mrs. Coleman.

"'No,' comes back I, 'but he's gonna be pretty soon if somebody not a million miles away from me don't open her eyes an' read between the lines.'

"'Between what lines?' ast she, turning very pale.

"'The lines of the sketch they're playing,' says I. 'Louis an' Marjorie has put in so many whispers an' sighs an' clinches, the author himself wouldn't recognize it

Continued on Page 157

"'You are Modest an' Don't Want to Take Credit for What You've Done,' Says She, Beaming on Me"

American Antiques: Good and Bad

By ESTHER SINGLETON

An Early Nineteenth Century Duncan Phyfe Carved Mahogany Sofa. Sold November 7, 1925, for $1025

WHICH would you rather have—the worst example of a good antique, or the best example of a bad antique? The question is not hard to answer. The only trouble is that it invites a counterquestion: What is a good antique and what is a bad antique?

When I was a child, one of the servants in my home in Baltimore was extremely fond of a certain spiritual, which she used to sing. Frequently I would conceal myself in some shadowy corner so that I might hear this song, which Aunt Ginnie declaimed with so much dramatic emotion.

This spiritual told the story of how the Lord, when walking one day on the earth, saw the archfiend, Satan, who had gathered the sheep—the Lord's chosen people—and mingled them in a large field with his own wicked goats, thus claiming all the inhabitants of the earth.

This picture was described in a sort of recitative preparatory to the grand climax, when the Lord appeared on the scene, highly indignant. Then came a wavering, quavering tune with the words:

"An' my Lord said to Satan,
An' my Lord said to Satan,
An' my Lord said to Satan:

"'You kin take
De goats on de lef' side,
De goats on de lef' side;
You kin take
De goats on de lef' side;
But
De sheep on de right side is mine!'"

The Sheep and the Goats Among Antiques

THE ability to distinguish and separate the sheep from the goats should be the first matter to engage the attention of those who have been caught by the lure of the antique as expressed in curiosities, furniture, silver, glass, china, brass, copper, pewter, prints, old jewelry, fans, rugs, tapestries and all other artistic productions of past ages.

Unfortunately, the sheep, if we may thus designate choice and authentic antiques, grow fewer every year, while the goats are increasingly plentiful. Both are so often exhibited together and in such bewildering confusion that it is often difficult for the uninitiated to tell "t'other from which" or "'tis from 'tain't," in the words of the old country woman who thus labeled her favorite strawberry jam to distinguish it from other less popular jams and jellies.

Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream,
High-lows pass as patent leathers,
Jackdaws strut in peacocks' feathers

is particularly true of that confusing group of objects called today by the general name of Americana.

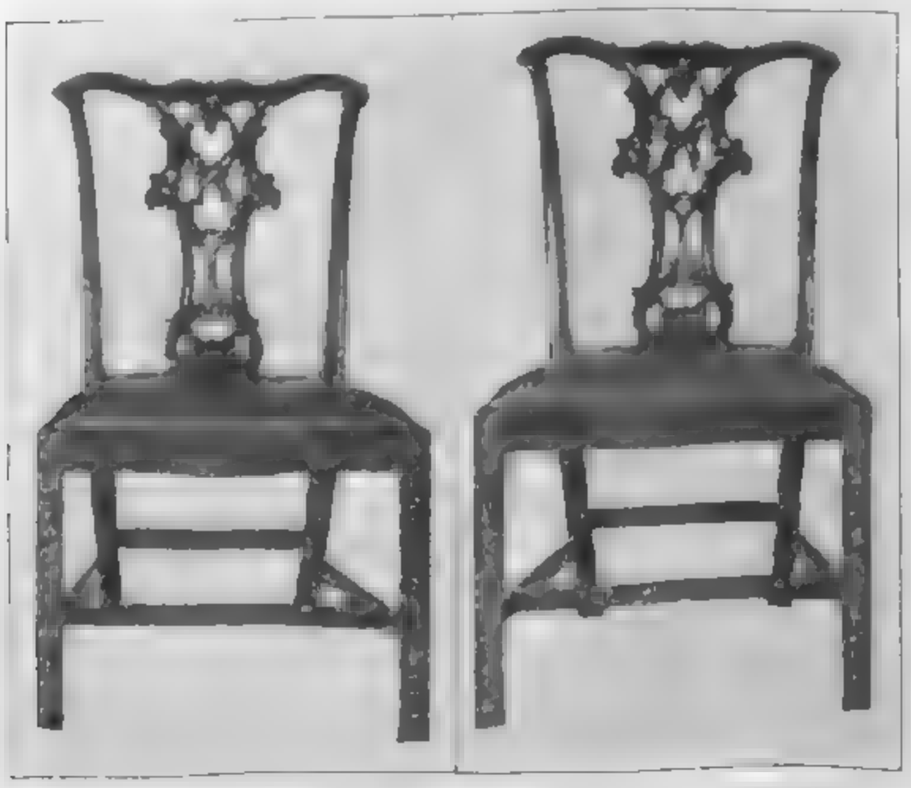
"Very true,
So they do,"

I am sure I hear the reader add in the words of the captain of the Pinafore when Little Buttercup puzzled him with the proverbs, preparatory to confessing how she "mixed those babies up."

If Gilbert had only lived to satirize in his delightful and good-humored way the widespread craze for antiques, as he satirized in Patience the æsthetic craze many years ago!

"Let the buyer beware!" was a popular current phrase used in Roman days when, if we may believe Pliny, wives scolded by their husbands for their extravagance in pearls, retaliated by reproving those husbands for collecting expensive tables of thyine wood, whatever that may have been. Cicero had one, for example, that cost him a million sesterces—$45,000.

An Early Nineteenth Century Duncan Phyfe Carved Mahogany Card Table. Height, 28 Inches; Width, 38 Inches. Sold November 7, 1925, for $1000



Two of Six American-Made Chippendale Chairs, About 1760, Which Were Sold November 7, 1925, for $1150

But how is the buyer to beware? How is he to know when to restrain his inclination to purchase a certain article that makes an appeal to his taste, and when to indulge his fancy for something that charms his eye? How is the buyer to know when the goat may, like the fabled wolf of Æsop, be disguised in sheep's clothing; or when the sheep is a plain honest-to-goodness sheep?

I am giving here a few hints in the hope that they may be a means of helping collectors—particularly those who are beginners in the field—to form their taste, to develop a critical sense and to gain that especial kind of confidence that grows out of knowledge.

You can often tell what a person is by the articles he purchases, just as you can measure his social status by his choice of words and refinements of pronunciation. Things that a person buys for adornment, for household use and decoration and for the simple indulgence of fancy are indicative. It is no exaggeration to say that the expression of taste is a criterion of a person's mental reactions and of his contacts with the world.

Training

TASTE can, should be and frequently is, trained and cultivated like any other gift. A person may have what is ordinarily called an ear for music; but unless that ear for music is trained, the opinions of the person who goes with that ear are worth little or nothing in a world of culture. Moreover, that ear cannot, without training, analyze, compare and comprehend the intricate weavings of a great orchestra as it unfolds a Wagner score, or even a more easily understood Beethoven or Mozart symphony.

Leaving the professional musician out of the question, the amateur, who belongs to the class of those who listen to music, must learn by repeated hearings of the best music the beat in any *genre*—how to distinguish the good from the bad. In the course of time, although he may have his preferences for the melodic or the polyphonic school, or even for the new idioms of the present day, he gathers experience that develops in greater or lesser degree, according to his capacity, knowledge, taste and judgment.

So, too, in the matter of paintings.

By repeated visits to museums and galleries, exhibitions and great collections, a person who enjoys pictures gradually gathers a sense of fine productions and learns to distinguish the sheep from the goats.

This brings us back to the question: How can one who has an instinctive love for beautiful artistic productions of past centuries gain experiences that correspond to those of the concert goer and the visitor to picture galleries?

It is well to bear in mind that frequently the dealer in antiques knows little or nothing about the wares he is exposing for sale. Question him and find out what he knows or what he does not know, before you believe his legends and trust his judgment. Ask him about forms and styles, periods and ornamentation of furniture, about furniture makers and designers, silversmiths, decoration of special kinds of china and the *fabrique* marks, the hall marks on old silver and pewter, and the approximate date of the curios he has in his shop. He will soon proclaim his knowledge or his ignorance.

Not infrequently the *antiquaire* can tell you no more about the origin of his pieces than the average fruiterer can tell you about the places where his fine pears, grapes, melons, pineapples, pomegranates and alligator pears are grown and the persons who grow them.

Your *antiquaire* is a salesman and a merchant, and his business is to make you buy. His goods come to him from many sources and he knows very little about them.

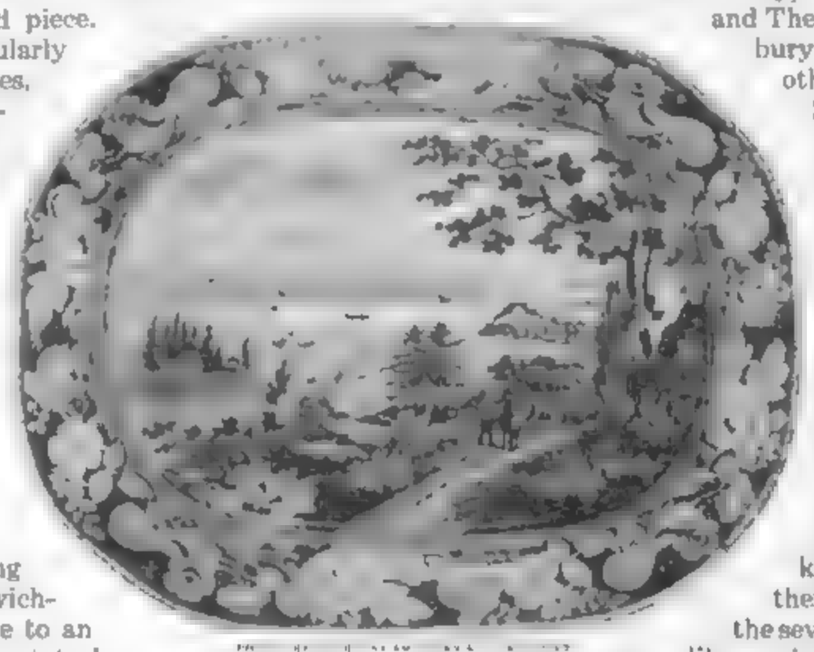
His ambition is to sell them as quickly as possible, and when the present lot shall have been exhausted to buy another one. He has dealers' names –not always authentic—for furniture and other antiques which you had better verify before you add them to your vocabulary.

Let the buyer beware!

It is because of such dealers' lack of knowledge that sometimes you can pick up a real treasure, the value of which he is unaware. The beauty of its form, the refinement of its lines and the tender glow of its colors were utterly beyond his uncultivated intelligence. He failed to see how it shone out above everything else in stock. You buy it for the proverbial song, knowing very well that you have a Jeritza or a Caruso song.

Conversely, the dealer is not always to be blamed for offering a worthless article. If he does not know an exceptionally good piece, neither does he know an exceptionally bad piece.

Sometimes, too, particularly in the cheap roadside houses, the *antiquaire* has accumulated many things that he never saw before and of whose use he is ignorant. For example, I once saw in an antique shop on one of the roads leading out of New York, a narrow green-glass Jean Maria Farina bottle that had once contained No. 4 eau de cologne. It was offered in perfectly good faith as an American antique.



A Blue Staffordshire Platter, New York From Weehawk, Length 18½ Inches, Made by Stevenson. Sold at the Kellogg Sale, November, 1935, for $810

I was told a story not long ago about a pair of Sandwich-glass candlesticks that came to an auction room and were about to be catalogued as such when someone recognized them. They had been made in Austria a few years ago and given away as a prize with a pound of coffee, or some household commodity. Let the buyer beware!

Certain articles improve with age and gain a mellow beauty. Other articles simply become dilapidated. The soft, rich color of aged mahogany; the gleam of antique silver, copper, brass and pewter; the iridescence of ancient glass and the golden glow of old ivory are justly admired. But who cares for the patina on old gloves and old shoes? Who cares to exhibit run-down heels and holes in finger tips? Moth-eaten shawls, rust-covered ironwork, battered-up books and dirt-begrimed pictures may proclaim old age, but they certainly possess no charm. They are simply worn-out objects.

Museums

THE most important museums throughout the country have one room –and sometimes several rooms—in which fine examples of furniture, silver, china, glass and historical relics are exhibited.

A notable example in the Brooklyn Museum is the famous Secretary House from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This represents a seventeenth-century house typical of wealthy Maryland and contains furniture and other antiques that were in fashion before 1725. All the pieces bespeak a house lived in by people of education and social experience

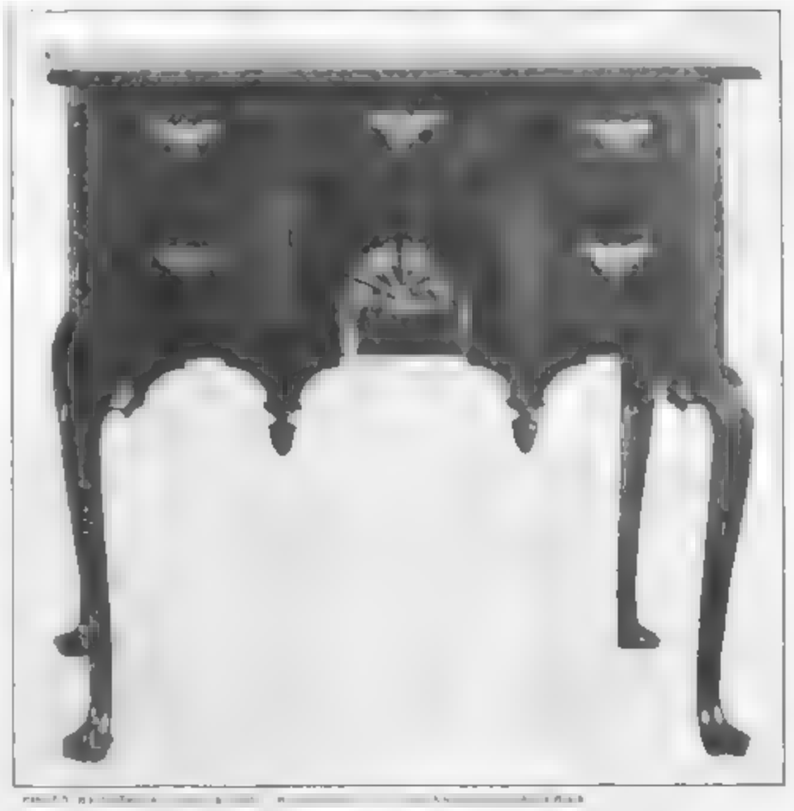
The new American wing of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, affords a view of the best phases of our domestic interiors. Here are eighteen rooms showing the furnishings of typical American homes, exhibiting more than 500 pieces of furniture and 800 pieces of silver and other small objects. The Pennsylvania Museum also offers wealth for the student. The Philadelphia room is conspicuously good.

Of smaller museums, where choice and typical pieces of Americana are tastefully exhibited, Home, Sweet Home, the birthplace of John Howard Payne, at East Hampton, Long Island, now the summer residence of Mr. G. H. Buek, of New York, is unique.

The Whipple House at Ipswich, and The Wayside Inn at Sudbury, Massachusetts, are other good examples.

Some of the Colonial Dames own historical houses which rank with the best museums of the country. Among them I may note the Van Cortlandt mansion, Van Cortlandt Park, belonging to the Colonial Dames of the State of New York, where in addition to the drawing-room, dining room, kitchen and many bedrooms there is a Dutch interior of the seventeenth century that looks like a picture of Jan Steen, Teniers or Pieter de Hooch, and shows how the early Knickerbocker settlers lived.

The Quincy House, near Boston, owned by the Colonial Dames of Massachusetts, is another fine example; Stenton, near Philadelphia, belonging to the Pennsylvania Colonial Dames, is another; and Mount Clare, one of the Carroll homesteads, Baltimore, the property of the Colonial Dames of Maryland, is still another. The Louisiana Colonial Dames have an excellent collection of Americana in the old Cabildo, New Orleans; and the New Jersey Colonial Dames have correctly exhibited valuable relics in the Old Barracks at Trenton. The Ladies' Hermitage Association has turned President Jackson's home, near Nashville, Tennessee, into a museum that exhibits relics and treasures of the early nineteenth century, following in the footsteps of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, organized 1856, the first of these patriotic societies founded for the purpose of gathering and preserving Americana.



An Early Eighteenth-Century Walnut Lowboy With Original Brass Mounts. Sold November 7, 1935, for $500

The Hospitable Historical Societies

HISTORICAL societies in the large cities also possess fine individual examples and special collections—usually the bequests of members—that are well worth seeing; and this is also true of the headquarters of small local organizations in the little towns and rural districts.

I mention these museums and historical collections for the definite purpose of pointing out to the lover of American antiques whose sentimental interest in our past history may be greater than his knowledge of artistic values and yet who is desirous of acquiring an intelligent appreciation and a discriminating taste—the safe, sure and pleasurable road toward the accomplishment of this end. By repeated visits to these museums and societies—which are only too anxious to share with the public their carefully collected treasures—the eye will gradually be educated and the mind trained in standards for future comparison

As a supplement to these visits the enthusiast should read and study all the good books he can find on the subjects of furniture, china, glass and silver, and so on, besides books on ornamentation, design, architecture and periods, not

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An Old Dining Room, Wayside Inn, Showing the Proper Exhibition of Primitive Articles

SKIN AND GROANS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE headline act on the Frolic Theater program was billed as follows:

GLORIOUS WATTS

WORLD'S PREMIERE COLORED HULA DANCER

IN

A POTPOURRI OF

SHAKES & SHIVERS

The theater was crowded to capacity with the colored set of Birmingham. In the full glare of the spotlight, Miss Watts was justifying the claims of her billing, while in an obscure corner of the theater a sad dark gentleman fidgeted with the first symptoms of an idea.

The person with the idea was Edwin Boscoe Fizz, director of the Sicily Clump unit, Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Eddie was on vacation, thanks to an attack of nerves suffered recently by the hard-working but intensely temperamental Sicily. And because Eddie's rose-colored world was bordered by any and all branches of the amusement profession, he had meandered into the Frolic for what he fancied would be an evening of utter boredom.

At the outset of the Hawaiian act Mr. Fizz's eye lighted approvingly. The young lady possessed an overplus of pulchritude and she had a way of projecting herself into the act that caused the habitually morose Mr. Fizz to share the tumultuous enthusiasm of the audience. Also, Eddie commenced to think.

The act ended in a spurt of jazz tinctured by the soft tinkle of a ukulele and the twanging of a steel-string guitar. Mr. Fizz did not wait for the final offering. He made his way to the lobby of the theater, spoke briefly with the house manager and then traveled backstage, where he sent his card into Glorious Watts' dressing room. In a trifle less than no time he was bidden to enter, and the young and ravishing creature advanced with hand extended.

"Mistuh Fizz," she gushed, "I suttinly am delighted to have met up with you."

Eddie flushed in confusion as he clasped her hand.

"You shuah do shake sumthin' elegant, Miss Watts."

She nodded.

"I is a slave to my perfession, Mistuh Fizz. I works hahd an' constant."

"Ain't it the truth?" Eddie heaved a vasty sigh. "Ain't it, just?"

"'Tain't nothin' else."

She seated herself and motioned Eddie to the lid of her theatrical trunk, and as he sat there staring at nothing, Miss Watts scrutinized him critically.

She was surprised at what she saw. Eddie, in person, was disappointing, particularly if one happened to be familiar with his deserved reputation as a competent director of exceedingly creditable and highly successful two-reel comedies, made by and with negroes for the cinema-loving populace the world over. In the first place, Eddie gave the impression of being addicted to melancholia. He was of medium height and more than usual slenderness. His eyes were large and cowlike. His feet were large, his hands larger and his knee joints enormous. He certainly appeared to lack confidence in himself, and talked with a hesitant, frightened manner that amazed Glorious even while it interested her. Certainly, she reflected, any man who could have attained Eddie's prominence in the face of his personal handicaps must be inlaid with sheer genius.

"We Has Arranged That You is to Finish This Pitcher Under the Personal Direction an' Supervision of J. Cæsar Clump"

Eddie cleared his throat, blinked apologetically and hinted at the object of his visit.

"The house manager was informin' me that yo' vaudeville bookings end this Saddy night."

She smiled and dimpled.

"That's the one thing they don't do nothin' else but."

"H'm! An' what was you aimin' to do immedjitly thereafter?"

"I don't hahdly know. Go back Nawth maybe an' see can't I git a li'l' mo' time." She put out a feeler. "How come you to be intrusted?"

"We-e-ell, I was thinkin' ——" He poked his head forward. "Miss Watts, has you ever contemplated the movies?"

"Says which?"

"Has you ever projected becomin' a movin'-pitcher actress?"

Glorious tingled to her finger tips. Her expression grew live and eager and she leaned forward tensely.

"Actin' fo' the cam'ra, Mistuh Fizz, is the most ambition I has got."

Eddie violated fire rules by igniting a cigarette. The smoke steadied his nerves sufficiently to permit him sustained explanation.

"It's thisaway, Miss Watts: I direc's Mis' Sicily Clump, which is the wife of J. Cæsar Clump, who is our chief director. Now Sicily ain't been so well right recent, which is how come her to take a vacation, an' I ain't got nobody to direct. Understan'?"

"Uh-huh, Mistuh Fizz. I suttinly does."

"Well, I ain't happy less'n I is directin', an' when I seen you on the stage tonight I gits me a swell idea fo' a two-reel comedy 'bout a cullud gal which goes to Hawayyah an' gits kidnaped by a native king; an' in the end I got a wow idea fo' a burlesque finish, when she jumps in the volcano an' the bottom of the volcano is made of rubber, an' she bounces right out an' the hero is standing on the edge of the creator an' she hits right in his arms an' the villain is foiled, see? An', of course, there'd be a lot of hula dancin' an' ev'ything in it, an' we could git a lot of comedy stuff about surf boards an' such; an' it all depended on would you like to try it, an' if so, does you screen well, an' will President Latimer let me make the pitcher? So tha's what I craves to know."

Glorious' eyes were glowing as she made it plain in no uncertain terms that the gentleman who could give her such an opportunity was no less than perfection. Whereupon Eddie fled from her fulsome gratitude and the following morning outlined his scheme to the ponderous and portly Orifice R. Latimer, president of Midnight.

There were several things about the scheme which appealed to Orifice. First and foremost was the novelty of a Hawaiian burlesque. Second was the opportunity to use the staff and crew of the Fizz unit, which was enjoying an enforced idleness because of Sicily's attack of nerves. He consulted with J. Cæsar Clump, and Eddie was bidden to produce the lady for screen tests the following Monday. That afternoon he appeared in the studio with Glorious in tow.

Orifice, always responsive to feminine allure, grew expansive; and J. Cæsar Clump quit the set where he was directing Opus Randall and Welford Potts in a knock-down-and-drag-out comedy and stumped across the lot to accept an introduction.

J. Cæsar was smaller than Eddie Fizz; but whereas the latter was negative and retiring, J. Cæsar was direct and dynamic. He postured before the comedy colored hula dancer—cap reversed, putties shined, sport shirt open at the throat, eyes staring approval through horn-rimmed goggles.

"Miss Watts, I is suttinly much obliged to meet you."

"The pleasure is also mine, Mistuh Clump. Always I has heard what a swell director you is, an' many the time I has laughed at Midnight pitchers, thinkin' of the brains which directed same."

Cæsar's chest expanded.

"I thank you excessive, Miss Watts. An' does yo' screen test prove successful, I trus' you won't hesitate to command me, does you crave any special attention."

He strutted off like a bantam rooster, Glorious' eyes shining after him. Eddie Fizz was a trifle uncertain.

The tests were eminently successful. Transferred to the screen, Glorious exhibited attractiveness, vivacity and the

promise of ability. Lawyer Evans Chew drew up a contract to which Miss Watts affixed her signature, and that night Eddie took her in a Gold and Silver taxi to Epic Peters' road house on the Montgomery Highway, where, over a goodly service of fried chicken and apple fritters, he outlined the basic idea for his comedy.

Glorious was enthusiastic, and the following morning she appeared on the lot to remain all day in the vicinity of J. Cæsar Clump that she might absorb some knowledge of the technic of screen acting. J. Cæsar made her decidedly welcome, a fact which the much-impressed Eddie Fizz did not miss

But Eddie was a busy man. He started the morning by detailing to the technical director the volcano set which he must have, and on which construction should be started immediately. Then he went into headachy conference with Forcep Swain, who constituted the literary staff of the Midnight organization. Forcep chuckled over the idea and begged for a few days in which to do the complete treatment and continuity. Mr. Fizz gestured violently.

"Couple hours, you mean."

"But, Eddie, no author cannot auth in two hours."

"Fo' what I craves he can. Time is impawtant, 'cause I got Sicily's next pitcher all doped out an' I got to finish this befo' Mis' Clump gits ready to work again."

Forcep promised to have the treatment ready in the limit of two hours, and actually completed it in three. Then, in consultation with Eddie Fizz, they laid out the opening scenes and Mr. Fizz assembled the company and prepared for the outdoor shots.

Glorious was an apt and willing pupil, and she did unusually well under the tutelage of the painstaking Mr. Fizz. Whereas J. Cæsar Clump achieved amazingly successful results by driving willy-nilly through all obstacles, Eddie Fizz attained to equal success by a scrupulous attention to detail.

The picture—entitled How Are Yuh?—got away to an auspicious start. Even Orifice R. Latimer confessed as much when the first rushes were exhibited in the projection room. Glorious displayed a verve and physique calculated to arrest the attention of any audience, and she appeared to have a natural aptitude for the little quirks of high-speed comedy. As the days passed and the rushes continued to show a steady improvement in Miss Watts' method, President Latimer commenced to think. He even thought out loud and in the presence of J. Cæsar Clump

"Cæsar," he postulated, "this heah Glorious Watts is gwine become one mo' swell actress." Mr. Clump agreed mildly

"I reckon she'll do as long as my wife ain't workin'."

"She's as good as Sicily, only diff'ent."

"You reckon?"

"I is shuah. An' Midnight could rilly use another lady star"

Cæsar grew more interested

"What at is you drivin', Orifice?"

"Has you seen any of Miss Watts' rushes?"

"No-o. I been awful busy."

"Come along."

Orifice conducted his chief director to the projection room. The cameraman was called and he wound his spool with the unrelated and repetitious scenes of How Are Yuh? The lights dimmed, the screen blazed and the projection commenced.

For five minutes J. Cæsar Clump said nothing. Then he started talking Even in the darkness Orifice could tell that Cæsar's eyes were popping, and Orifice valued Cæsar's judgment even more than his own.

"Ain't she a wonder, Cæsar?"

"Great sufferin' tripe! The gal's a marvel—nothin' else. Orifice, if you don't sign her up under a long-term contrac' you ain't got nothin' in yo' haid 'ceptin' a wacuum."

"Hot ziggity dam!" The president rubbed the soft palms of his pudgy hands together. "Ain't that what I been tellin' you? Ol' Eddie Fizz is a genius, tha's what, to 'scover a gal like that. Now I been thinkin', Cæsar, us has got somethin' swell heah, an' we'd make a mistake to go ahead cheap like we started. My plan is that we sign up Glorious fo' two yeahs. Then when we has her safe under contrac', we spends mo' money on this pitcher, an' meanwhile do some advertisin' in the trade papers an' git her built up quick into a star. Understand?"

Cæsar understood, and he thought he understood a great deal more than Latimer was saying. He was, as a matter of fact, indulging in some plain and fancy thinking. He was thoroughly in accord with this campaign scheme which would introduce her to a large public. Whereupon he quizzed Orifice.

"You plans a regular campaign, huh?"

"You said it."

"An' you want this pitcher to be a wonder?"

"The best yet"

J. Cæsar coughed modestly.

"Then why not let yo' best director handle it?"

"Eh?" Orifice did not immediately grasp Cæsar's meaning. "Meanin' you?"

"Not nobody else."

Mr. Latimer beamed. He regarded J Cæsar as being slightly better than superhuman, and if Cæsar was willing to take over the direction of the picture which Eddie had started so auspiciously, there seemed little chance for anything save an astounding success.

"You really would do it, Brother Clump?"

"I suttinly would."

"Sweet mamma! Us is set!" Then his face fell. "What you reckon Eddie will say?" Mr. Clump shrugged.

"Eddie won't say nothin'. He never does, an' he says it constant"

In which J. Cæsar spoke the truth; but there were elements in the present situation of which neither Cæsar Clump nor Orifice Latimer was aware.

All his life Eddie Fizz had been susceptible to feminine charm, and only a terrible timidity had saved him from feminine entanglement. Now, however, he found himself in the grip of an emotion which vanquished his reticence. In brief, he was paying violent and ardent court to the fair hula dancer.

Once fully under way, Eddie was a decidedly efficient wooer. Nightly automobile rides through the pine-scented reaches of Shades Valley, excursions to the river, some forty miles away, where Mr. Fizz possessed an ancient bateau equipped with an outboard motor; an occasional swim at Blue Lake Park; sundry soft drinks at the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor, and a profusion of flowers.

Glorious would have been less than human had she failed to respond. Ordinarily she would have paid little attention to Eddie, he being a colorless sort of individual. But Glorious was glimpsing him in action as a director. He not only wielded vast power but did it modestly and efficiently. He was quiet and soft voiced and painstaking. And Glorious knew that he was in a fair way to make of her a star of considerable magnitude.

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Glorious Watched Spellbound as Edwin Bocoe Fizz Proceeded to Perform the Most Magnificent Gesture of His Unadventurous Life

GYPSYING THE JENNIES

Joy Riders in the Air—As Told to Charles Gilbert Reinhardt

THE old bus was humming along sweetly at a sixty-mile air speed, which meant a rate of forty-five miles an hour in relation to the ground, for she was bucking a fifteen-mile breeze. I slumped back in the rear cockpit, handling the controls easily and comfortably as I drifted into that half drowsy, wholly content state of mind the pilot so often experiences when the motor holds its even rhythm and the bumps come soft and seldom. Once in a while I'd lean over the edge of the fuselage to scan the flat geometrically checkered prairie country for bearings, or to watch a toy train crawling over its narrow tracks 2000 feet below, but chiefly I just rested and thought idly and regretfully about the friendly game that had cleaned me out the night before.

Laying a Smoke Screen at the Aerial Circus Held by the United States Navy, at Lakehurst, New Jersey

Then suddenly I heard the faint spit-spit and felt the miss in the motor that told me it was gasping for gas. I knew what was wrong. Before taking off that morning I had drained the water from the carburetor wells, so the trouble wasn't there. The gas tank must be empty. Of course I had poured in what I thought would be sufficient fuel, but, confound it, I hadn't counted on that fifteen-mile head wind. Anyhow, there I was, 2000 feet in the air, twenty miles from my objective, out of gas—and broke.

Out of Gas and Out of Cash

THERE was nothing to worry about immediately. I was flying one of the old JN4 training planes—the famous Jennies of the army camps—and I knew she had a gliding ratio of seven to one, which meant that since I was 2000 feet high, I could alight on any comparatively level field within a rough radius of 14,000 feet. I spotted one that I could reach easily—a stubble field, by its lightish-brown color—not too far from the paved state road that wound like a twisting bit of white baby ribbon through the softly shaded green-and-brown farm lands. So I pulled the throttle back and nosed down, making a wide sweeping spiral which I hoped would attract attention. The flying wires screamed their first high note as they cut the air in the speed of that glide, then changed to the low-toned landing song as I leveled off a few feet above the ground to make as pretty a three-point landing, square into the wind, as anyone could wish to see. Then I rolled a bit nearer the road and waited—wishing that my hard-boiled instructor back in 1917 had seen that landing; wishing that I had a few gallons of gas; wishing that, with the rest of the world, I had grown tired of kings before I tried to back three against a full house the night before.

I hadn't long to wait. Almost before I had cut my ignition the farmer came boiling out from his house 500 yards away. He started yelling incoherently before he left the doorstep and kept it up as he climbed three rail fences and jumped a ditch on his way to me. Finally he reached hearing distance.

"What are you doing in my field?" he bawled.

I wanted to tell him that I had come down to pick a four-leaf clover, but decided to reserve my wise cracks.

"Tank's dry," I reported. "Where's there a garage round here?"

After he saw that my tail skid had only scratched the surface of his ground, and that I hadn't upset the rotation of crops, he calmed down. But he was still hoarse when he told me I'd find a filling station half a mile up the road. I suspected as much. That's why I always followed the state roads frequented by motorists when I was flying cross country.

I detailed that noisy tiller of the soil to watch the plane, and footed it, flying togs and all, up the pike. The ship was safe with him, so I didn't hurry. Besides, I wanted to give him plenty of time to swank around the old Jenny and tell his neighbors and perhaps a few curious motorists all about it. I hoped to do business with them later. But just now I had a more pressing problem.

Air Tramps

THE garageman was waiting as I swaggered up, rubbing a couple of thin dimes together in my pocket to make them feel less lonely. He had seen, as I hoped he would, that tricky spiral landing.

"That your aeryoplane?" he demanded.

"Yes," I replied "I came down to give you a hop. Only ten bucks."

"Nope," he pronounced, "don't want to ride in one of them things. Air's too soft and the ground's too hard. Besides it ain't worth ten dollars."

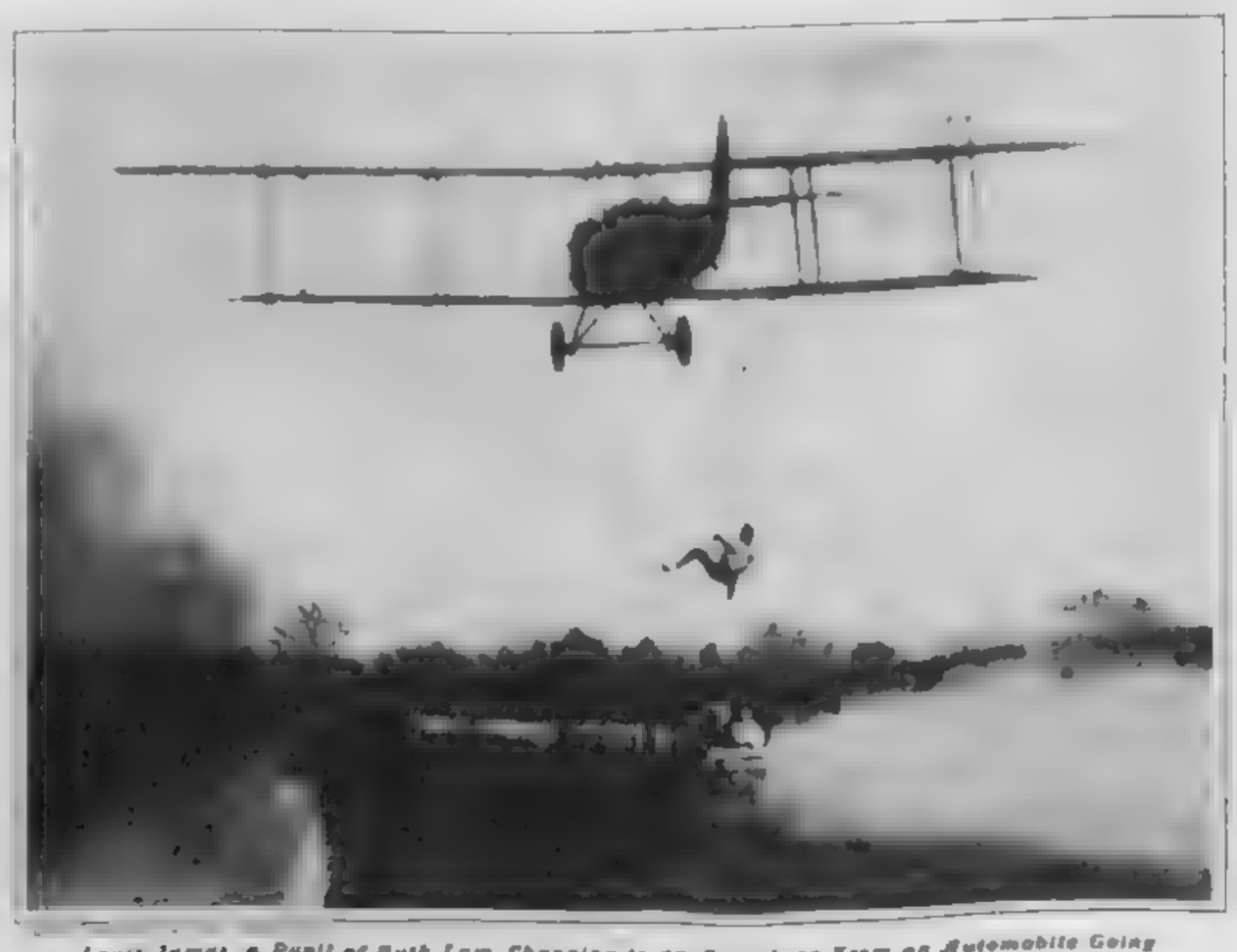
"Five dollars," I tempted him, "and I'll throw in a loop."

He began to weaken. Finally I broached the proposition I had planned from the beginning.

"Fill her up with gas and oil," I said, "and I'll give you a ride for nothing."

That won him. I drained the sump and put in fresh oil—for the old stuff was getting pretty thin—then filled the tank. It wasn't high-test gas, but it would do. After I had given the garage man his promised hop, I took up the farmer and two of his friends at five dollars each, then flew away. My troubles were over. I was all set with gas and oil and money to take me to the county fair at Homesburg, where I was sure to find plenty of passenger-carrying trade.

For I was gypsying the Jenny through the Corn Belt and had to snatch off my profits—and my upkeep—where I could.



Louis James, a Pupil of Ruth Law, Changing to an Aeroplane From an Automobile Going Ninety Miles an Hour on a Circular Track

There were at that time, which was several years ago, hundreds of us tramping the skies from county fair to county fair, flying battered planes purchased from the government surplus stores. They had cost us from $350 to $1500 each. Some of us knew how to fly, others thought we did. The majority, I should say, had had instruction in the army or navy aviation schools during the war, and many had seen active service; but there were others who had simply picked up what knowledge they could by hanging around aviation fields and finally getting some instruction from a good-natured pilot.

I'm out of the game now—I quit when the old Jenny was ready to fall apart from old age and hard usage—but there are others still in the field, with the full intention of sticking

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SABAKAKI—AND OTHERS

By Stewart Edward White

Doc's Archery Contest With the Wakoma. Doc to Bat

IT MUST not be hastily concluded that life at Nyumbo is all battle, murder and sudden death. We have our internal economy, our city life, to which country pleasures are foreign. We have our cockneys, who live their lives in the streets, and whose rare excursions with me into the woods and fields and jungles are to them a wonder and a somewhat mitigated delight. Of such are our tent boys, the cook, the skinner—and Sabakaki.

Sabakaki has in charge the motor cars. He is supposed to find them each day in food and water, and to send them forth fit and caparisoned for high emprise. At need he can drive the truck. He can make the thing go; and that ability is itself sufficient to set him high in all native eyes, but especially his own. The prerogative of his calling is that he can, when we move from spot to spot, always ride.

This is fortunate, for he wears proudly a pair of the longest, broadest, flattest plantigrade shoes ever turned out of any foundry. What their gross and net tonnage may be I should never dare try to guess, but the tare on those feet of his must be something enormous. When Sabakaki moves from spot to spot, his going is signalized by sounds similar to those made by a board striking very flat on the water. When he runs, the miracle is beyond description. On this prideful structure is erected a sturdy frame addicted to putties or golf stockings, khaki shorts, fancy shirts and expensive headgear. For Sabakaki is a *meredadi*, which is Swahili for our ancient slang designation of "dude," only very much more so. In complexion he is very black, for he is a Uganda man; and in countenance his external works belie not his internal characteristics, which are subservient, dashed by but resilient to misfortune, inordinately vain, with a strong infusion of chuckleheadedness throughout.

Not the Perfect Chauffeur

HE ATTRACTED unfavorable attention to himself in our first twenty miles out from Nairobi, when the gas tank of one of the cars proved empty. There are gasoline stations in the garages, but as we have to carry further supplies an incredible journey, this came near being a capital crime. That evening we made a bivouac camp. Sabakaki brought our firestones. One of them was too large. Having failed to break it by ordinary methods, Sabakaki savagely tried to bite it in two. In this also he failed; but it was an interesting effort.

In the truck, besides certain supplies, he carried at that time sundry gun bearers and other men. He was very proud to show off his ability before these, and very loath to acknowledge even partial defeat before them. In as much as Sabakaki usually managed to stall his machine at the worst place in the numberless fearful dongas and ravines we had to cross, he was ordered to stop on the hither side of these places and wait for one of us to come back from the other cars and do the driving. That was an order his vanity utterly forbade him to obey. What would his admiring passengers think at this evident reflection on his ability? He tried it, anyway—always got stuck, and resorted to dense stupidity to counter our sometimes vigorous reproaches. We sent back a gun bearer to stop him; he brushed right by. Finally I had to drop off in person and stand where he would have to run over me before proceeding.

So by the time we reached Nyumbo, Sabakaki was what might be called a marked man. We took notice of Sabakaki and thereby derived a mixed or alternating exasperation and amusement. It did no good to point out that he was a cross between a baboon and a rhinoceros, that his most brilliant inspirations would bring the blush of shame to a pterodactyl, and that the only use of his head was to support the astonishing headgear which was quite beyond his means anyway He merely replied agreeably and with an an air of entire acquiescence, "*N'dio, bwana!*"—yes, bwana. It was like kicking a pillow.

Sabakaki had no sense whatever of the timely occasion. On the days when he had been deepest in the direst disgrace, and when ordinary sense would have advised him to hide his diminished head until the lightnings had passed and the sun shone once more, he would appear before me as I sat by the evening fire. While yet a long way off he would remove his cap and hold it in front of him with his two hands; when a little nearer he would say "*Hodie*," and would not approach until I had given the proper reply of "*Karibu*." By these signs of great politeness I knew that Sabakaki wanted something.

"Will bwana shoot a topi tomorrow and give me the skin?" said he.

Breaking Up a Kingdom

"WHY, you misbegotten son of a goat," says I, "why should I shoot you a topi? You forgot to fill the water cans today, and if I shoot any topis the skins are mine."

"*N'dio, bwana*," Sabakaki agreed with me cordially.

The above was written two months ago in camp. I cut the manuscript at this point to insert a beautiful and typical example that happened when we finally went out to Nairobi. As you may imagine, the complete break-up of a kingdom was no small job. Transportation was not now a piecemeal affair of a few cases of petrol or a dozen boxes of supplies or a score of bags of *potio*. All our belongings, to the last dik-dik skin and the ultimate toothbrush, were to be carried somehow over that long journey to the southern Guaso Nyiro River, where the ox wagons would take it all off our shoulders and heads

Questions of water en route; questions of food; questions of sick men and enough well men; questions of all sorts had to be faced and answered. Not the

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The Roll Call of Our Men at Nyumbo. Insert—M'dono, the Ikoma Sultan

MAN ALONE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

For an Instant He Stood Trembling, Then He Stooped, Picked Her Up Bodily and Started for the House

TORQUAY felt sorry for his father. He wished he had not overheard his talk with Mr. Damon and that he could have received with spontaneous astonishment the news that the despised Pine Tree Glassworks had performed the miracle of swallowing something much bigger than itself. Had things happened that way, the glow of his interest might have melted the sudden barrier which had arisen between them through the incident of Janie's arrival and drawn them into mutual understanding. But it was not in his nature to pretend surprise when he felt none, no matter what the advantage.

"I was by the window when you were talking to Mr. Damon," he said as he arranged four chairs in a row, took off the tablecloth and rolled it into a ball for a pillow. "I heard enough to guess he'd have to sell."

"What are you doing?" asked his father.

"Fixing myself a place to sleep," he answered.

"Here?" sneered Thomas. He stood watching Torquay for a moment and then sat down by the corner of the table, where he could finger the ledger he had been poring over when Torquay had seen him from the hallway.

"They've still got a few accounts worth saving," he continued after the long pause; "but there are a lot more they lost that somehow we didn't get. I'm out for anything now, Torque, small or big. The way this country's moving, you can't tell from one day to another what's going to jump from nothing into a big order."

"That's right," agreed Torquay. "I remember you wouldn't run a batch for Jim Farless, even after I'd made the mold, and look where he is now."

"There's a time to hold your cards close to your chest," continued his father, "and a time to lay them out. I've been thinking you and me haven't been spending enough money—on ourselves, I mean."

"I can't eat more'n I've been eating," said Torquay, "nor wear two suits at a time."

"That needn't stop us from owning half a dozen suits apiece, and a buggy, and good horses, with a man to look after them, and perhaps someone to help Mega with the house."

"To help Mega!" repeated Torquay blankly.

It seemed to him the limit of absurdity that Mega should either need or accept help. A silence fell between them. His father appeared to be annoyed, or perhaps only nervous. He ruffled the pages of the ledger, and then arose to walk about the room with short, unnatural steps. Something was on his mind

He turned and asked abruptly, "How did you come to bring the girl here?"

"I didn't," said Torquay. "She come of herself. The first part of it was this morning, when she brought Jake Damon's kids to the works. The second part was when Jake found out what she'd done and threw her out."

"It was a poor day for her to pick on to bring any of the Damons to the Pine Tree Glassworks, but where did you come in on it? That's what I'd like to know."

"She said the kids would never have told where they'd been if I'd made a couple of flip-flaps when they asked for 'em."

Thomas laughed nastily.

"So that was enough for her to hang herself around your neck, eh!"

"No," said Torquay, frowning. "She didn't say anything about it, but perhaps she remembers you owe her father money."

"I owe no man money!" flared Thomas.

"You do. You owe fifty cents for the food we had from the folks in the brick house at Babylon."

It was fully a minute before his father could remember. That far-off day did not stand at the beginning of conscious time to him as it did to Torquay, and yet it was not quite without its red mark.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "It was the day I showed you about women with the apples. Rotten. Black inside. That's what they are. You got a Bible in your room, because I seen it laying there. Read it. 'Counting one by one, to find out the account . . . one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.' That's what it says. Bah!" He took a fifty-cent piece from his pocket with a ten-dollar note and placed them on the cover of the ledger. "There you are. Give that to the girl when you see her—two shillings and interest—and tell her where to go."

He stamped out of the room and up the stairs. Torquay got up to blow out the light, and then lay down once more; but he could not sleep. The chairs made a comfortable enough bed, but every time he closed his eyes they snapped wide open again without his knowing why or when they did it. He could keep them closed only by force, and that tired his eyelids and made his head ache. He arose and sat with his hands thrust in his pockets, staring at nothing. His father was awake too. He could hear him pacing up and down in his room just above. There was a board which creaked regularly, showing that he was walking in the same place each time.

Torquay got to thinking of Janie. He could see everything in his room—the washstand with its ewer and basin, and a fresh towel every day. That was Mega! The cheap rug; the braced table with its load of books; the well-thumbed Bible—strange book to the unguided mind with its leaves still indented from the wetting they had suffered so many years ago—or was it yesterday? His mind crept around to the bed. He could see Janie lying there, her yellow hair spread out and her face as white as the pillow. If he should split her open with an ax, perhaps she would be black inside—as black as her blue eyes had looked in the dark under the sycamore.

He got up, slipped out quietly and walked around the house. The light was still burning in his room. So she, too, was awake. Perhaps she was sitting on the edge of the bed, just staring as he had been staring. He wanted to call to her, but a lump rose in his throat, squeezing his voice to nothing, and he was afraid to force it for fear of the kind of sound that might come out. If she should come to

the window, he would wave to her. He stood still a long time, but the square of light remained a blank. Finally he went into the house again, closing the door noiselessly behind him. He looked up and saw a light at the top of the stairs. It was his father, standing with his back to him, and holding a candle in one hand. He was dressed only in a short nightgown which showed the figure of a colossus with straddled legs, but his other hand was gripping the jamb of the door that led to the narrow hall.

Torquay felt a violent tremor, as if he had stepped into charged air. He remembered that to his father, should he look around, he was invisible at the bottom of a black pit. He crouched as if to spring, but changed his mind, drew erect, stood with his back to the front door, his hands spread out against it, and waited and listened. When his father spoke, even though it was in a low voice, he could hear quite clearly, so intense was the silence.

"You there—come out. I know you're awake, because I can see the light under the door."

A long pause, and then Janie's voice: "Is it you, Torque?"

"No; it isn't Torque. Torque's asleep. I'm his father, and I want a word with you."

Again a pause, and then Torquay heard the turning of a key; Janie stepped out from his room, fully dressed.

"Oh!" She shrank back as if to reënter the room, then changed her mind and advanced boldly. "Let me go."

"Listen, lass."

"I want to hear nothing." Her voice rose and half broke. "I'm going; isn't that enough?"

"Hush now! Torque will hear you!"

"What if he does?"

She raised both hands as if to strike Thomas on the chest. He receded until he stood at the top of the main flight of stairs, and she followed him to the platform.

"In there," he whispered, nodding toward his room.

"No!"

She stooped and tried to dash under the hand in which the candle was upheld. It fell with a clatter and in the darkness Torquay heard the sounds of a struggle and a sob. He went up the stairs so swiftly that he was unconcious of touching the steps. His eyes had measured the distance to his father's ankles and his hands found them unerringly. A surge of strength came into his shoulders and arms; he lifted the feet higher and higher until he could force them over the banisters, then he let them go. As Thomas slid downward he seized spindle and rail, and would have stopped his fall had not the balustrade been old and brittle. It bowed outward, then shivered into a hundred fragments. There was a dull, heavy crash that shook the house.

Torquay felt around blindly for Janie and presently a gasping sob guided him to her. She was crouched on the top step, with her hands and body flattened so tightly against the wall that he could scarcely force his arm around her. He picked her up. Feeling his way with his shoulder, he walked carefully down the stairs and opened the door. A sooty, gray dawn was in the sky, and a billowing blanket of white mist, lying over the flats, caught the light and threw it back, clarified. Janie looked up and a glow of wonder filled her eyes as she recognized his face. Her limbs relaxed and she sank against him with a sigh.

Torquay was amazed at the roundness and the warmth of her body. Up to that moment he had thought of her, if at all, as something cold, fragile and angular. Suddenly he wished he might free his hands to wipe the dripping sweat from his hair, for though she was light as a feather, she weighed in his arms more heavily than his father's bulk had strained his wrists. And yet he never thought to put her down until she spoke.

"It's you, Torque."

"Yes; it's me."

He stopped to set her on her feet, but she still clung to him, her hands holding to his coat and her body pressed against him.

"I love you, Torque; I love you with all my heart."

"You'd do anything for me, wouldn't you?" he asked coolly.

"Yes; anything."

"Anything at all?"

"For you, Torque, anything."

"I knew it," he muttered.

"What's that?"

"Nothing."

He guided her to the foot of the sycamore and they sat down close together with their backs against its trunk. He held her hand; in spite of looking so thin, it was warm and round like her body. He threw it away from him and she let it lie as it fell. He felt her shrinking into herself as if she were withering. It was too much for him; he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"What was it you said, Torque?"

"When?"

"Just a minute ago."

"Never mind what I said. Are you afraid of my father?"

"Yes; terribly."

"We'll get married in the morning. That will fix him."

"But it's morning now," she stammered, "and I'm shivering with the cold."

"So it is," he said, rising. "You come with me."

He led her over to the glassworks, where his shift was just going on, sat her on a box near the furnace and took his place at the glory hole. One couldn't get married at four in the morning, so there was no sense in losing the working time. Presently a blower glanced at Janie and dared a remark. Torquay twisted his iron free of glass and turned on him with such a ripping gush of curses as she had never heard. The blasphemous words did not offend her ears; instead they started the blood leaping in her veins and made her bosom swell. The blower turned white, glanced at the iron dangling in Torquay's hand and then forced a smile

"All right, Torque," he interrupted "You've said enough for me to know I was dead wrong."

Although she had not slept, Janie did not tire of watching Torquay. The ripple of his muscles, the steady flow of all his movements, above all, the red glare from the furnace, made him appear in her eyes a dark young god forging his own thunderbolts of fire

At eight o'clock he knocked off, and by ten Janie Tilwell had become Mrs. Torquay Strayton. Instead of going back to the works, he crossed the bridge and started up the hill

"Where are we going, Torque?"

"To get your things."

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"So You've Come Back With a Double Load of Baggage," He Said Sneeringly—"the Trunk and Her"

WHAT THE TOURIST BUYS

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

TO ANYONE wishing to make a study of clamant human sounds as the late naturalist, Garner, from a cage in the African jungle, studied the speech of apes, I desire to recommend a suitable laboratory. It is the warehouse of the United States appraiser, a ten-story structure of red pressed brick that covers the block in New York of which Christopher and Washington streets form the northwest corner. There it is sometimes possible to hear more doleful lamentations than afflict the ears of those who spend their leisure moments in the vicinity of the wailing wall in Jerusalem.

The rich American returning from a holiday abroad with a bale of antiques which he plans to import duty free may undergo in that somber old building what is always a painful operation. He has the wool removed from his eyes. It is there that the department-store man from Tulsa first learns of the post-republic youthfulness of those Irish-linen bed sheets to which he has attached a certificate setting forth the "I verily believe" of a London dealer, a mild affidavit attesting that these are more than 100 years old. The affidavit does not state, as the seller did, that these are the very sheets on which Henry VIII slept during his sixth honeymoon.

On another floor in that same warehouse the shrill-voiced daughter of a middle-western family that is listed in the higher brackets of the income-tax records may be told the truth about the jewel-incrusted gold box she has lugged from Ceylon under the fatuous impression that it was once the gift of a beautiful maharani to Lord Clive. She is told that it is indisputably contemporaneous with the work of the hasty lapidaries of Coney Island.

On still another floor the international banker—or was he an oil man?—learns his black hawthorn vase, supposedly taken as loot from the Emperor's Palace during the Boxer uprising, is worth in the open market about $1.89. But the unbearable circumstance that tortures from him sounds like the trumpetings of a trapped bull elephant is the discovery that he probably will have to pay duty on his fake on the basis of the price he paid for it. Sometimes they pay duty just for the childish pleasure of dropping the very rare black hawthorn vase down the freight-elevator shaft.

Six days a week it is a building of tragic noises; it is closed on Sundays and holidays.

Too Wide for its Age

THE wealthy lawyer who brought back from France a great tapestry, large enough to have covered the rear wall of his oak-paneled library, made as loud an outcry as has been heard there in recent months. The coarsely woven hanging was flung for examination over an upright frame fashioned of lengths of gas pipe.

"This isn't old," said the Government's fabric expert, interrupting the barrister's explanation of how he came to pay $12,000 for a greenish weaving that had shielded from the damp of her castle wall a mistress of one of the Kings of France.

"What's that?" barked the owner of the tapestry.

"I said this isn't old," repeated the government employe.

An apoplectic surge of color into the normally ruddy cheeks of the lawyer was only one of the symptoms that betrayed his sudden flurry of anger. Testily he tapped the horn ferrule of his walking stick on the splintery floor of the warehouse. He breathed rapidly through his nose.

"I guess you were not listening to me," he said in the tone of one who struggles heroically to keep possession of a sorely tried temper. "I bought this tapestry right off the wall where it had hung for two centuries. I was invited into the Touraine to spend a week shooting with the owner of the château—a direct descendant, my dear sir, of that mistress of the king of whom I just spoke. There is a bar sinister —— But what is the use of my going into all that with you? I did not buy this from any swindling dealer. I bought it from the man who owned it, a French nobleman. He didn't want to sell it either. These affidavits ought to be enough for the Government."

His voice had begun to rise again and he made a dramatic gesture with an outflung hand in which he held a sheaf of papers.

"Affidavits are essential, but not controlling," retorted the government expert, impatient by now. "If we depended on affidavits, nobody would pay duty. I've looked at your tapestry and I know it to be less than fifty years old. It was made on a broad loom probably not more than thirty-five years ago. The real old stuff comes in hand-loom widths."

"I guess you don't know who I am!" roared the lawyer. That he was someone of consequence was made fairly evident by his haste to withdraw the remark. "Of course you know your business," he said more gently, "but how can you be sure you are right in this case?"

"Mister," retorted the government expert, "how can you be sure Columbus didn't discover America in a flying machine? How can you be sure George Washington didn't have a stable full of automobiles at Mt. Vernon? How can you be sure the Declaration of Independence wasn't typewritten? I am sure this is less than 100 years old because it was woven on a machine that every student of textiles knows was not invented until Queen Victoria was a middle-aged woman."

The Unbearable Circumstance That Tortures From Him Sounds Like the Trumpetings of a Trapped Bull Elephant is the Discovery That He Probably Will Have to Pay Duty on His Fake on the Basis of the Price He Paid for It

Counterfeit Antiques

"I DON'T know the circumstances of your meeting with the nobleman who sold it to you, but I give you my word I have appraised no less than four tapestries resembling this as closely as a stack of installment-house carpets resemble one another. The pattern was identical in all—four nymphs running from a satyr in a forest."

The wealthy lawyer's eyes were as those of a child that has just been told the truth about Santa Claus. Finally, after polishing his glasses quite thoroughly, he said, "You know, I'd be willing to give another $12,000 if I could get out of telling my wife about this. She didn't like the countess from the start."

Comparatively few of the tourists who stream down the gangplank in a procession from every ship that returns to the port of New York get into the appraisers' warehouse, but the merchandise they have brought home in the form of supposedly antique souvenirs goes there by the van load to be examined by experts, who have better opportunities than any other group in the world to study old things and things wearing the disguise of antiquity.

"The proportion of counterfeits in the mass of supposed antiquities brought home by American travelers is so large," F. J. Kracke, the United States appraiser at New York, said to me recently, "that I am continually amazed at the picture it presents of American gullibility. Two-thirds of all the merchandise imported into America comes into this port and filters through our appraising machinery, which is essentially a human machine. The proportion of the antiquities brought to America that is imported through New York is even larger than two-thirds.

"In the tariff act of 1909 there was a paragraph that provided for the free importation of genuine objects of art produced more than 100 years prior to importation. The words 'artistic antiquities' in that paragraph have been construed so as to admit free old furniture, silverware, bronzes, fabrics, porcelains, pottery, glassware and jewelry. Paintings and sculpture, if originals, are not subject to duty.

"In order to make that provision effective a highly specialized force of men had to be brought into existence, and it was done. Civil-service employes with a special aptitude were transformed into expert antiquarians. At first it was necessary for the government appraiser to seek the help of experts outside the service a great deal, but as time went on outside experts have been needed less and less. Nowadays the government experts are as competent authorities as any. There has been no magic about it. The Government's men have had better opportunities than can be had even by museum experts. The choicest specimens of the old things preserved from the past have been flowing into America in a steadily increasing stream. Ten years from now, if nothing occurs to impede the flow, New York, instead of London, will be the world's market place for antiquities of every civilization. But that end will be brought about by dealers and

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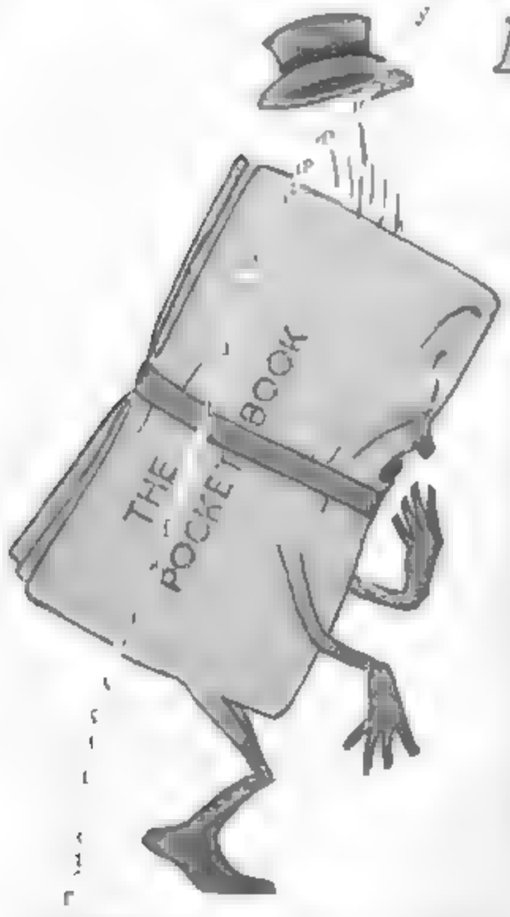
The High Cost of Keeping Alive

By STANLEY M. RINEHART, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



An old woman with sore eyes called in a doctor who, for a price agreed upon, was to call at her house and cure her by the application of an ointment. During these visits the old woman could not see the doctor, who removed all her household goods, one piece after another. When all was taken, the patient's eyes were cured, and the doctor demanded his fee, which the woman refused to pay. She was haled before a magistrate, to whom she made the following explanation: "I promised to pay this man if he restored my sight, but my vision has grown worse; before he began I could see my furniture, but now I can see none."

—*Æsop.*

NOT long ago, among a few friends at the club, the rather desultory conversation drifted to doctor bills. "I'd like to know," said one of the group, "why it costs so much, nowadays, to keep alive. Have you noticed lately that mumps, measles, babies and operations have come up into the luxury class?"

"Doctors have to live, like the rest of us," said another. "They must eat and dress and pay rent or own a home."

"I grant all that, but the increase in their charges is out of all proportion. A baby used to cost not more than two hundred dollars. Now, in a city like this, you're lucky if you get off with a thousand. The price for an appendix operation not many years ago was anywhere from a hundred to five hundred, and today you couldn't get a surgeon to look inside of you for less than five hundred, and from that on up."

"Why this excess of feeling?" asked a third. "Have you had any experience with doctors lately, to cause all the animus?"

"I'll say I have. I've been the rounds of specialists to find out what is the matter with me, and I don't know any more now than I did when I started. You ought to see my bills!"

"What does your own doctor say about you?"

"I haven't any doctor myself. He's out of date. I only call him in when there are colds and little things like that in the family."

"Perhaps that is one reason why medical treatment comes high."

Really, as will appear later, the expense of doctoring is not entirely the fault of the profession at large, but partly your own. I mean, aside from the natural increase in all living expenses, the doctor's as well as yours.

To discuss a subject so close to our hearts and pocketbooks, it will be appropriate to begin with the family doctor. He is gone or going, depending upon whether you live in a big city or in a less populous community. In the large cities, as far as his close relationship with the family is concerned—all those intimate connections which once prevailed—he is certainly gone.

If you can remember back twenty-five or forty years ago, you will recall how his coming into the house, his mere presence at the bedside, calmed our fears. With him hope entered, and confidence. After the particular object of his visit had been accomplished, he could easily be persuaded to stop and chat upon less serious subjects. And sometimes he could be coaxed to eat a meal. Because he did this sort of thing frequently with his families, he was a sore trial to his own. Also to the patients who failed to find him in his office during office hours.

The Days of the Family Doctor

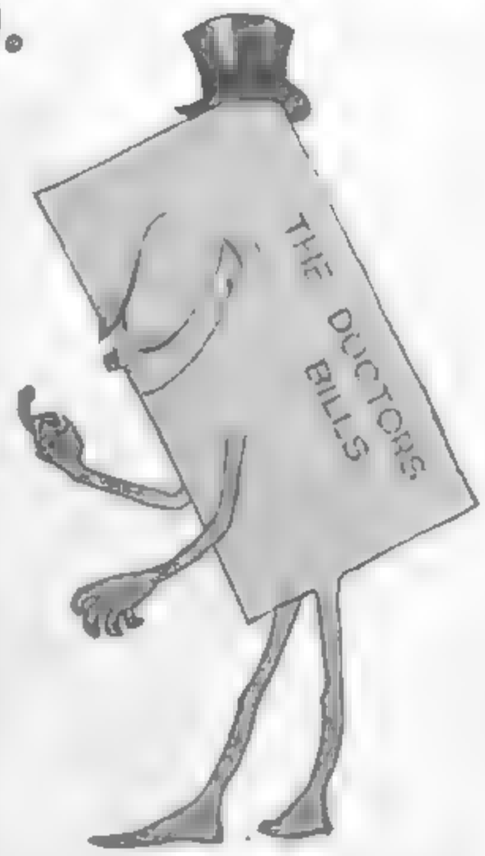
IT WAS almost impossible to get a bill from him, because he was too busy doing things to reckon the charges. Perhaps about November, with Christmas coming on and the extreme likelihood of extra expenses, in conjunction with a greatly depleted and anæmic bank account, he would sit down to the distasteful task of going over his books, accompanied by much puzzled scratching of the head.

His bookkeeping was of the most elemental character. It was simple, and, being simple and casual, it was most difficult. He couldn't send an itemized account if his life depended upon it. So he would lump the whole thing, and if it looked pretty large he would reduce it to suit the means of his patient.

It was a pretty good plan, after all, for the patient. But the doctor, summing up the entire amount in a lifetime of practice, lost a good many thousands of dollars and thereby deprived himself of a great many small luxuries, and his family of a comfortable inheritance after he had laid down his thermometer and scalpel and passed on.

Still, he lived a wonderful life, full of intimacies, and enjoying the confidence of people as few of those in other callings are enabled to experience. He had compensations that money could not have purchased.

Sometimes he made mistakes with regard to disease, but mostly they were either unrecognized or forgotten—or buried. But in an overwhelming number of instances his common sense and his personal knowledge of his patients carried him and them safely over the bad places. This is the doctor of our memory, the humble hero of many a story.



Now all this has changed. The family-friend phase is gone. Every locality of appreciable size has its specialists whom people consult, often without first advising with the general practitionery. Now Jane goes to Doctor So-and-So because she has heard that he is good in what ails her. And John has been to half a dozen different doctors lately to find out what is the matter with him. Mother is having spinal adjustments, whatever that is. Father goes to a nose-and-throat man every time he gets a cold in his head. He recently consulted a skin specialist because of a boil on the back of his neck.

Doctor Jones, who used to be called in on every occasion when the family needed advice or a pill, is rather looked down upon, or at least ignored, in this enlightened age of specialties in medicine.

All this enlightenment may be to our advantage or it may not. Sometimes it is not. But one thing is certain, and that is that the cost of being sick has increased tremendously. The high cost of keeping alive is getting higher every year, keeping equal pace with the high cost of dying. And, as has been intimated, the trouble is at least partly due to ourselves.

Suppose, for instance, that you have been ailing for some time, just gradually going down, getting less and less efficient and ambitious. You are losing appetite, your weight is decreasing, your tongue is coated, your sleep imperfect and unrefreshing. Your friends begin to notice your changed appearance and to remark about it to themselves and to you.

Then one of them tells you that Doctor So-and-So is very successful in the treatment of cases like yours. People who know nothing whatever about disease are lavish with

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All This Enlightenment May be to Our Advantage or it May Not

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON

"How Could a Woman With a Hat Like That Have a Sable Coat?"

By Edgar Jepson and Giovanna Tassinari

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

IT WAS the finest coat that had come out of Russia since the war, as fine a coat as ever did come out of Russia. Doubtless the skins of which it was made had been accumulating in some Siberian depot, cut off from the world by war and pestilence and famine, since the beginning of the revolution. There must, indeed, have been hundreds of them to pick from, so fine was the color of every skin in the coat, so exactly did they match. Probably no coat of such quality was ever on sale in Western Europe before; they were reserved, before the revolution, for the grand duchesses and for the Empress of Russia herself.

But when Wilbur Parkinson told Katharine that he proposed to buy it for her, she protested vehemently against his doing anything of the kind, declaring that it was unsuitable, that she did not want it, that she would feel miserable in it, that she would not have it.

But Wilbur was enjoying his millions; his electric tractors were booming; he had come to Europe, bringing his family, not only with all the money in the world but also with an excellent prospect of making more by obtaining the contract to supply the railways of Luxemburg, in process of electrification, with his tractors. How could money be better spent than in giving his wife a coat the like of which no one not of royal blood had ever worn before?

He bought the coat and Katharine wore it. It is not improbable, however, that Wilbur derived more pleasure from seeing her in the coat than Katharine did from wearing it. She loved it, of course; no woman could fail to love all that expanse of exquisite color and exquisite smooth softness. She could not even help enjoying rather the startling effect on other women of the sight of it, and their admiring envy, though she felt it wrong to enjoy that envy. But still at heart the simple daughter of the Indiana town, which had grown only during the past ten years into the Parkinsonville of the great works in which Wilbur Parkinson manufactured his tractors, she could never persuade herself that it was right, that it was not almost sinful of her to move about the world in a garment of that royal magnificence.

When she told Wilbur of this feeling, he was on the instant smitten with an immense indignation and asserted loudly, with whole-hearted sincerity and perfect accuracy, that she was the equal of any queen who ever wore a crown. Certainly with her gentle clear-skinned face, that the years had hardly lined, and her soft brown eyes of a wonderful depth, she was very much more attractive to look upon than most of the queens whose portraits adorn the walls of the palaces of the world; certainly the coat not only looked as if it had been made for her but as if it was adorning the one woman in the world it should adorn. But pleasing as Wilbur's declaration was, it did not reassure her; she was still unable to persuade herself that this royal magnificence was really appropriate to her. Also, no little fear was mingled with her uneasiness—fear lest she should be robbed of the coat.

Wilbur was kept in Paris by his business campaign, and she stayed with him. Ella, their younger daughter, with Bob, their only son, went on to Rome; Natalie, their elder daughter, and her husband, Richard Aylott, followed them a few days later. Then, at the very height of Wilbur's struggle to get the contract, when the next three days would bring victory or defeat, came a telegram from Natalie to say that Richard had been attacked by influenza and was laid up at Genoa.

Katharine said that she must go to Genoa at once; Wilbur said that she must not. He protested that since she knew neither French nor Italian, she would find the journey detestable, be useless when she did reach Genoa, and that he would be so anxious about her as to be hampered in his business, for if she did get into any trouble she would not be able to get out of it. Katharine looked one of the softest and gentlest creatures in the world, so that the good at once petted her and the wicked at once tried to take advantage of her; but when she was set in a certain course, nothing that Wilbur could say or do would turn her from it, as he very well knew. She declared that Natalie needed her; she was going. Grumbling, he gave way.

Worsted in the main struggle, he was allowed his way on a minor point. He wished her to wear the sable coat. It was December and bitter; the coat was as warm as it was beautiful. She did not wish to wear it; that long and grimy train journey would take the freshness off it; it would attract an attention to her she would much rather be without; it would make the journey much more expensive; she would be harassed by the fear of its being stolen. But with the mulish vanity of the male who must have some of his own way, Wilbur insisted. She let him have his way.

The telegram came late in the morning; Katharine would not wait till the night train; she would go by the 1:15. He snatched the time from his negotiations to put her on the train with a suitcase, a case of six large vacuum flasks containing coffee and a basket of dainties enough for three people for two days, a dozen magazines and all the illustrated papers he could buy. But he was immensely annoyed that every bed in the sleeper was engaged and that she must travel all the night in a day compartment. He fussed over her, making her comfortable, till the train was on the move; and by the time she saw the last of his rugged, fond and anxious face, the disquiet with which she had regarded this long and lonely journey with strangers had vanished.

Settling herself in her corner, she examined her fellow passengers — three women in those other corners, who had not even yet finished their admiring and envious contemplation of the sable coat. The two in the farther corners were French and to all seeming friends, for as they stared at the coat, they talked volubly. The woman facing her, sallow, dark-eyed, hard-faced, with a quantity of black, coarse, rather greasy hair, looked to be Italian. She was dressed in black, with a large black hat on her head, curiously adorned with black feathers and cherries of a glistening black material, very much more funereal than any cherry that grows on a tree. In her ears were large imitation pearls, on her chest a large gold brooch on which was engraved in large letters the word "*Ricordami*"—remember me. Katharine had an impression that she had been to a funeral and come away disappointed in the amount of a legacy.

That impression was exactly right. Signora Adalgisa Rigutti had been to the funeral of her aunt; she was returning home bitterly disappointed by the smallness of the legacy she was to receive; it would barely pay for her return fare and the mourning which she had ordered for herself and her daughter.

Even the fact that she was realizing a long-cherished ambition was of little comfort. As the wife of a deputy, she traveled first class for nothing in Italy; prudence had suggested that from Modane to Paris she should travel second. But, like so many of her class in Italy, it had always been her ambition to get into the elegant and foreign world; traveling first class in France was almost to do so. She would have to go hungry, but at Modane she took a first-class return ticket to Paris, and hungry she was returning.

Katharine rather listlessly opened a magazine and began to read it. Nothing in it gripped her strongly, and she read fitfully, pausing to wonder how her son-in-law was getting on in Genoa, how Wilbur was getting on in his campaign at Paris, to note the name of a station they ran through, rather bored. Whenever she raised her eyes from the magazine she observed that the woman in the opposite corner was gazing at her—or at her coat—with profound interest. Somewhat oppressed, she opened the coat and threw the sides back, leaving little but the lining to be seen.

In truth, Signora Rigutti was gloating over Katharine. This was the really elegant, really foreign world. It was a joy to have paid for the right to sit so near that sable coat.

It was nothing that some bread and coffee at Dijon that evening would have to last her to Turin.

They had been traveling for nearly an hour when Katharine heaved a sigh and laid aside her magazine. Rather timidly—as a rule timidity was the last of her failings Signora Rigutti spoke to her, first in French, then in Italian. Katharine shook her head. Signora Rigutti's face fell.

Then hope brightened her eyes and she said, "Americano?"

Katharine nodded, and Signora Rigutti's face grew even brighter. She had an odd belief, resting on no foundations, in the back of her mind that wealthy Americans are in some vague fashion influential. She said that a long journey in a railway train was tedious.

Katharine, in her kindly way, responded readily enough to the overture and they talked. It was an uncommonly one-sided conversation—questions from Signora Rigutti about Katharine's destination, where she came from, her husband, her house, the number of her servants and family, her motor cars; answers from Katharine. Frequently the Italian dabbed viciously and carelessly, with an entire freedom from vanity, at her face with a none too clean powder puff.

They did not talk continuously. Signora Rigutti, though she felt that she must play her part in the elegant world, found talking in her broken English trying; when she had thought of a question, she had to think out how to put it. Katharine also found her broken English trying. There were therefore long intervals of silence.

At five o'clock Katharine opened her basket, ate a couple of cakes and drank some coffee. She invited Signora Rigutti to have some coffee and cakes with her. With ceremonious politeness, Signora Rigutti refused; she drew herself up stiffly and sat with her gloved hands folded in her lap. Katharine did not like to press her; she did not know the ways of the country; it might be a breach of manners. When Katharine had done, the questions began again. When they reached Dijon Katharine found that she had parted with the history of her life for the information that Signor Rigutti was a deputy of the Italian Chamber.

At Dijon the two Frenchwomen and Signora Rigutti left the train; most of the other passengers also left it to stretch their legs. Katharine, in her timidity, remained in it. She plucked up courage to go and wash and felt the better for it. Signora Rigutti returned; she had had even less bread and coffee for her money than she had hoped. She would, indeed, be hungry when they reached Turin—ravenous. The two Frenchwomen did not return. The train started; Katharine put up her feet on the seat and was more comfortable. Signora Rigutti sat stiffly upright, her gloved hands folded in her lap

At about eight o'clock Katharine felt really hungry and began to make a meal. She had hardly begun it when she observed that the Italian was gazing at the food with glistening eyes. Once more she invited her to share her meal; once more with ceremonious politeness Signora Rigutti refused. This time Katharine pressed her; she accepted the invitation. Once past the barrier of her politeness, she fell on the food like a wolf, and not less loudly With an air of profound distrust, she refused the caviar, but she devoured aspic and *pâtés* and chicken and sweets with an immense gusto and unflagging appetite. At intervals she said that it was marvelous food. She ate a meal that should have carried two persons to the very heel of Italy without another morsel

The meal seemed to loosen her tongue and increase her English vocabulary. She became garrulous with an ebullience which the simple Katharine mistook for kindness of heart. She became eloquent on the main interest of her life—her marriageable but dowerless daughter. She deplored the impossibility of marrying her without a wedding portion. Her husband, with so many calls on his salary, had never been able to save one. She tried to touch Katharine's heart with such phrases as "My poor little daughter," "We poor people, what are we to do?" After each she waited. This wealthy American might offer to use her influence.

Katharine sympathized; but she said that it was an odd system; that in her country a young man married a young woman for herself, expecting nothing with her. She said that she thought it much better that young people should marry for love only. Signora Rigutti's hard eyes grew harder. She had already made up her mind that Katharine was soft, very soft. At this sentimentality, her contempt for her became ferocious

Presently the heavy meal she had eaten made her sleepy Emboldened by Katharine's example, she put her feet up on the seat and very soon dozed. Then she roused herself with a jerk to ask what the sable coat had cost

When she heard what it had cost she exclaimed, "*Corpo di Bacco!* But what a dower!"

Her mind seemed to run on the matter Then she fell sound asleep

Katharine also tried to sleep, but she was a long while about it; and when at last she did fall asleep, she kept waking and lying awake, thinking of Wilbur and the sick Richard and her Italian friend and her dowerless daughter It was impossible not to think of her Italian friend and her dowerless daughter. Her long-drawn-out snores, each ending in a whistling grunt, persistent throughout the night, kept them in the front of Katharine's mind. Also the coarse and powerful scent with which that friend had perfumed herself seemed to grow stronger as the night wore on.

Very early in the morning the conductor came to warn them that they were nearly at Modane, where their luggage would be examined; and presently they came to Modane. Signora Rigutti awoke in a series of jerky snorts She sat up and greeted Katharine glumly. Katharine shared a vacuum flask of coffee with her; the custom-house officers gave them no trouble; they went to sleep again. Two hours later they awoke to find passengers, with dirty faces, greenish-pale in the chill winter dawn after their night on the train, bearing towels and sponges and soap to the lavatory.

Katharine at once needed soap and water above everything; she felt grimy. Her nerves were on edge from the bad night; she was little more than half awake. Without taking thought, but taking it for granted that Signora Rigutti felt as friendly to her as she felt to Signora Rigutti, she asked her to keep an eye on the coat and her rug and suitcase, and hurried down the corridor to have her wash.

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She Invited Signora Rigutti to Have Some Coffee and Cakes With Her. With Ceremonious Politeness, Signora Rigutti Refused

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 9, 1926

Big Talk and Little Action

PERHAPS the most frequently voiced complaint these days is against high taxes. Yet very little is being done to reduce them. The newspapers are filled with columns regarding the views of President Coolidge, Secretary Mellon and various members of Congress on cutting down the Federal income and inheritance taxes. But these are relatively small items in the total sum collected for the support of government. We all know that the local tax burden constitutes the really serious problem, yet all the big guns are being brought to bear upon a far less important enemy position.

There are several methods of approaching this question. One is to denounce in the most heated manner possible the sum total of all local taxes. The idea is to publish as frequently as possible the mounting percentages and totals. Usually there goes with such manifestoes sharp criticism of specific forms of taxation, coupled with active efforts to abolish them. Also much emphasis is laid upon the extravagance, wastefulness and general inefficiency of politicians and officeholders.

Officeholders are not always so careful as they might be of money which is almost invariably raised from persons other than themselves. These public employes have become a very large class, whose votes are often far more concentrated, or at least more counted upon by politicians, than those of the less organized portions of the business, professional and wage-earning groups. Certain large sections of public employes have many interests in common and meet frequently to discuss them. Try as they will to be fair, it is not in human nature for school-teachers or highway employes to desire severe retrenchments in educational or highway programs.

Cement manufacturers are inclined to see the world in terms of cement, and newspaper reporters in terms of reporting. Thus to those engaged in public education the schools bulk enormously large, and constant extensions of their activities seem natural, proper and right. Because of this simple trait in human nature, all governmental activities are bound to expand almost automatically unless closely watched. Each person thinks his own job the most important, and unless restrained wants it to grow indefinitely.

Theoretically it would seem as if new forms of taxation, a variety of taxes, would relieve the existing burdens. Unfortunately each new tax is seized upon for new extravagances. The very improvements in the art of taxation, instead of lessening the load, as one would logically suppose, seem to create new drags upon the taxpayer, who in self-protection is forced to fight the taxes themselves in addition to the expenditures which the taxes are merely the method of meeting.

Yet the very taxpayers who complain are often as culpable as the politicians and officeholders; sometimes more so. This is a case for brutally plain speaking. A prominent business man in conversing with his neighbor at a dinner party took a hard fall out of the politicians for spending so much money, and only five minutes later was boasting of the wonderful new schoolhouses in his own town, and of the upholstered busses for taking children to school, which busses he said were cared for by a mechanic at two hundred dollars a month. Such inconsistency is almost as general as it is deplorable.

Do taxpayers really want low taxes or do they want to gratify local pride by erecting a stadium and a municipal auditorium, just because the neighboring town has them? The Four Corners Gazette says: "Four Corners set itself definitely for progress yesterday when it voted a bond issue of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a municipal auditorium." Why don't the business men who pay the taxes of Four Corners come out openly against this bond issue and the spurious progress it often represents?

What we usually find is that the chamber of commerce or the merchants' association originally suggested the auditorium. The members of these organizations are very strong for reducing Federal and state taxes, and even local taxes, speaking as a vague general proposition. But do we find them opposing the Four Corners municipal auditorium? Not so that you can notice it! Any lone taxpayer who writes to the paper objecting to the expenditure is regarded not only as a nut but as a traitor to the future greatness of the potential metropolis of Four Corners, and is properly ostracized for his pains.

Alas, it is to be feared the local business men who pay the taxes reason that part of the profits from the employment of labor and purchase of supplies that come from a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar auditorium may dribble into their own pockets. But the next time the great national association to which the local association belongs issues through its research department one of its alarming statements for the press, on how local expenditures and taxes are mounting, a very wry and very cynical smile will be in order.

A careful student estimates that nine-tenths of all the increase in public-school expenditures has been financed through measures requiring approval by popular vote. As long as voters demand more and more from the government, why fool ourselves into believing that taxes can be reduced? There will be no halt to rising taxes until the voting public can be educated to ask for less instead of more, even though it be at the cost of Four Corners failing to have the most palatial buildings in the state. Competition as to who can spend the most has always been and always will be a costly and ruinous game.

Does the Public Want It?

UNSELFISHLY and energetically though organizations and leaders may strive for worth-while objectives, their goal is seldom reached without public support. In theory, at least ninety-nine out of a hundred people favor preserving the ancient redwood trees of Northwestern California. To see these forests is to abhor the very thought of their destruction. Human nature instinctively recoils from the mere commercial erasement of a link in the life processes of the earth at once so important and so noble.

But sentimental violence of opinion in opposition to the removal of these trees does not pay for their saving. Denouncing the lumbermen for cutting forests which legally belong to them will butter no parsnips. Here is a case where heated emotional discharges regarding devastation and devastators should give way to the checkbook and the dotted line. It costs money, real money, to save redwoods, and the time has arrived when it must be forthcoming in generous amounts.

Already a considerable number of scattered patches or groves of redwoods have been preserved through the efforts of the Save-the-Redwoods League. But the total area is exceedingly small in proportion to the forests that will ultimately be cut, and the most important and impressive groves have not yet been purchased. Failure to add to the existing reservation would reflect for all future time upon the intelligence of the American people.

Unfortunately it has been difficult for those who have led in the movement to save the trees to decide upon a definite program of conservation. Under the most favorable conditions, only a small percentage of the total redwood forest can be rescued from the woodman's ax. Yet every grove is beautiful, and contains trees which have lived for centuries and perhaps for several thousand years. Nowhere else on the earth are the ancient giants to be found in any numbers at all. Naturally each grove has had its local partisans, its ardent supporters. Extreme Nature lovers, on the other hand, have insisted that all the trees be saved, which is an economic impossibility.

Under the circumstances it has been necessary to study the situation with minute care in order to arrive at a definite program or plan. This plan as formulated provides for the preservation of two general areas. The first of these would be a great Redwood Forest Reservation, comprising approximately ten thousand to twelve thousand acres, including land at the junction of the South Fork and Eel rivers at Dyerville, Humboldt County, California, and the major portion of the watershed of Bull Creek, a tributary of the South Fork of the Eel. The largest and tallest of the trees are found here, the average density of the timber is the maximum known, and probably nowhere since the beginning of time has there existed a more majestic forest than this.

Such a reservation would be of national significance, as to both size and importance. The plan, however, provides for a second reservation, of from seven hundred to one thousand acres, on the Smith River in Del Norte County, in a more remote and virgin country, including a strip of timber along the new state highway for a distance of from four to six miles, and taking in the famous Mill Creek Flat.

Many individuals and many organizations are interesting themselves in the great national problem of conservation. Too often they merely look over the surface of the subject, and in the case of organizations, adjourn after passing a lot of pious resolutions and appointing a lot of committees with vague duties to perform. The plan for saving two major redwood areas is definite. The idea is not to save more redwoods in general, but to place beyond jeopardy two distinctive forests, the preservation of one of them representing, in the opinion of competent authorities, the greatest single thing which can be done in the conservation of plant life.

This is not a case of merely adding to the redwoods saved; it is solely a question of preserving definite, outstanding forests—about the last thing on earth that requires an apology from anybody. If saved, the Dyerville-Bull Creek and the Smith River-Mill Creek areas will prove a lasting resource, from the standpoint of spiritual, æsthetic, educational, recreational and economic values. In the future the study and increased knowledge of these mammoth and almost prehistoric living creatures may well add to our basic acquaintance with the laws of plant life, upon which our own human existence depends.

The plan or program of the Save-the-Redwoods League is one which warrants support from every direction for definite reasons. It is not easy to raise money merely to buy trees, especially when several million dollars is needed. We are too much in the habit of regarding trees as we do the air and sunshine—a free good.

Shortly the price at which these forests can be saved for the public will be determined in terms of exact figures. In a number of respects it is the greatest single conservation opportunity in the country. The decision as to their preservation rests with the interested public. The public can have it if it wants it.

The Whole Case of the World Court of Justice—By David Jayne Hill

The Preparation

THERE has been much urgent pressure for the immediate signature by the United States of the Protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice established by the League of Nations, but there has nowhere been offered to the public a complete statement of the origin and nature of this alleged World Court. It is the purpose of this article to supply such a statement, and to make it as brief and as intelligible as possible, without partisanship and with dependence for the facts solely upon the documents in which they are contained.

The Original American Proposal

ON AUGUST 12, 1898, a circular note was issued by the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs proposing a conference to be held at The Hague to consider the limitation of armaments. On December thirtieth, of the same year a second note was issued from the same source containing a definite program, including "acceptance, in principle, of the use of good offices, mediation and voluntary arbitration in cases where they are available."

Since 1913 it has been publicly known that the action to be taken by the United States with reference to this proposal was referred for examination and report to the present writer [The Hague Court Reports, edited by James Brown Scott, Oxford University Press, 1916]. In conference with Lord Pauncefote, then British Ambassador at Washington, the conclusion was reached that in the then existing condition of Europe the discussion of the question of disarmament was premature, and that, if any useful result of the conference was to be expected, it was to be looked for in the direction of the later proposal made by the Russian Foreign Office on December thirtieth.

In accordance with this conclusion, it was agreed with Lord Pauncefote that he should inform his government that the United States was ready, and would be disposed to cooperate with Great Britain in giving effect to this last proposal.

The report made to the Secretary of State, the Honorable John Hay, and approved by him and by President McKinley, included three documents:

1. Instructions to the American Delegates;
2. A Historical Résumé; and
3. A Plan for an International Tribunal.

[Printed in full in Instructions to the American Delegates to the Hague Peace Conferences, Oxford University Press, 1916, pp. 6–16.]

The Instructions signed by Secretary Hay contained the following paragraphs:

"The duty of sovereign states to promote international justice by all wise and effective means is only secondary to the fundamental necessity of preserving their own existence. Next in importance to their independence is the great fact of their interdependence. Nothing can secure for human government and for the authority of law which it represents so deep a respect and so firm a loyalty as the spectacle of sovereign and independent states, whose duty it is to prescribe the rules of justice and impose penalties upon the lawless, bowing with reverence before the august supremacy of those principles of right which give to law its eternal foundation.

"The proposed conference promises to offer an opportunity thus far unequaled in the history of the world for initiating a series of negotiations that may lead to important practical results. The long-continued and widespread interest among the people of the United States in the establishment of an international court, as evidenced in the historical résumé attached to these instructions, gives assurance that the proposal of a definite plan of procedure by this Government for the accomplishment of this end would express the desires and aspirations of this nation The delegates are, therefore, enjoined to propose, at an opportune moment, the plan for an international tribunal, hereto attached, and to use their influence in the conference in the most effective manner possible to procure the adoption of its substance or of resolutions directed to the same purpose. It is believed that the disposition and aims of the United States in relation to the other sovereign powers could not be expressed more truly or opportunely than by an effort of the delegates of this Government to concentrate the attention of the world upon a definite plan for the promotion of international justice."

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"MON DIEU! IT'S ZE OLD GANG!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Ballad of a National Fetish

BARDS that love the rustic touch,
Now midwinter's drawing nigh,
Praise plain victuals overmuch—
Weep for Grandma's punkin pie.
Now each reminiscent eye
Sentimental tears will blur up.
"Nectar of the gods!" they sigh—
"Buckwheat cakes and maple sirup!"

Olykoeken for the Dutch,
Haggis for the Highland guy;
For the German, wurst, and such
Doubtful products of the sty.
But to make a Yankee fly
Like a bird, and tweet and chirrup,
Grease your griddle well, and fry
Buckwheat cakes and maple sirup!

On spaghetti's wabbly crutch
Let Italia's sons rely;
Let the British gourmand clutch
To his heart the grouse that's "high,"
Here 'neath Freedom's azure sky
Blooms ambrosia lost to Yurrup—
Here all virtue's nurtured by
Buckwheat cakes and maple sirup!

Prince, forgive the piteous cry
That these homely viands stir up—
I get sick whene'er I try
Buckwheat cakes and maple sirup!

—*Ted Robinson.*

Florida Real-Estate Operator—"See, Mary, by Trading Our Options on Forty Sections as First Payment on Options on Six Counties We Made a Million and a Half Last Week"
Wife—"Go Easy With the Butter, Dear. That's All We Have"

Womanthology

GRANDMOTHER

MY GRANDMOTHER is so kind.
When my brother opened an office and started practicing medicine, grandmother searched the city until she found fifty or more magazines, not one of which was less than three years old, and proudly carried them to his waiting room.

"I want you to start right," she told him.

II—MOTHER-IN-LAW

My mother-in-law is so careful.
One day I foolishly told her I had a good mind to become an author.
She looked horrified.
"Almost everyone else is," I grumbled in defense at her accusatory glance.
"Two wrongs don't make a writer," she said solemnly.
"It's no crime," I defended.
"It may become one," she retorted. "Better be careful. I suppose you'd use an alias to write under. That would make it harder for them to track you and catch you and punish you."
"An alias," I pronounced, "is used by a criminal and a nom de plume by an author. When one has committed or contemplates committing a crime, one often makes use of an alias."
"I still think you ought to use an alias," she said.

III—AUNT

My aunt is so truthful.
We were discussing reputations.
"Just let a few wicked people get to talking about you," I remarked, "if ——"
Aunt interrupted.
"If you want to know what trouble really is," she said, "just let a few good people get to talking about you."

IV—SISTER-IN-LAW

My sister-in-law is so feline.
I heard her talking to my wife about her best friend.
"She dresses as quietly as possible," she sneered, "in order to be as conspicuous as possible."

V—NIECE

My niece is so natural.
When she came home from a naval ball she told her mother all about it.
"I was dancing with the nicest young ensign and having the nicest time, when a nasty old admiral cut in and I had to dance the rest of the dance with him, because the ensign was afraid to cut in on him."

VI—COUSIN

My cousin is so hopeful.
She went to the same naval ball.
"I've heard so much about chief petting officers," she gurgled to a captain, "that I certainly would like to have one write his name on my program."

VII—WIFE

My wife is so complacent.
We arrived in a strange city late at night and inadvertently went to the best hotel.
I registered before I knew where we were.
Then the polite desk clerk informed me.
"Our rates are fifteen dollars a day," he said.
I was astounded.
"What shall we do?" I whispered to my wife. "Shall we take the rooms?"
"Oh, I don't care," she yawned. "I'm tired enough to sleep anywhere."

—DOUGLAS TURNEY.

Adventurers of Science

WITH a microscope and a butterfly net and a specimen case they go
Into the heart of an African swamp or a jungle in Borneo.
Or with shovel and pick where the sand lies thick over cities a long time dead,
They dig down deep where the dead kings sleep, to learn of the lives they led.
They climb to the crest of Everest, they freeze in the arctic night,
To weigh the air of the mountain peak or see that a map reads right.
With tube and retort they grimly sport with poison or deadly germs
In order to write a monograph in highly technical terms.

Spectacled profs from colleges,
Fusty and bookish-brained,
Probing wherever knowledge is
Likely to be obtained.

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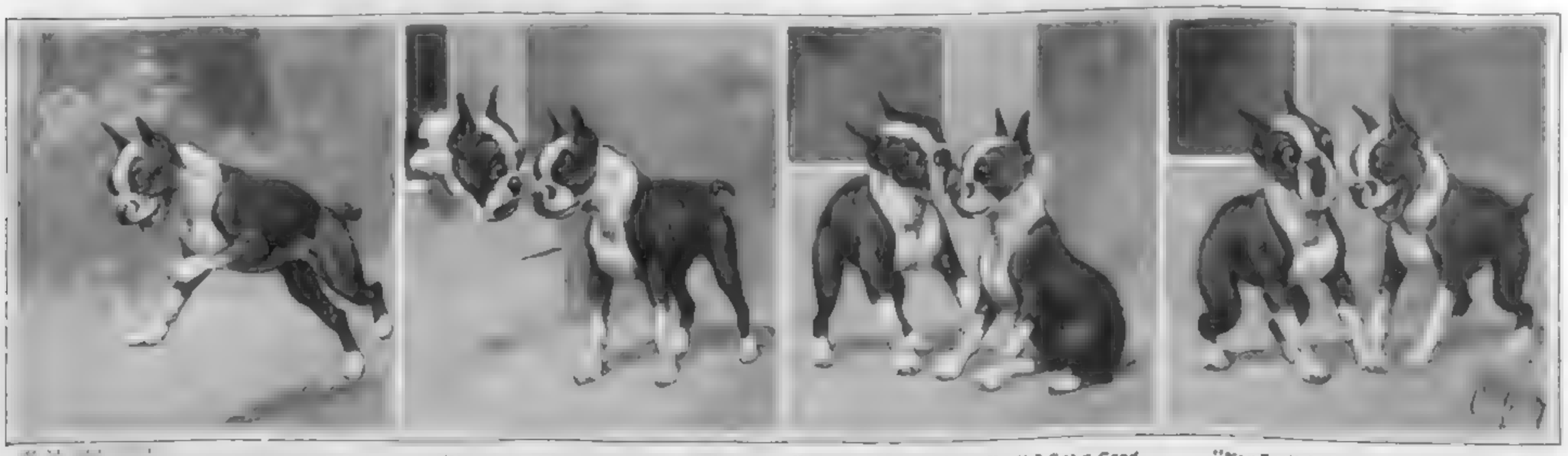
Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"I Must Hurry Home and Show Beans This Lovely Thing I Found at the Beauty Parlor"

"I Say, Violet! What is That Little Growth on Your Lip? I've Noticed it for Several Days

"Hold Still, Can't You, Until I Get a Good Look at the Thing! You Can't Neglect Things Like That, Vi. We'd Better See the Vet Before it Develops Into Something Serious"

"You Foolish Boy! Why, That's the Beauty Spot All We Girls are Wearing"

For a real treat in delicious flavor, taste Campbell's!

You know how much difference the flavor makes in beans! Well, just give your appetite the chance today to enjoy the beans which are famous from coast to coast—the beans which so many thousands of housewives always select because they have a flavor all their own—Campbell's!

Highly skilled chefs prepare and cook and season these beans. They are blended with a tomato sauce made from Campbell's exclusive recipe. And they taste so good that you are certain to insist on having Campbell's every time!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked Digestible

ONWARD AND UPWARD LED

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"I Guess You've Got Me Diagnosed Right, Doctor, You Had Last Night, Hadn't You?"

II

"WHERE did you get it?" demanded Bessie suspiciously. That was just about what Jerry expected when he proudly displayed the brown leatheret bank book in which appeared a single entry of recent date whose amount was, to say the least of it, respectable. Bessie never took things at their face value unless they were good U. S. Government bills or sumpin; she had to dig in and find out the how-comes and the whys and wherefores. If you gave that girl a horse, free, gratis and for nothing, she would have its teeth X-rayed before she committed herself to an acceptance.

"That," replied Jerry, smiling complacently, "is a question that is never asked in the best political and financial circles. They didn't even ask me at the bank. Still, you got a right to know, and I'll tell you, candid and open as the day. It's what my favorite rich aunt left me. 'Jerry,' she says, 'some of these fine days you'll be wanting to marry and settle down, and you'll be wanting to buy the girl a ring, to start with, that will be worthy of the girl. You wouldn't choose any but the very best kind of a wife; I know that, and you can't be a piker when it comes to the ring. If there's anything left over from the trifling amount that I'm going to bequest you after my cat is provided for,' says she, 'you can buy furniture for the little apartment, which is all you'll need. Because I'll trust you to make plenty of money once you settle down. But the ring comes first.'"

"She must have had lots of faith in you," Bessie remarked sarcastically. "I guess she was a pretty trustful person."

"Not to a noticeable extent," said Jerry. "She was as hard-boiled an old dame as you ever see; but she could size up a guy as well as the next one. You'd have loved her, Bessie. If she had lived ——"

"Pity she never did, isn't it?" said Bessie.

"Well, now you mention it, it is too bad she didn't," agreed the young man with a grin. "I always needed an aunt or a mother or some good angel woman to keep me in the strait and narrow. But now I got you ——"

"You haven't got me," Bessie reminded him. "Get that right."

"Not yet, maybe."

"Not yet is correct," she told him. "And now, where did you get it? I'm not claiming any right to know, but I'm just sort of curious."

"I'll tell you, anyway," said Jerry. "This is straight. Part of it is what I saved out of my wages; another part is what I got for some things I sold when I quit the old dump and moved up to Eighth, and the balance is what a guy owed me and paid up the other day. It was like finding it, because I didn't expect he ever would pay me; but he came across, all right, and I salted it down with the rest, and that's that. And I want to tell you this, Bessie: I ain't going to quit my job just because I'm a capitalist. I'll hold it for a year or two if I have to, and I'll keep right on saving out of my wages and pinching my pennies the way you advise me. If you say so I'll hand back this guy what he paid me and make him a present of it. I guess he'd take it if I insisted on it."

No, Bessie didn't think that was necessary. She supposed the money was some of this rotten race-track and gambling winnings in the first place; but if Jerry was sure enough through with all that, honest and cross his heart—why, a little capital would come in handy if he wanted to start in business for himself, say. She was plainly impressed in spite of her suspicious attitude—melting. Jerry had her going.

"That's the way I had it doped out," said Jerry.

Blessings on the race track! It had saved him! Too bad that Bessie was reminded of his former gambling, but she would overlook it when convinced that he had abjured it forever. And however bitter a woman's hatred of this form of vice, she has a degree or two more toleration for the lucky than for the unlucky gambler. Perhaps women are not peculiar in this respect; but be that as it may, Jerry, for the nonce, definitely abandoned his idea of coming clean with Bessie. He had nerve enough for most occasions and was willing to take most chances; but he realized that if he confessed—at this juncture—that the respectable nest egg over which he had been cackling was criminal in its origin, there would be no chance about it; it would be a pipe that he would get the gate. No, the time was not yet ripe. He meant to shoot square with the lady and let her know the worst of him before he let her tie up irrevocably; but she must know more of the best of him first.

"Another month or two will be as long as I need stay in the shop," Jerry went on. "Then me for the selling end, like I told you, on commission. After that, if I don't accept a ten or fifteen grand offer from some big concern, I'll go to work for J. McCabe. He's no easy guy to work for and he's going to be harder and harder to please, but he'll give me all I'm worth. Now listen, I want you to come with me and take a slant at the ring I've picked out for you. It's right in the window. You don't have to go in the store. Listen, it don't bind you to anything. If I don't make good ——"

"You wait a while, Jerry," Bessie said, not unkindly. "You can't rush me off my feet, so you needn't try it. When I want you to buy me a ring I'll find some way of dropping you a hint that a smart man like you will understand. We're not going to talk about it any more now—see? If you want to take me to a picture show I'll let you. That satisfy you?"

They went, and if Jerry was disappointed at the balk to his spendthrift humor, Bessie soon made him forget everything but the delight of the moment. In all the course of his wooing she had never before been so unconstrained and indulgent, so gay and so charming. Did Jerry allow his gaze to linger upon her overlong and more ardently than strict convention permits in a public place, no ferocious frown rebuked him; her reproof was smiling. Did the happy lover cautiously edge his hand up to hers as it lay invitingly on the edge of the seat, she seemed unconscious of the contact, and in the kindly darkness even allowed him to hold that soft, warm and highly capable member—even went so far as to return the pressure that he ventured. There was none of the stern and rigid propriety with which she had checked Mr. McCabe's freedom at the Variorum. All was lovely and right with the world, with an altitudinous goose. Could Jerry ask for more? Sure! He could, and did, but that's all the good it did him. There were metes and bounds to Bessie's complaisance and they didn't include Flatbush. She let Jerry escort her as far as the train gate, but there he had to part with her—on the best of terms, however, and greatly heartened.

According to the rule, regulation and ordinance in that case made and provided, Jerry had to bear a two days' absence from Bessie after this red-letter night. It was hard on him, as he had complained, this enforced solitude after a day of toil; but what was a guy to do? He was incapable of going out by himself for entertainment, and he was now, for the first time in his young life, without a pal—barred, moreover, from his customary haunts, where his former pals thronged. Nothing to do but stay in his room, read old John Bunyan and smoke cigarettes, of which John would undoubtedly have disapproved. Possibly the moralist may have had tobacco addicts in mind when he had Apollyon emitting smoke in that quaint way on his encounter with Christian.

Leaving that interesting speculation, it may be recorded that there was a break in the solitary program in this particular interim, and—reserve your censure—it was caused by little Red-Head, Jerry's near neighbor. Jerry was returning from work on the evening succeeding the blessed picture show when he met the young woman in the elevator at the Buena Vista. She gave him a cheerful greeting—bright as a dollar new coined—and almost enthusiastically approved of the weather we were having; but Jerry got a slant at her in the mirror panel when she thought he was not looking and he was distinctly shocked by her expression of utter weariness and the haggard emaciation of her face. When the elevator stopped at their floor he stood aside to let her pass and

(Continued on Page 49)

"I'm a Crook—a Low-Down Crook. I'm a Thief—I Was, Anyway"

An old favorite in a new convenient form

This sweet, pure lard comes already measured!

Measure your lard this easy
"Silverleaf" way
Before removing the lard from the package, score it with a knife as shown in the diagram below. Thus you can measure quantities as needed without the time and trouble of packing cups or leveling spoons.
1 CUP
8 TABLESPOONS
4 TABLESPOONS
2 TABLESPOONS
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand
Guaranteed Pure Lard

What a welcome new convenience it is—this "Silverleaf" measuring carton! No more of the old bothersome method of leveling the lard in a spoon, or packing it in a cup. No more delay, no waste, no inaccuracy. Just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling cut the *exact* amount you need!

A new convenience that makes an old friend doubly welcome! For Swift's "Silverleaf" is already a favorite in thousands of homes—a sweet, pure lard that good cooks have used for years for all shortening and frying.

Try one of these pound "Silverleaf" cartons. Or, if you prefer to buy lard in larger quantities, this same fine lard can be obtained in pails of 2, 4 or 8 pounds. Be sure to ask the dealer for Swift's "Silverleaf."

Swift & Company

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

In one-pound cartons or pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

Above is shown the "Dogwood" Design Gold Seal Rug No. 546

Where the men folks "get together" for an evening—

No "pink tea"—a man's party—what with ashes and other things that so often find a resting place on the family rug! But all this means little to the lady of the house when the floor is covered with a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug.

For practically nothing can penetrate or stain the accident-proof surface. Ashes, spilled things, dust, mud—can be removed in a twinkling with a damp mop. No tiresome beating or sweeping is ever necessary. And once a Congoleum Rug is laid, there it stays without any fastening—never curls at the corners or ruffles at the edges.

As for attractiveness, Congoleum Art-Rugs come in designs that please the most exacting taste. There are Oriental, floral and geometric patterns in rich, harmonious color combinations. In fact, there are Congoleum Rugs in appropriate patterns for any room in the house.

Big in Value—Low in Cost

Best of all, these artistic rugs have never before been available at the low prices in effect today. In no other sanitary floor-covering can you find such value at so little cost. Don't fail to take advantage of this splendid opportunity. Available in all sizes from small mats to nine by fifteen foot rugs.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans Cleveland
London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

"Gobelin" Design Gold Seal Rug No. 548

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

"Dalton" Design Gold Seal Rug No. 516

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

Continued from Page 46

then followed her down the hall. A few paces from her door she suddenly wavered and would have fallen if Jerry had not made a quick jump and caught her. Chee! How light she was!

Almost immediately her relaxed body tensed and straightened.

"Dizzy," she explained rather faintly. "I'm all right now, thank you."

"You'd better let me call Ethelinda, hadn't you?" asked Jerry anxiously, as he supported little Red-Head to her door. "Or a doctor. Think you can make it in alright?"

"No, please, don't call anyone," the girl begged. "I'm perfectly all right. It was just a little dizzy spell—indigestion, I guess." She laughed, and then opened the door and nodded at him reassuringly. "Thanks for the stalwart right arm."

"You're welcome to it," said Jerry soberly. "But—all the same —— Listen! You've got no business having dizzy spells."

"Then I'll stop having them," said she smilingly. "Good night, and thanks again."

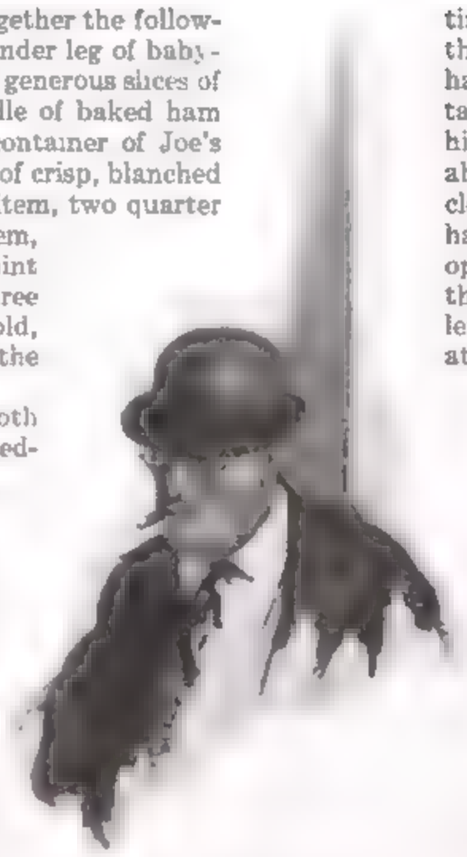
She closed the door gently as Jerry turned away. Jerry stopped at once and listened for a moment or two and then went to his room, shaking his head. He was worried about little Red-Head. No business of his, of course, but what ailed the girl was plain everyday starvation, or he missed his guess. That was too bad! "Too bads," however, while they might do for remote and alien sufferers, were insufficient for an almost next-door neighbor, and a girl, at that. Such a case demanded action. It behooved a guy with a heart and conscience to get busy.

Five minutes later Jerry was in Joe's Place, and if anyone can beat Joe for a choice assortment of ready-to-eats the news ought to be more generally disseminated. The fullness and fatness of the earth, *au naturel*, cooked or canned; all that is savory, titillating to taste and satisfying—fruit, fish, flesh and fowl, domestic and exotic, garnered with unbelievable discrimination, were to be found at Joe's. Out of this profusion, at Jerry's behest, one of Joe's white-coated satellites gathered together the following, to wit: Item, one plump, brown, tender leg of baby-giant turkey, hot, with dressing, and five generous slices of breast of same; item, one wad or bundle of baked ham shaved to a lacy thinness; item, one container of Joe's famous potato salad; item, two bunches of crisp, blanched celery; item, six crusty rolls of bread; item, two quarter cartons of gilt-edge creamery butter; item, one small jar of large olives; item, one pint bottle of Grade A certified milk; item, three chocolate éclairs; item, two globes of gold, being the very best California could do in the way of oranges.

With these comestibles in two mammoth brown paper bags, Jerry knocked at Red-Head's door—knocked again and again, until he grew sick with apprehension and stooped to sniff at the keyhole for gas. He had hardly recovered from this position when the door opened a little crack and Red-Head's voice asked what was wanted.

"It's me—McCabe," said Jerry. "I had a hunch that you wouldn't feel like going out to dinner, so I took the liberty of bringing up a snack. I'll just set it down, and if you don't want it drop it out o' window—see?" With that Jerry beat it, staying for no question and taking care to shut the door of his room so that the sound would be plainly audible. "I guess she'll think that I've got a nerve; but she'll eat some of that feed, once she opens the bags," he soliloquized. "I ought to know."

He felt quite a glow of virtue at the thought of the famished creature putting herself outside of that turk and fixings. Yes, he knew. He remembered very distinctly his own sensations as he had crunched the stale, dry heel of a loaf that had come to him in his own dire need not so long ago. He still felt grateful to the farmer's wife who had responded to his appeal, although he had insulted her at the time, in the bitterness of his disappointment that she had not responded with expected ham and eggs. Chee, but that bread had tasted good! The recollection reminded him of his own present hunger and he set about changing his clothes—as was his cleanly habit—for his evening meal; but halfway through his toilet he cautiously opened his door wide enough to look down the hall and saw that the paper bags he had left at No. 18 were gone. Red-Head had at least taken them in.



"Now, You Jailbird, You Answer the Captain's Questions"

So Jerry went to dinner with a good appetite, and returning, accompanied Christian in his progress past the chained lions and into the Palace Beautiful and then fell into a deep and refreshing slumber induced by the conversation of the virgins, Prudence, Piety and Charity. Once out of the house the next morning he had forgotten Red-Head entirely, but she had not forgotten him. When he came back from work at the day's end he found her sitting on the upholstered settee which the management, conscious of its service and mindful of the comfort of its guests, had placed by the elevator gate in the office. Moreover, she had been waiting there for the better part of an hour.

Just a "Good evening," pleasant and agreeable, a polite "Very well, thank you," in response to Jerry's polite inquiry as to her health; but, as the elevator left them at their floor she turned to him a face that had an unexpected access of color and in a voice that was a little tremulous thanked him for his kindness in bringing her those deelicious things.

"It saved my life," she told him, "for I certainly didn't feel like going out for anything, and I enjoyed them so. I didn't think I was hungry, but they were too tempting.

"That's Enough," the Captain Interposed. "You Play Too Rough, Boyer. I Don't Hold With This Third-Degree Business"

My goodness, though, you must have thought I had an appetite! Enough for six!"

"As long as there was something you could fancy," said Jerry. "You ought to have had something hot; but it was better than taking the risk of going without anything. Dangerous to miss a meal, I'm telling you. Old Doc McCabe—that's me. Listen, I don't know your name, sister."

It was Ellen Jamison, she told him.

"Pleased to meet you," said Jerry. A bright thought struck him. "Say, I'd like you to do me a favor. If you ain't dated up I'd like you to let me show you what I mean by something hot. It comes off the stove, and I'm going out to get some of it as soon as I've cleaned up. How about it?"

Red-Head didn't jump at the chance. She took thought for a moment and then raised her eyes in a somewhat appraising glance, meeting Jerry's engaging smile before she answered.

"I'd like to, but ——"

"No joy-riding or any of that stuff," said Jerry, divining the reason of her hesitation. "Just plain eats and a chin and back again. I'll duck in and button a clean collar round my neck and meet you in the office in fifteen minutes and five seconds. Is it a go?"

It was a go. Jerry had a mighty persuasive manner at times. Yet his first thought as he began to make his toilet was, "Why the heck did I ask her? For 'under the copes of the heavens ——'" No, decidedly not gallantry. Some benevolence, we will say; pity; curiosity. It may be that a craving for companionship entered into his motive, and it is certain that if a guy does a person one good turn he is the more inclined to do another—in reason—deserving or not. A real honest-to-goodness square meal, hot, wouldn't hurt the poor kid. It was a pipe she was down on her luck. Maybe Bessie could help her.

Chee, he was a bonehead! What if Bessie heard that he was taking some red-headed flapper out on his off nights? He could tell her how come, of course, but Bessie had a way of not believing everything she was told. One thing, she might arrange so that he had no more off nights, while on the other hand, the result might be a succession of them extending to the mundane limit of futurity. Chee!

It was quite a little while before he convinced himself that his fear of such a contretemps was groundless, and even then his nervousness lasted until they were seated at a table in the near-by restaurant that he proposed—a decent place enough, with no pretension to style, and a moderate tariff, considering the excellence of the food. After the clam chowder, old Doc McCabe prescribed beefsteak, his mature judgment placing that form of nourishment on the pinnacle of his dietary, as he explained; it containing more amperes of vitamines and kilograms of stick-to-the-ribs than anything else known to medical science, surpassing even ham and eggs in that respect.

"Turkey is pretty good," remarked Red-Head.

"All right in its place," Jerry conceded. "Far be it from me to cast asparagus or confections on it, but there's no better remedy than beef for our trouble."

"For mine, you mean, don't you?" said the girl. She had laughed very nicely at the asparagus crack, but she asked this question seriously. "I guess you've got me diagnosed right, doctor. You had last night, hadn't you? I hadn't eaten for nearly two days, and not much for days before that, and I wasn't fasting to improve my figure. You knew that, didn't you—or guessed it?"

Jerry nodded soberly.

"Broke?" he asked.

"Flat," she answered. "I suppose I ought to be ashamed to tell you this, but—but you—so kind ——"

"Hey, quit that," said Jerry gruffly. "Cut it out." The moisture that was gathering in the girl's eyes affected him a good deal. "It's nothing to be ashamed of.. Everybody gets hungry and goes broke sometime, or goes broke and gets hungry I've been so broke you'd have thought I was pulverized, and I've gone hungry so long that it's taken me weeks to get accustomed to the taste of food again and find the way to my mouth; and now we'll forget it for a while, because the steak is rapidly approaching and if we don't look glad to see it we'll hurt the waiter's feelings, and he's a good little guy."

So further confidences were deferred, and the steak and its concomitants proving worthy of welcome, they ate with a good heart and stomach, as Bunyan might have put it, and there was much frivolous and nonsensical talk withal, in which Red-Head kept up her end It was worth noting how the girl's spirits rose as the steak diminished, and how the color came into her cheeks, giving them a semblance of fullness.

Before the dinner was half done Jerry was wondering why it was that he had not realized that this young woman was a real looker After all, come to look at it, red hair wasn't anything to decry, and when it happens to be thick and wavy, the bob is perhaps as good a way of wearing it as any Personally, Jerry liked gray eyes. Something square and true about a clear gray worth in it, and when kindness is added, such eyes are beacon lights, lamps to the feet and guiding stars, nevertheless there is something to be said for a real blue, and when they sparkle with mirth —— Oh, you could put a few pounds on Red-Head and she wouldn't be any harder to look at than the next one.

"Where did you collect the freckles?" Jerry asked; "that little group on the bridge of your nose."

"Out in the meadow, raking hay. Some of them I can trace back to the onion patch I used to have to weed. That's why I passed up the onions. I'm a country girl. Did you ever hear of a place called Pendleton?"

Jerry dropped his fork.

"Don't tell me you came from Pendleton!" he exclaimed. "Did I ever hear—do I know—ask me! No, don't ask me; I'm trying to forget it."

"So am I. My father was John Jamison. Do you know the Jamison farm? But you wouldn't unless you lived there, and I don't know any McCabes. It's the Schwartz farm now, anyway. My father died nearly eleven years ago and left me to my stepmother, and she married again, which is how come the onions and other things."

"Go on," said Jerry, lighting a cigarette.

"How go on? Do you want the story of my life?"

"That's the idea. Continue, proceed, don't stop; give me the rest of it. How did you effect your escape? Who slipped you the file?"

"My school-teacher. She got me a job in Pendleton with a lawyer—Mr. Roberts. Do you know him? He's prosecuting attorney now."

"I came near making his acquaintance, but I left town before we met," said Jerry. "We'll talk about dear old Pendleton and the folks some other time though."

"And then a friend of Mr. Roberts got me to come to New York as a sort of secretary in his office. It was a pretty good job, and at first I liked it, and I was taking a course in stenography nights. I had to quit, though, and I haven't been very lucky trying to get another job—so far. I've been living on a little money that my father left me that Mr. Roberts got for me when I was eighteen, and now that's gone—nearly. But I'll get something pretty soon." She smiled. She had at times the sudden transitory kind of smile, the sort that lights up the whole face for an instant and leaves it the darker. "I think I shall get one tomorrow morning. If not ——"

"Well, if not?" Jerry queried, as she broke off.

"Something," she replied, and Jerry didn't like the way she said it.

"I might go back to the job I left," she said, and laughed. "It's open for me any time." Again Jerry didn't like the way she laughed. "Anything's better than going hungry," she concluded.

"Don't you ever think it," Jerry told her earnestly. "There's worse. Listen, this old job of yours now—did the guy want to make it too easy for you?"

She nodded.

"Well, that's worse—see? You take it from me, that's worse. I'm not nosing into your business, you understand."

"I understand," she said. "Well, then, confidentially, how about shoplifting? I had a good chance in a store today and the idea came to me. I know already where I can sell things and no questions asked, because I've sold some of my own."

Jerry leaned forward and shook his finger impressively.

"Sister, I know you're kidding," he said. "Even if you did get the idea, like you say, you're too much of a lady every way to do a thing like that. Not to mention that the chance wasn't so good, maybe, as you thought it was, and that you'd probably get pinched the first time you tried it. It's a profession, and you got to be a humdinger to get away with it. An amateur might have luck the first time or two, but—but that isn't the point. What I mean, there ain't anything to beat the strait and narrow path. Believe me, kid, that's right. It may be hard traveling for a while, but it's the only way to get where you, a lady and a square shooter, want to go. Don't make no crooked turns, see? I know there's no need for me to tell you that, but ——"

"I'm not so sure about that," the girl murmured. "But I'll remember what you say."

"That's the chat!" said Jerry approvingly. "And listen, I want you to meet a young lady friend of mine. I'm going to fix it. She's a girl that works for her living herself, and I want to tell you she's done more for me than—well, I couldn't begin to tell you. They don't make a girl like her once in a million years, and you'll say so when you meet her and have a talk with her. You may think I'm foolish about her, but once you see her you'll say I got a good excuse She ——"

Red-Head smiled as she checked the fond lover's gush of eulogy.

"She's the girl you're going to marry, I suppose. Shall I tell you what I think? I think she's lucky."

"The luck's all the other way," said Jerry. "What I mean, she'll fix things for you right You just tell her your troubles and leave it to Bessie."

"That will be awfully nice, and it's such a simple way out," said Miss Jamison guilelessly, to all appearance. "But I think, if you don't mind I'm a little tired and ——"

"Why sure!" said Jerry, and beckoned to the waiter, who stood a little aloof

When he got his change from the man he deftly palmed a ten-dollar bill before returning the note case to his pocket, and when they got outside he tried to slip it to Red-Head—as a loan; but she firmly declined to accept it.

"Just until you get your job," Jerry urged. "Don't be silly. I'm going to see—the party I was speaking of tomorrow night, and ——"

"All right, we'll talk about it after you've seen her," the girl interrupted, with a touch of impatience in her tone; "after you hear what she says; but we won't talk about it any more now, please." Jerry shrugged and was silent. "You aren't offended, are you?" Red-Head asked anxiously after they had walked on for a minute or two. "Don't be. It's more than kind of you to offer it, and I think you are just fine, and you've helped me a lot."

"Apple sauce," said Jerry.

"And goose," said she. "But I'll come to you if I really need it. Will that do?"

"I guess so," Jerry grumbled. "And here's where I leave you. I got to go down the street to see a man. Listen, if I don't see you tomorrow before I start out for the evening, I won't miss you the next, will I? You stick around in the office about six o'clock. Is that a go? Good night then, and don't take no bad money."

He left her at the hotel entrance and went down the street to the cigar store, where he bought cigarettes and stayed chatting with the clerk until a decent time had elapsed. No use giving those hotel rummies a chance to make remarks. As he passed No. 18 on his way to his room he wondered if Red-Head had found the ten-spot he had slipped into her coat pocket.

The day following, Jerry thought of Ellen more than once, when his work gave him a chance to think of outside matters. He had given her and her case a good deal of consideration the night before also. A pretty game little sport, and, you could see, as straight as a string. She must have had to fight to keep that way, too, as little as she had said about it. Well, it was up to him—and Bessie—to see that she didn't get any the worst of it. He had no doubt whatever of Bessie's hearty coöperation, nor was he apprehensive of her misconstruction in the matter of the dinner. What had worried him was the fear that some goof might get to her with a garbled version before he had a chance to explain, and that was too unlikely to consider, really.

Yes, Ellen was all right. And what do you know about her coming from Pendleton! And her name being Ellen!

Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye.

First Ellen he had ever run across, and Jamison was Scotch, too, which made the coincidence the more weird. But this idea of swiping things from the store and selling them—not so good! A notion like that would never enter Bessie's head. Bessie would starve first. Not so good!

It was to be a day of coincidences. He was mulling Red-Head over in his mind when the trouble wagon came in, having in tow a car that seemed strangely familiar to him, so much so that the jolt he got a moment later was eased to some extent. An elderly guy got out of the car and followed the men who trundled it to a pit—a swell old guy, with whiskers, who brought an instant memory of a young yegg, busted, footsore and weary, plodding along a country road and resolving to lead a better and nobler life. That young yegg was Jerry and the elderly guy was the good Samaritan who had given him a lift in this identical bus and slipped him a dollar on parting. Moreover, he knew the Lady of the Lake as well as Jerry did, and other poetry and books the same guy wrote—and this happened not so far from Pendleton!

"Jerry!" called the foreman. Jerry dropped the sponge he was using and joined the group. He was conscious that the old gink regarded him with particular attention, but he only looked at the car. The foreman winked behind the old gink's back. "See how bad the damage is and fix it in jig time," he directed. "The gentleman's in a hurry. Get Claude to help you if you need him."

Jerry took a preliminary squint at the alignment of the rear wheels and got busy.

Presently he said, "Why didn't you signal your stop?"

"That's what the other idiot asked me," replied the old gentleman "Of course I did signal" He paused and then said, "My malison upon the varlet!"

"Whatever that is," Jerry commented. "A murrain on him, if you like"

A chuckle.

"So this is where you are, my young springal! Don't remember me, do you?"

Jerry slued himself around and grinned.

"I trow yes," he answered. "I'd be a base scullion or sumpin to forget you, Mr Bennerhasset I don't forget a gentleman who saves me a thirty-mile walk, to say nothing of the improving pleasure of his conversation and ——"

"The pleasure was mutual, I assure you," said Mr Bennerhasset "Now tell me if you can get this car of mine ready for the road in a couple of hours in good sooth, Jerry That's what the boss called you, wasn't it?"

Continued on Page 102

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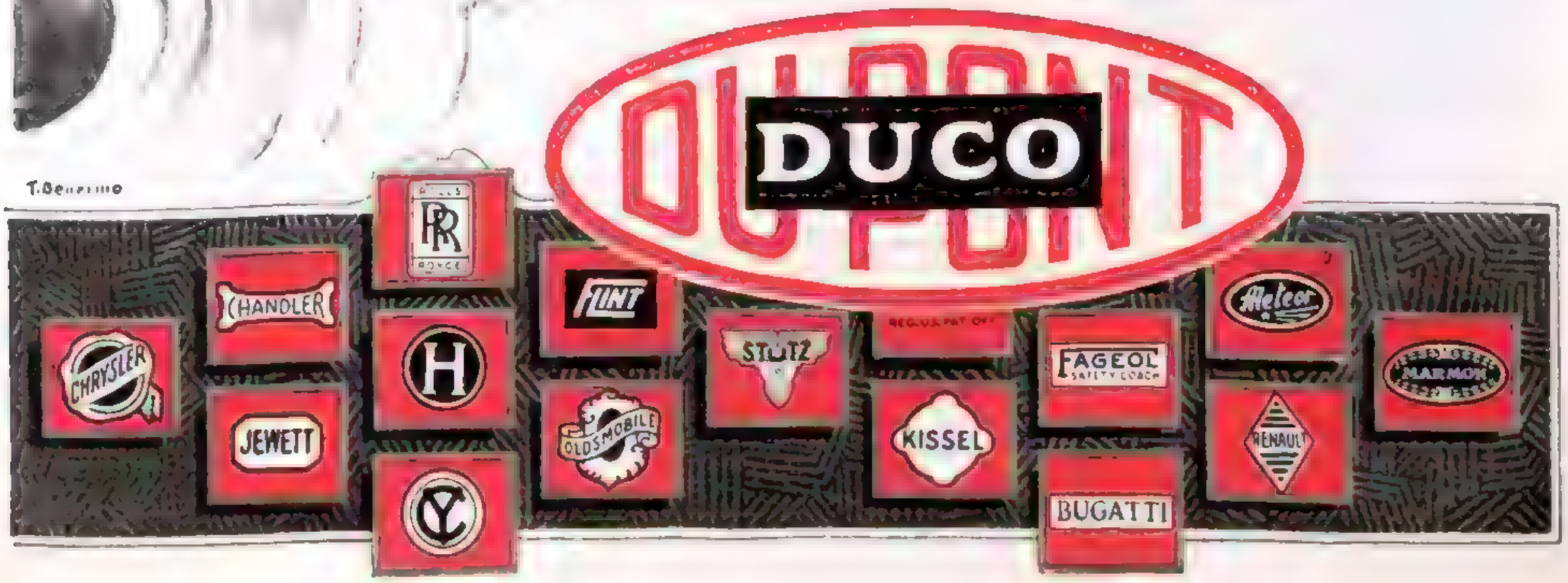


FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

By Charles K. Harris

ONE morning when I was in my office, engaged in the pleasant task of opening mail containing either drafts or orders for copies of After the Ball, my brother-in-law, Joe Horwitz, brother of Charles Horwitz, the song writer and actor, entered. He was in the insurance, real-estate and loan business on a small scale. Even he was unaware of the true state of my affairs.

In the course of our conversation he mentioned that if there was anyone at that time possessing ready cash, he knew of a method whereby that individual could make a tidy profit. When I became inquisitive he related to me the case of a contractor named John Martin who had come to him with $35,000 of city certificates, which he offered to sell for $30,000 cash, thereby netting the purchaser a profit of $5000 within three months' time, when these certificates would mature. Totally ignorant about this branch of finance, I asked for further information concerning the aforesaid certificates.

My brother-in-law explained that the city ordered pavements to be put on the streets. In case one owned a home, he was assessed for this improvement when taxes came due. Banks usually accepted these certificates and discounted them. When tax time came around, any person in default paid 10, 15 or 20 per cent interest until the assessment was paid. Owing to the tightness of the money market, the banks had refused Martin a loan, and he was looking for someone who had enough money to take these certificates off his hands in order to pay his workmen. I suggested to my brother-in-law that he return the next day, and intimated that perhaps I might have someone present then who would be tempted to purchase Martin's certificates.

At dinner that evening I talked the matter over with my brother Joe, two years my junior, who was the assistant city clerk of Milwaukee. I sought information regarding these certificates. He assured me that they were a good investment and said he wished that he personally had enough money to buy them. I also asked what the procedure was in case of purchasing, which he explained to me. Never for a moment did he think I desired this information for my personal use.

The following morning I went over to the vault, took out currency amounting to $30,000 and deposited it in the Plankinton Bank. When my brother-in-law walked into my office with Martin, the contractor, and saw me alone, a look of disappointment crept over his face. Furthermore, he became puzzled when I asked Martin to allow me to examine the certificates.

I added them up and found that they totaled exactly $35,000, and to make certain I inquired Martin's price for them. Upon being told $30,000, I ordered Martin to indorse them on the back to Charles K. Harris and then made out the check for the amount. This was too much for my brother-in-law, who thought I was overplaying this little drama; but when he saw that I was serious in the matter, he said, "Have you really got that much in the bank?"

With that remark, Martin's suspicions were aroused and he declined to accept my check until he communicated with the bank.

"All right," I said; "call them up."

Thereupon he picked up the telephone and talked with the cashier of the bank, who vouched for my check.

We Start a Little Club of Our Own

WHAT an amazed look my brother-in-law wore when he discovered I really possessed that amount of money! The deal was consummated; I placed the certificates in my safety-deposit box. I also gave a check for $1000 commission to my brother-in-law, the largest he had ever received. And then I was compelled to explain to Joe how I had made all that money.

About this time I became acquainted with many newspaper men in the city. We would often meet at the Palm Garden, owned by the Schlitz Brewing Company. We would usually sit around and chat about the shows, and frequently we would have some of the professionals playing the city join us. My old friend Hal Coleman, of Der Herold, suggested that we rent a room and start a little club of our own, where we could do our entertaining. He was appointed a committee of one to look for quarters, which he located beneath a saloon and restaurant, right off Grand Avenue, the main street, and in the heart of the theatrical district. It was a commodious cellar. The proprietor had a dumb-waiter built in from the saloon to the cellar so that he could take care of our wants.

Miss May De Sousa and Mr. Harris Posing for an Illustrated Song

A committee was formed of James P. Keene, dramatic editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel; John R. Wolf, correspondent of the New York World; Joe O'Malley, press representative for the Bijou Theater; Pop Flanders, editor of Peck's Sun; myself and a few others, to go over the idea of making this room in the cellar truly unique. We arranged to cover the walls with white canvas and then procured the services of scenic painters from the various theaters to paint the walls with graveyard scenes, skeletons—everything as weird as possible. A long table was built in the shape of a coffin. The top of the table at which the president sat would lift up, disclosing the wax figure of a male, donated by a member, in full evening dress.

The same donor, Jacob Litt, also presented us with other wax figures, one of which we placed underneath the table, and the other, representing a policeman with night stick uplifted, stood guard at the entrance. The chairs were straight-backed, forming the shape of a tombstone, with painted skulls. At the lower end of the table was a skull attached to a wire which extended to the president's chair; when this wire was jerked the skull would open, showing the interior filled with smokes. Even the beer steins had skulls painted upon them. Sawdust covered the floor.

This group was incorporated under the name of the Tombstone Club. One of our steadfast rules was that no woman should ever cross its threshold. As chairman of the entertainment committee, I always invited those of the theatrical profession then appearing in the city. An invitation bearing a figure of a tombstone was usually sent to them at the theater. Among those entertained were David Warfield, Primrose and West and their minstrel company, George Francis Train, Gus Williams, James J. Corbett, Signor Trentanove, the Italian sculptor, James J. Brady and many prominent managers in the profession who happened to be passing through Milwaukee.

One amusing incident, I recall, concerned a gentleman who walked into my office one summer morning and handed me his card. He was attired in a yachting costume consisting of a white shirt, white trousers, white canvas shoes and a yachting cap. His card read, "Archibald Clavering Gunther, author of Mr. Barnes of New York, and Mr. Potter of Texas." I certainly was very pleased to meet this distinguished author. He said he had come direct from Oconomowoc, where he had his yacht moored for the summer. He also said it was his desire to meet the author of After the Ball. When I asked him how long he expected to remain in our city he replied that he was departing that night. I invited him to be my guest at the Tombstone Club. He said he had heard of that club and was anxious to see it. I made arrangements to meet him that evening at the Plankinton House and escort him over to the club. I phoned to Pop Flanders, when Mr. Gunther left, and told him I had a celebrity for the boys to entertain at the club that evening—none other than Archibald Clavering Gunther. Pop was delighted and promised to call a meeting of the members that evening.

Entertaining a Good Actor

WHEN evening came it found both Mr. Gunther and myself at the club, where the former was greeted by a full membership. After the usual entertainment we sat down and partook of refreshments.

Günther was delighted with the surroundings and observed each painting with apparent delight. An old tombstone had been placed in one corner of the room, above a mound of earth representing a grave, and on top of this tombstone was a stuffed black hawk, a rather gruesome affair. Gunther expressed his deep interest in it all.

"By the way, Mr. Gunther," inquired one of the members, "how did you happen to conceive the idea of Mr. Barnes of New York?"

Good-naturedly he launched into the tale of how he had written that story and his other famous success, Mr. Potter of Texas. He answered every question put to him by the members willingly and concisely.

The entire club saw him off on the train at three o'clock the next morning and we all voted him a jolly good fellow and hoped he would favor us with a visit again in the near future. Returning, I was congratulated by the members for introducing this well-known guest to the club. Most of the members being newspaper men, they saw to it that the dailies on the following day mentioned Gunther's visit to the Tombstone Club.

Two weeks later I received a letter from a physician in a small town near Milwaukee, who wrote me that he had been entertaining Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunther, the celebrated author; that he, Gunther, had been courting his daughter and had used my name for reference. Hence this letter to me. I was on the point of replying favorably, though somewhat puzzled, until I glanced at a morning paper's special dispatch from Oconomowoc and I read that a man representing himself as Archibald Clavering Gunther, the novelist, had been exposed as an impostor there that day; that without his knowledge several young society girls, doubting his identity, had written to his publishers for a photograph. The photograph arrived, together with a letter from the publishers notifying the young ladies that the real Mr. Gunther was in Europe. I thereupon clipped this dispatch and forwarded it to the physician.

The next night at the club the boys all joshed me, but I really thought the joke was on them as well. They had been gullible enough to sit for three hours asking the impostor questions without becoming suspicious. Following this experience, we were more careful about whom we entertained at the club.

It was never known who started the bank panic in Milwaukee, back in 1893, until years after. It really originated in the Tombstone Club. Pop Flanders, our club president, and editor of Peck's Sun, called a special meeting one Saturday night; our full membership attended. He was always a jolly fellow, but appeared solemn that evening and told us that he had inside information that the Plankinton Bank was in dire circumstances. He said its president had loaned to a certain department store more than $1,000,000 without security, and that he, Flanders, intended to expose that loan in the next edition of the

(Continued on Page 59)

AJAX SIX

NASH-BUILT

$995

f. o. b. factory

C. W. Nash's Notable Achievement in the $1000 Field

The Ajax Six 4-door Sedan, originated and designed by C. W. Nash, is a distinctively new type of motor car.

Of more moderate size and lower in price than any Nash model, it embodies a degree of quality and refinement without precedent in its field.

And the extraordinary performance qualities of its Nash-designed, six-cylinder motor, with a 7-bearing crankshaft, instantly rank the Ajax as a vitally valuable contribution to the progress of motor car engineering.

Distribution of the car, proceeding city by city as fast as production can be increased, has now attained national scope.

Welcomed with record-breaking crowds everywhere it has been introduced, the demand for the Ajax is growing at so phenomenal a rate as to constitute one of the great successes of motor car history.

The overshadowing superiority of the car is revealed most emphatically in the following features—for ONLY the Ajax in this field offers ALL these attractions—

—4-door sedan; six-cylinder motor; force-feed lubrication to all main bearings, connecting rod bearings and camshaft bearings; 7-bearing crankshaft; 6-bearing camshaft; four-wheel brakes; full balloon tires; five disc wheels; Duco finish; cowl ventilator; cowl lights; rear-vision mirror; silken curtains; transmission lock, and automatic windshield wiper.

From every viewpoint the Ajax Six as developed by Mr. Nash is the positively outstanding car of the moderate-size field.

NASH

Leads the World

ANNOUNCES

The NEW Special Six Coupé

Above you are given the first public view of a new and strikingly original Nash conception of the Coupé type of motor car.

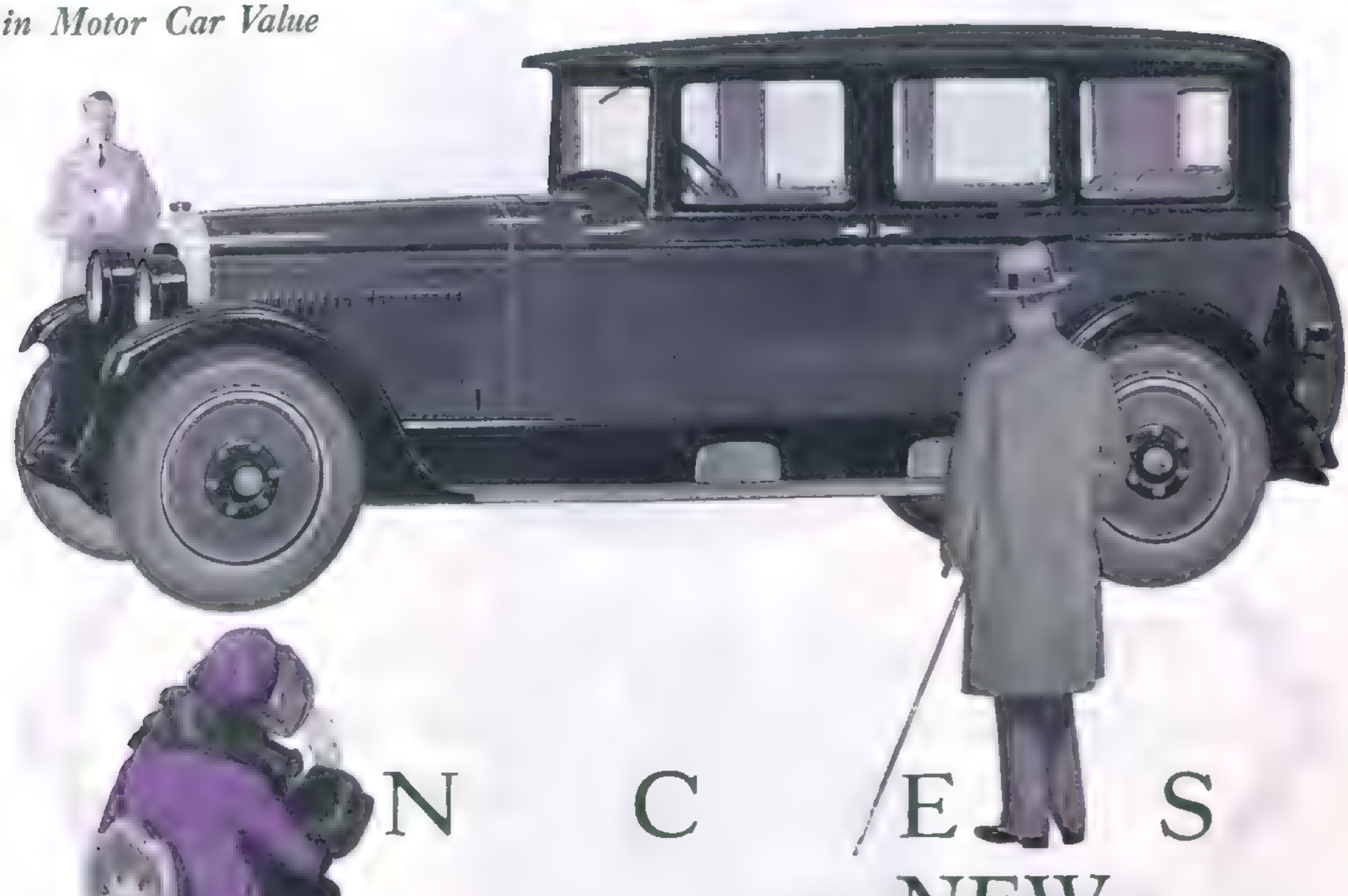
Beautifully low to the road, it has a unique appearance of dashing length and lowness that has been achieved despite its compact design, by the consummate artistry of the Nash-Seaman body craftsmanship. The charm of the interior is delightfully enhanced by the Duotone green leather upholstery, and the fittings and appointments are of select quality and completeness.

The price placed upon this new Special Six model is so recognizably low in contrast to the rich quality of the car that it is immediately apparent that Nash has created an entirely new value standard in the moderate-price Coupé field.

Four-wheel brakes, full balloon tires and 5 disc wheels are included as standard equipment at no extra cost.

SH

in Motor Car Value



NCES

The NEW Advanced Six 4-Door Sedan

This brilliantly distinctive new model is the greatest example of value-giving the industry has ever known.

Were its price set a couple of hundred dollars higher this 4-door sedan would still be a motor car value to create national comment. Nothing you have ever observed in its field will cause you to hesitate a moment when you observe the beauty and the quality—*and hear the price*—the lowest price at which Nash has ever offered an Advanced Six 4-Door Sedan.

The broad and restful seats are upholstered in the internationally famous Chase Velmo mohair. The silver finished hardware pursues the exquisite Colonial design. And doors are generously wide to enable freest entrance and exit.

As is true of all Nash models there are 4-wheel brakes, full balloon tires and five disc wheels included at no extra cost.

"These Eveready Batteries are the correct size for your set. With average use they will last you a year or longer"

"YOU have been one of the many who use 'B' batteries that are too small in capacity for their receivers. That is not economical. It makes you buy 'B' batteries twice as often as necessary. Fit the right size Evereadys to your set and add a 'C' battery,* if you haven't one, and you'll get maximum service at minimum cost."

The life of your Eveready "B" Battery depends on its capacity in relation to your set and how much you listen in. We know, through a careful investigation, that the average year-round use of a set is two hours a day. Taking that average we have proved over and over that on sets of one to three tubes the No. 772 Eveready "B" Battery used with a "C" battery will last a year or longer. On sets of four and five tubes, the larger Heavy Duty Eveready Batteries used with a "C" battery will last eight months or more.

Here is the secret of "B" battery satisfaction and economy:

With sets of from 1 to 3 tubes, use Eveready No. 772.

With sets of 4 or more tubes, use either of the Heavy Duty Batteries, No. 770, or the even longer-lived Eveready Layerbilt No. 486.

We have prepared for your individual use a new booklet, "Choosing and Using the Right Radio Batteries," which we shall be glad to send you upon request. This booklet also tells about the proper battery equipment for use with the new power tubes.

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EVEREADY HOUR—EVERY TUESDAY AT 9 P. M.
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For real radio enjoyment, tune in the "Eveready Group." Broadcast through stations—

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WTAG—*Worcester*
WWJ—*Detroit*
WOC—*Davenport*
KSD—*St. Louis*

*NOTE: In addition to the increased life which an Eveready "C" Battery gives to your "B" batteries, it will add a quality of reception unobtainable without it.

Continued from Page 54

Sun. Although it would create a turmoil in the city, a scare was preferable to having depositors lose their money. At that time I kept a large deposit in that bank and he warned me to withdraw my money on the following Monday. I profited by his advice and withdrew all but a few hundred dollars

"I may be arrested for causing a panic," he said, "so I shall need a bondsman. How about it, Charles?"

The De Forrests Dancing to "After the Ball"

"Go ahead, Pop," said I. "I'll back you to the limit."

On Sunday came the big exposure in the Sun. It created a run on the Plankinton Bank, which was unable to withstand it. Three other banks in quick succession also went by the board. Nothing like it had ever happened in the city.

Although I was without a bank, money was still pouring into my office; and for the reason that banks were uncertain about opening the next morning, no one made deposits. There came another check from the Oliver Ditson Company, amounting to $12,000.

Not wishing to deposit it in any of the remaining banks, I hied myself to my friend William Dodsworth, manager of the American Express Company in Milwaukee, and explained my predicament. He suggested having the express company collect it for me and deliver the cash at my office. Two weeks later three men, with bags slung over their shoulders, stamped into my office and put the bags on the floor. Gazing in surprise at them, I asked what they contained. They told me that they contained money shipped from Boston.

When the men departed I opened all the bags and discovered nothing but silver dollars—12,000 in all. It seemed that out-of-town banks realized the panicky condition in Milwaukee and knew if they sent me currency I could very easily place it in my vault, while with coins I should be compelled to deposit them in a bank.

Fun With the Four Cohans

THERE were only two banks out of six in the city doing business. One of them was a private bank. I decided to take a long chance and deposit my money there. I engaged an express wagon, and together with my shipping clerk and bookkeeper carried the bags down to the wagon. We rode through the streets, each one of us sitting upon a bag, while the crowd looked at us in astonishment, to the bank, where a line of depositors had already collected to withdraw their money. My pulse quickened as I took in the situation, but I was determined to chance making a deposit.

The line of waiting men and women, most of whom knew me, looked at us in surprise when they saw us carrying large bags into the bank. Many of the depositors warned me not to deposit my money, saying the bank was shaky; but I disregarded their advice. Entering the bank, we dumped the bags before the receiving teller, who calmly opened the gate in front of his window and slid the bags onto the floor.

The amount each bag contained was written upon a small card. The teller entered the amount in a book and handed it to me, together with a check book. I walked out, smiling at my friends, and advised them not to withdraw their accounts from this great bank. The run stopped that day and I remained a depositor with that bank for fifteen years

My office becoming too small for my increasing business, I looked around for larger quarters. The Schlitz Brewing Company owned considerable property at that time in Milwaukee and had just built a new theater and office building. The theater was named the Alhambra. I engaged the entire second floor for my publishing plant. As a result of the location of my new offices I came in contact with a great many professionals who played the Alhambra at the time. Every singer of note made my office his headquarters. In this way I met the Four Cohans; and every night after the show, Jerry Cohan, Mrs. Cohan, Josephine, George and myself could be found at the Palm Garden, one of the fashionable restaurants of Milwaukee. We would sit around a table, eat our lunch and chaff one another unmercifully.

George would always insist that his new coon song, entitled Telegraph My Baby, would last longer than any of my ballads. Of course I disagreed with him and argued that ballads would outlast any comic or darky song ever written. George would grow hot under the collar, and his mother would say gently,

Joseph E. Howard, Charles K. Harris and Ida Emerson, From a Photograph Taken in 1894

"Now, George dear, don't argue so. I believe Mr. Harris is right; I also think a good heart-story song will outlast a comedy or coon song."

His charming sister, Josephine, would simply smile at both of us, while his father, Jerry, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, would say, "Mother, let them argue it out. They are both young and healthy and 'twill do them good."

However, we remained the best of friends. I never met a more friendly group. As the saying goes in Dumas' book, The Three Musketeers, they were "All for one and one for all." I doubt whether such love ever existed between any other four stage people.

It was in Milwaukee that I first met George's former wife, Ethel Levy, who was playing at the time with a musical comedy headed by Yorke and Adams. Miss Levy was singing a song of mine entitled My Sweet Eileen. George heard her at one performance and it was a case of love at first sight. I joked him about it, but he said he was in earnest; that he was in love for the first time in his life and that he intended getting married. When a few years later George recorded his first big musical success, Little Johnny Jones, Ethel Levy stood out prominently and the little song that George had written for her, entitled Goodby, Flo, was one of the bright spots of that production. George certainly assisted in Ethel's success.

I recognized the potentialities in George as a song writer and became anxious to place him under contract to write for my organization. When I moved to New York and learned that George was rehearsing a new production, Little Johnny Jones, at Webster Hall, I went over to see him, accompanied by my office manager, Meyer Cohen. George seemed delighted to see me, although he was very busy rehearsing the chorus in songs and dances. With a cordial greeting he came over to me and inquired what brought me there. I replied that he was the direct cause of my presence at that moment. I thereupon tendered him a blank check, which he was to fill in with any figure to suit himself if he would only sign up with me for a term of years, so that I might publish all his future songs. But much to my regret, he told me that I was too late. He had signed with Kerry Mills, a rival New York publisher. This proved my first keen disappointment in New York City. I was right when I was so anxious to have him sign with me, for I looked upon George M. Cohan as one of the most original and promising song writers of the country.

To return to Milwaukee, another singer who performed in that city was the famous May Yohe, who married Lord Hope and after a few years divorced him and married Captain Strong, a son of Ex-Mayor Strong, of New York I wrote her a song, When the Golden Leaves are Falling, which she sang for several years.

I remember one night in particular I called for Miss Yohe after the performance at the theater and asked her to join me for a little lunch. She was always accompanied by her Japanese maid, little Mio San. After we had dined she entered into the story of her marriage to Lord Hope, the reception accorded her by the English nobility; the famous Hope Diamond; her intense love for Captain Strong and her adventures with him in the Orient. It was early in the morning before she had finished, but to me it had seemed less than one hour. May Yohe is now happily married to a nephew of the famous General Smuts of the Boer War.

Good Friends in Showland

TWO very good friends of mine were Mathews and Bulger, featured at that time in a new musical play, By the Sad Sea Waves, music by the leader of their orchestra, Maurice Levi. It was in this musical comedy that I heard for the first time a new style of song that helped to revolutionize the song business. It was called Pas Ma La, and was sung by a young soubrette, Jane Whitbeck. It was received with great applause wherever sung, and it was the forerunner of numerous coon songs of that day. Harry Bulger is still playing New York in musical comedies; Sherry Mathews retired from the stage about twenty years ago, due to a serious illness, and has since passed away—two talented men and a wonderful team in showland

Following Pas Ma La, a young negro performer entered my office in the Alhambra Theater Building with two song manuscripts entitled You Ain't Landlord No More and When a Coon Sits in the Presidential Chair, both of which he was using in his act. It was Irving Jones. After listening to the words and music I immediately accepted the songs for publication. No doubt there are many people today who remember the wide popularity of these two melodies. Jones is still playing in vaudeville.

Caroline Hall, Who Was Known as the Double-Voiced Vocalist

When attending the Alhambra Theater one evening I heard a charming young girl of about sixteen years sing The Song That Reached My Heart, a beautiful ballad published by Lyon & Healy, of Chicago. This song sold into the millions. Here was a voice, as well as a song, that reached my heart. There was a wonderful pathos in her voice, which was as clear as a bell. I sent the singer an invitation to come to my office. She came accompanied by her mother, who told

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ACORNS—By STRUTHERS BURT

MADAME DULONG—Dulong is not her name, but it will do—is a typical middle-class Frenchwoman; that is to say, she is charming, fairly well educated and exceedingly provincial. She knows practically everything there is to be known about France and practically nothing about any other nation. She hates the English because—"Well, *ma foi*, haven't we hated them for a thousand years, and why not? And they are so villainous. Their women have such long teeth and their men are so rude." And she likes the Americans, although she finds them comic. "They are good-natured and smiling, they are sympathetic, but, oh, so childish!" Madame Dulong's husband, a reserve officer, was killed in the war.

"I do not understand you and your Government," said Madame Dulong, her pretty dark eyes somewhat sullen. "I read the papers and I find you incomprehensible. For four years we stood between you and destruction, we lost most of our young men, our country was ravaged; and now that it is all over and we are maimed and bankrupt, you, who are so rich, demand back from us the money you lent us in order that we might fight for you and the rest of the world."

"You read only the French papers, Madame Dulong?"

"But naturally; I do not speak any other language."

"And your idea is that we, vitally involved in this war, paid you money instead of doing much fighting ourselves? In other words, that the situation was similar to one that frequently occurred in our own Civil War—that was a war we fought sixty years ago, madame—where a rich man, not wanting to go to the front, hired a substitute? And your point is that the rich man would have not the slightest justification in asking for his money back when peace was declared? I don't wonder you are angry. Is that your idea?"

"If I understand you, yes."

"Where did you get such an idea?"

"But haven't I been told it, haven't I read it, haven't I even seen quotations from your American reviews and from speeches that some of your countrymen have made here in France? Everyone knows it. For four years we fought, for four years you lent. We are even."

The Eye-Blinding Dust of Propaganda

"OH, LORDY, lordy! When will the world ever be free again from the eye-blinding dust of propaganda? A Frankenstein's monster was indeed raised up. Three hundred years from now historians will speak of this epoch as the epoch of the power of the spoken and written word.

"Listen, madame. You will have to be a little patient; this will take some explanation. Let us begin at the beginning, where few people are willing to begin. In the first place, that was not our war: we had nothing to do with it. Guilty as we have been in many other instances, subtle and hidden as are the ways of trade and finance—two of the main causes of modern war—not the wildest speculation can possibly connect us with the powder train that set off the great explosion of 1914—not the wildest. Furthermore, I and most Americans are the descendants of men who left this part of the world because they were sick of wars and the European politics that made them. Remember that, madame. It is impossible to exaggerate the ingrained hereditary hatred and fear the American has for your quarrels. It is in his blood, he drinks it in with his mother's milk.

"When war was declared in July, 1914, the average American would have thought anyone crazy—and did think so—who would have predicted that in two and a half years we would also be participants. Only a few very far-sighted men, realizing how times had changed and how invention had destroyed space and hours, saw that we could no more eventually keep away from the conflagration than a village, in the path of the wind, can keep away from a forest fire. And you will admit, madame, that far-sighted men are rare, even in France. Meanwhile, you, needing money, borrowed from us, having money.

"It was through no especial deep-laid wickedness or scheming on our part that at the moment we had money to lend and you needed it. Comparing small things to great, it was exactly as if you, a prize fighter, required the dollars of a wealthy promoter. Had we not been drawn into the war, if it had been clear all the way through that it was not our war, would you still have expected us to cancel the debt?

"But look what happened: We were drawn into the war. Again, to take the prize-fight simile, it was as if the opponent of the boxer we were financing, forgetting all rules of the ring and desperate, turned on us, too, and, aided by numerous thugs, actually attacked us. Amazed, indignant, still a trifle uncertain as to just how he had got there, the average American, thinking himself a peaceable spectator and rather astonished at his boldness in even having taken sides as much as he had, found himself a principal. That may be a cold-blooded way of putting things, but it is the truth. After all, you weren't very sympathetic during our Spanish War, were you? That turned out to be a small war, but when it began we thought it was going to be a big one.

"However, once a principal, the American, madame, went into the fight heart and soul. It became a battle royal. It is a pity indeed that you and all the French and the English and the Italians and the Belgians and all the rest didn't see America in those days. I am not saying that we didn't have to go in to save our necks; I'm not claiming any *beau geste;* I am simply saying that when we did have to come in we came—a fact that many of our Allies seem to have entirely forgotten."

Madame had not forgotten; she had never known. Oh, yes, she and all of France had realized the moral force of our entrance, and she herself remembered the joy with which she had seen the first lot of Americans—sailors they happened to be—with their funny little white caps; but the war was almost over then, and no matter how good our intentions, the fact remained that we had hardly had the time to send over many men and certainly not the time to get them into the trenches. The spiritual importance, of course—*bien!*

Madame's facts were not facts, but this sardonic fact remained: That she, in company with millions of other French, thought we Americans had had about a hundred thousand troops in France and had lost not more than five thousand of them in battle. Incredible, but true. And the French papers had never given madame any exact information one way or the other. Indeed, before we go any further, we must understand that the French press, like all Latin presses, is not composed of newspapers in our sense of the word. The Latin press everywhere, save possibly in the most enlightened countries of South America, has a purely propagandistic basis, and newspapers are founded to promote some particular cause. The opinions of the press of other countries, unless favorable, are not quoted. And with their fiercely nationalistic point of view, the French journals permit their reading public to know probably as little about what alien peoples think of them as any journal-reading public in the world.

All News to Mrs. Dulong

WE MUST remember something else, as well, very hard to bear in mind unless we have seen France. France is a big country. Not big compared to America, but then our ideas of bigness are exaggerated. But even at that, France, geographically speaking, is not to be sneered at. It takes a man all night and most of a day to travel from the south to the north of France in one of the fastest trains in existence; and even at that, where it narrows down toward Spain, there is a lot of France left. Most Americans imagine France to be a tiny place, and since Paris happened to be so near the battle line, I am confident that during the war some of us thought the sound of the guns could just about be heard, if not in Marseilles, at least in Lyons.

As a matter of fact, France is such a large country that there were quantities of French noncombatants who, except in oblique ways, saw no more of the war than was seen by noncombatants over here. Why should these people know, unless told, how many American troops had been landed? Why should they know, since all their information was and is being gleaned from newspapers—and French newspapers at that—anything at all? The answer is, they don't—didn't and don't.

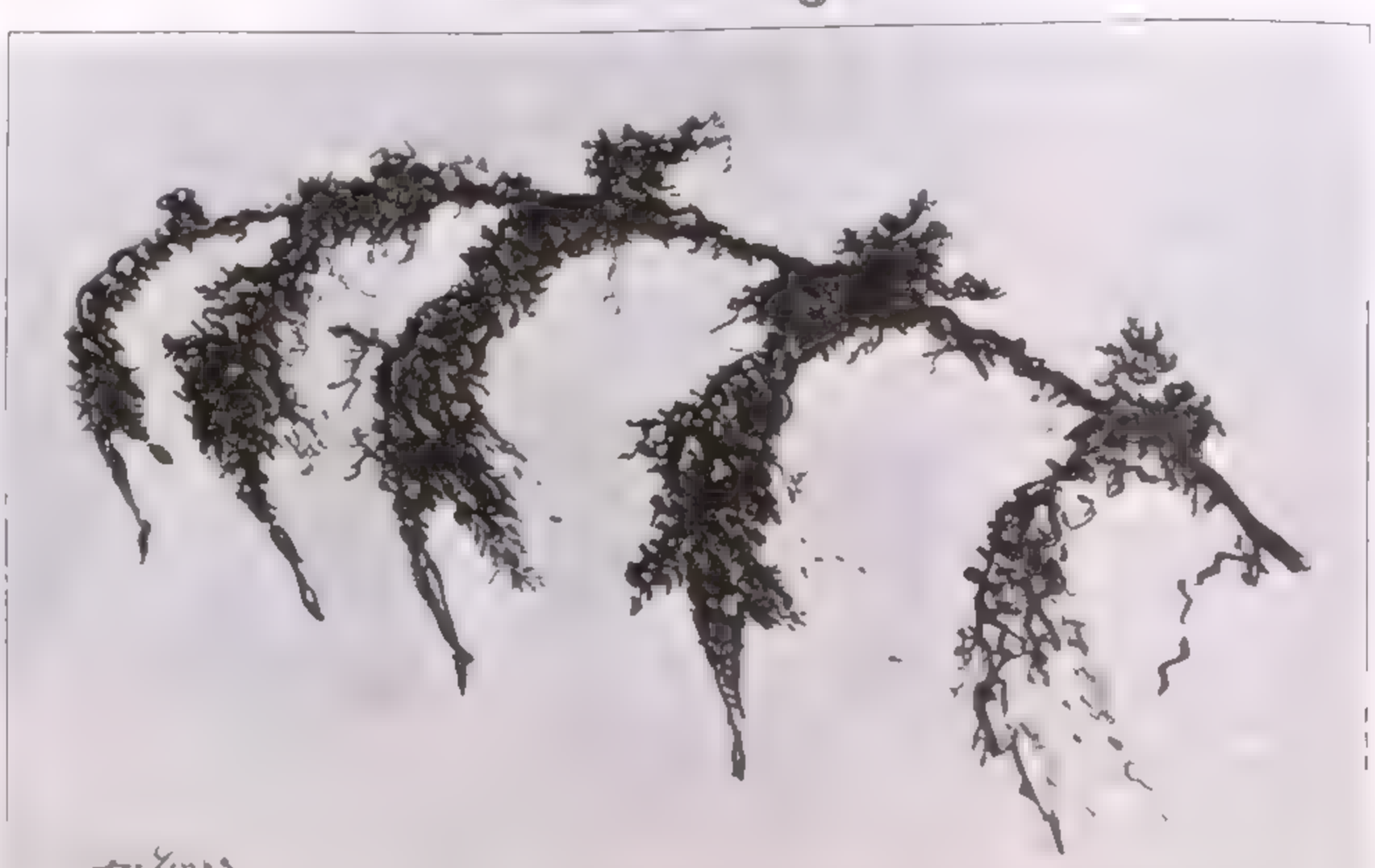
And after all—a third thing to remember—no matter how much in wartime everyone seems to be in uniform, the civilian population always outnumbers infinitely the soldiers

Madame Dulong was astonished when I told her that there had been forty-two American divisions in France, that twenty-nine of these—I happened to have the figures where I could lay my hands on them—had seen active combat service. That, among other things, these latter divisions had engaged in thirteen or so major operations, were holding more than a hundred miles of front, had advanced under fire a total of almost five hundred miles and had captured more than sixty thousand Germans, not to mention thousands of pieces of artillery and machine guns.

She was equally astonished at our losses in battle and in camp, at the numbers of

(Continued on Page 65

Trees at Night



THE WIND DANCE

72,000 Men *and* $100,000,000

Just to cut the cost of running your car. *They can save you 80% of your repair bills*

Everywhere you drive today you see this sign—"Alemite Expert Lubricating Service—Drive in." Have you ever wondered why?

In just a few years this service has become a great national industry. It employs more than 72,000 men. It has an investment of over $100,000,000. It is really a tribute to the mechanical wisdom of the motoring public.

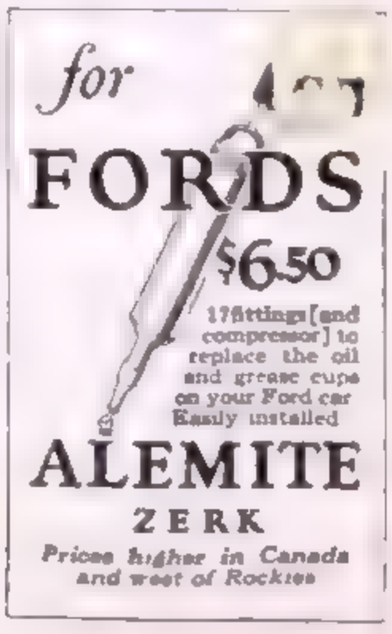
80% of all repairs on moving parts of your car have always come from one cause—lack of proper lubrication. The hidden, dust-exposed chassis bearings have always suffered most.

Then came Alemite High Pressure Lubrication. (Alemite and Alemite-Zerk are in use today on more than 7,000,000 cars, exclusive of Fords.) With Alemite or Alemite-Zerk, positive high pressure cleans out old, gritty, worn-out grease as it forces in the fresh lubricant. This is *proper* lubrication. Fleet operators soon proved that this kind of lubrication eliminates at least 80% of repairs if used regularly—every 500 miles.

And the same fleet operators find that this saving in repairs and upkeep has actually reduced their *operating costs* 1c to 1½c per mile.

Now comes Alemite Service to make it easy for you to apply this same saving to your own car. There's an Alemite Service Station near you. Just drive your car on the rack—every 500 miles for complete lubrication. It's as convenient as oil or gasoline service. It will save you $100 to $175 this year in repair and depreciation alone. That is why this new industry has reached its present size in a period of less than five years.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian factory, Alemite Products Co., of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.



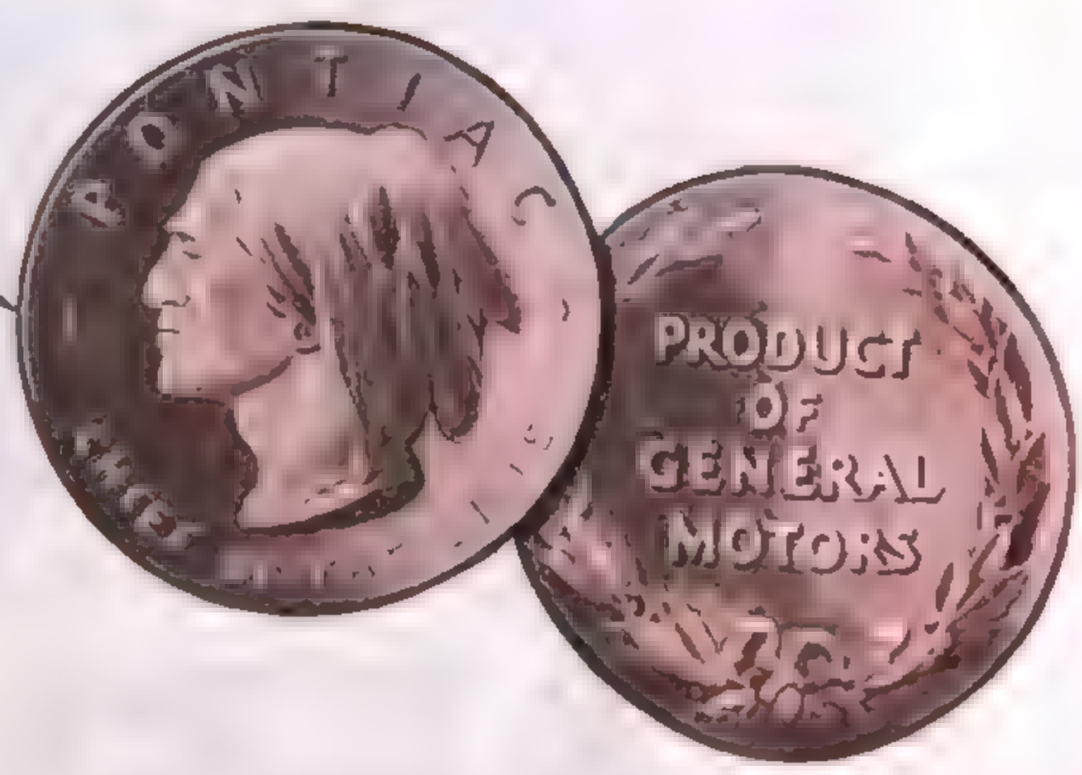
ALEMITE

High Pressure Lubrication

As the name of its newest product, General Motors has chosen that of "the greatest Indian chief who ever appeared on the American continent"—Pontiac, renowned leader of the Ottawas, Ojibways and Pottawattomies.

Endowed with those sure passports to distinction—courage, resolution, stamina, and personal prowess—he achieved a position of commanding leadership that makes his name the brightest one in the history of the American Indian.

PONTIAC



The Pontiac will be produced and distributed by the Oakland Division as companion to the present Oakland Six Dealers interested in the double franchise should write the Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan.

Announcement:

General Motors' new automobile, companion to the Oakland Six, is named

PONTIAC

"CHIEF OF THE SIXES"

A NEW NAME appears on the scrolls of the automotive industry · · · a new car destined quickly to achieve a position of outstanding leadership · · · Pontiac, "Chief of the Sixes."

Embodying the full scope of General Motors' resources and experience, this new six creates a new measure of value.

Into the price field where low first cost has hitherto been the chief inducement to ownership, the Pontiac introduces also the vitally desirable elements of beauty, stamina, comfort, economy and thrilling performance.

The Pontiac's public presentation will be made at the principal automobile shows and by Oakland dealers everywhere.

To see it will be to experience nothing short of a revelation in quality car design.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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Why drive a shabby car ?

The first "horseless carriage" finished with Valentine's Varnishes

The New Way

The Old Way

Drive a Show Car all the time— with Nitro-Valspar

When the first "horseless carriage" excited amazement in 1892, a suitable finish was at hand to make it the first "show car." For Valentine & Company had been producing beautiful, durable finishes for the best carriages since 1832.

In the thirty-four years since '92, makers of the finest motor cars have used Valentine's Automobile Varnishes and Colors. And at every successive Automobile Show most of the beautiful, gleaming models have been finished with Valentine's materials.

Each year motor cars show marked improvements in mechanical details. They are more beautiful, swifter, more luxurious. And Valentine & Company has kept pace with the rapid progress of the automobile industry. Its crowning achievement, *Nitro*-Valspar, combines the utmost durability with unequalled speed of application and drying.

Manufacturers of many of the finest cars are using *Nitro*-Valspar. Owners everywhere are having their cars refinished with this new material, for it prolongs the beauty and increases the re-sale value of any car.

At the New York Automobile Salon, Hotel Commodore, November, 1925, where the finest finished automobiles in the world are shown, the majority were finished with Valentine's Finishes.

VALENTINE'S AUTOMOBILE FINISHES

Nitro-Valspar — Valentine's Varnishes — Valspar-Enamels

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Detroit W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast.

Nitro-VALSPAR

The Valentine Nitrocellulose Lacquer

(Continued from Page 60)

disabled veterans we were still taking care of, at the approximate amount of money we had spent on our own preparations alone; and she was still more astonished when I told her of the millions of men we had under arms, the millions more that were being called up by the second draft, the millions we had in reserve, and the fact that not a single American family, if it was only in the giving up of sugar, had remained unaffected by the cataclysm. She did not know, and a great many Americans do not seem to know, or else have forgotten, that we were making preparations for a war that was to last, at the very least, five years longer. Fairly formidable figures for a nation whose entrance was largely moral, or merely a *beau geste*.

Yet I was not dumfounded, for I had talked to men who had been in the French Army, officers and educated men, who knew not much more. And this, at all events, could be said for them and also for madame, could be said for all the French—they believed the truth when they heard it, and what they heard altered, I think, greatly their opinion.

Madame listened patiently when, having finished with more obvious questions, I came down to the present, and, in my amateur fashion, tried to explain credit to her. I explained it as I think all things should be explained; that is, in a fundamental and personal manner. Half the trouble with the world is that so many important matters are still in the hands of lawyers, doctors, politicians, the older generations, professional football coaches—and these like to hide behind a screen of mystery in case they make mistakes, and invariably talk a jargon of their own. Half the hope for the world, however, is the growing tendency to become annoyed with this nonsense and to make frankness fashionable.

I found Madame Dulong not at all unreasonable when I put the question of the Franco-American debt on the same basis as, let us say, her relationship with Monsieur Blanc, her butcher. She hadn't the faintest idea that money, whether lent by a government or through the almost equally complicated channels of retail trade, somewhere has to find an end in some definite creature's pocketbook—a creature just like herself or myself. She understood, for instance, that Monsieur Blanc was merely one link in a long chain of credit, beginning in some spot to which nobody could trace it and ending in a spot equally vague. And she understood that if one of the links broke, someone was sure to lose. She even realized that if a man in Indiana stole or refused to pay his bills, in an infinitesimal way the reverberations spread around the globe. In other words, she understood that credit is like the house that Jack built. And incidentally, if the earnest societies that wish to suppress Mother Goose have their way—which they won't—they will remove from the inspection of the childish mind one of the greatest storehouses of economic, moral and spiritual truths there is. Madame Dulong understood private credit, but like many other people, she had never applied the analogy to international credit.

The Debt on a Personal Basis

She did not seem to realize that a government is nothing more than a group of millions of individuals. She did not seem to realize that little as she or I might be able to influence our respective governments, or little as, at times, we might approve them, none the less we were our governments and our governments were us; the sum total of all Americans, the sum total of all French people. She thought when a government lent money it merely had to put its hand into some strange remote governmental pocket and draw out the necessary change. Her attitude toward international finance was exactly that of a child to whom a mysterious father gives a mysterious allowance from an income mysteriously made. She did not know that it was the same process, greatly enlarged, as buying meat from Monsieur Blanc. She was enlightened when I told her that governments, in order to lend money, had to borrow from their citizens; and she was overcome when I showed her that she, Madame Dulong, in a roundabout way, actually owed me money, since I had a few thousand dollars invested in government securities.

She was not only enlightened and overcome; she was a trifle shocked as well: for the French are indeed cautious and frugal and will fight over a franc and do a dozen things we think are small business; but once you convince them that you are right, their sense of honor concerning money is as fine and sensitive as is their sense of honor about all things. They are a noble race, the French, and one of the most heartening things in a not otherwise always cheerful world is the traditional friendship between France and America. And in talking to them, always remember this: More than any other race they understand the value and necessity of politeness, and more than any other race they understand the simple and personal approach, because, more than any other race, they are logical and practical, and civilized to the point where swank to them means nothing.

"Madame Dulong, if the situation had been reversed, would you have let us off our debt?"

"Um-m—no, monsieur. No, to be honest, I do not think so."

The Prosperous French People

"No, of course you wouldn't. No Frenchman ever let anybody off from a just debt—not if he could help it. We repudiated some debt in Louisiana, if I remember correctly, but that was long ago and all modern Americans are ashamed of it. None the less, you would have collected that debt had you been able; but you couldn't, for we were a small and poverty-stricken nation. Besides, consider. Suppose you did wriggle out of this debt and then had to fight another war? Where would your credit be then?

"No, madame, as far as I am concerned, I would give you the longest and easiest terms possible, if for no other reason than to show we weren't lying when we talked the way we did during the war; but to let you off entirely would be as bad for you as it would be for us—it would have to do with the delicate psychology of credit. No man has ever lent another man money and then, in despair of being paid, given it to him without a friendship being ruined or impaired. The lender is indignant that his trustfulness has been abused, the borrower has a sense of guilt and inferiority that sooner or later will take itself out in a feeling that his benefactor is a fool and deserved to be gypped. It is better to pay on a debt one cent a year than to cancel it. The friendship between France and America is too valuable to be disturbed in that way."

But I stopped there. I did not go into the actual ability of France to pay now or in the future, or the methods or the amounts. Those are intricate and controversial subjects about which neither Madame Dulong nor I know much, and must be settled in all good faith and good humor—let us hope—by economists. My object was simply to establish in Madame Dulong's mind a sense of fairness, for in the minds of ordinary citizens like Madame Dulong and myself that is the one essential. It was necessary to destroy the figure of Uncle Sam as a bloated and big-bellied Shylock and point out what a pitiful figure Marianne would make as a bedraggled cheat.

As a casual observer and resident for a time of a country, however, one is entitled to opinions; and it seems to me that if the French could be made to realize the truth about their financial condition, also if the warm-hearted but soft-headed Americans given to making speeches, writing letters or granting interviews in foreign capitals could be made to do the same, the French would be greatly benefited. As almost everyone knows, except the French—and they won't look at the situation frankly—France is in a curious condition; it is almost bankrupt financially; it is solid as a rock economically. In other words, the French Government is poor and the French people are prosperous. There is practically no unemployment—and outside of those persons—always comparatively few—living on fixed incomes, the fall of the franc has adjusted itself. This is no period for the unproductive person, anyway. At present the people living upon fixed incomes, the unproductive people, are unhappy everywhere. They certainly are unhappy in England and America. War creates a loss and a vacuum, and subsequently and consequently a whirlwind. It requires brains and energy to keep afloat after a great war—practical energy, moral energy, physical energy.

France and its Taxpayers

The French people are prosperous because there is no unemployment; because they have always been manufacturers and growers of specialties, and these specialties, as always, are in demand; because France has a tradition of hard work and thrift, and because it is an agricultural country. No matter how little you pay a Frenchman, he will produce lower than his costs and will save from his profits. To continue to shake your head over the condition of poor stricken France is to insult one of the bravest and hardiest and certainly the greatest warrior nation in existence. France has recovered marvelously and France can never be destroyed except by actual occupation, if for no other reason than the fact, mentioned before, that the French are a race of farmers. You cannot ruin a race of farmers as you can a race of manufacturers. England, on the other hand, is a great factory which, owing to many reasons, among which are its own generosity and integrity, is at present producing goods less economically than the goods of its competitors.

But the French Government is almost bankrupt and—laying aside great losses and expenses—the root of the trouble, as is usually the case in bankruptcies, is partly psychological and partly due to antiquated methods.

There is no government in the world more afraid of its people than the government of Paris. It is especially afraid of taxation, and it has good cause for its fear, for if it taxes indelicately it is turned out. Moreover, the French people do not pay the taxes they already have—not if they can help it. The Frenchman regards government as a necessary nuisance to be kept away from as much as possible, and, with tolerance and a smile, to be hindered as much as possible. And I am not sure that he is not right.

Certainly there is no country where, if you avoid well-known and charted red-tape channels, you are less bothered by the law or where the law is more intelligently administered.

And yet in important matters, save in the question of taxation, France is a law-abiding country. Being logical, the Frenchman accepts the fact that a democracy always has a passion for framing laws; being logical, he realizes that it is not necessary to obey those laws if they are not sensible and if you don't make too much of a racket about it. I think the French must have almost as many laws as we have, and I am sure they pay, if anything, even less attention to them.

Furthermore, in addition to the unwillingness of the French Government to tax and of the French people to pay their taxes, France, it must be recalled, is a cash nation; and its sense of investment and credit is still somewhere back in the Dark Ages.

National bonds which are placed in America at a rational rate of interest have to be sold in France itself at rates that are ruinous, and the French checking system is a source of wonder and anger to most foreigners.

A Check on Checking

When you deposit money in an ordinary French bank you are not supposed to check against it in the payment of your bills. That is bothersome and uses up paper and requires a larger staff. Once a month you are supposed to draw an adequate check, and with the cash so obtained pay your accounts and do your marketing for the following month. If you are living in one town and are going to another for a prolonged stay, the bank in your town will not give you a letter to its branch in the other town, but will transfer actual money. And until that money is transferred you cannot check against your account. No wonder leaders of French finance are trying to change all this.

Perhaps the greatest blessing in disguise is the fact that the war has made necessary in France the use of paper money. This may eventually give Frenchmen a sense of the substitution and certification that make credit easy and liquid in other countries. But until French credit does become liquid, until Frenchmen invest their money instead of hoarding it, until they learn, as Americans or Englishmen have learned, to risk or even lose a dollar to make five, financially they will remain outside of their era.

Oh, yes, I was very glad in a way to leave France, happy as I had been there and greatly as I like the French. Among other things, I was glad to get away from an absurd and petty idea of money and a constant complaint of national poverty in the face of indisputable evidences of personal prosperity. It would be nice to get back to Americans who were generous and free-handed and—whatever else might be said about them—were at least the most sympathetic people internationally in existence. Selfishly aloof, perhaps, in their traditional political policies, but individually open-minded.

PHOTO. BY SAM LEON STUDIOS, FROM SARASOTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

A Scene in Sarasota, Florida

THE whole country is being encouraged to make 1926 a better year by starting it with a month of laughter.

One of the principal reasons for America's greatness is her sense of humor—her ability to laugh.

Have a good, hearty laugh every day in January, and the rest of the year will surely take care of itself.

The moving picture theatres will help you by showing the best comedies—and plenty of them—in January.

The *Educational Pictures* trade-mark will serve as your guide to the best in comedies and other Short Features.

Watch for these funny pictures in LAUGH MONTH

HAMILTON COMEDIES
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370 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Well, I met my countrymen, great numbers of them, almost immediately; I sailed on an American ship; and whenever two or more of them were gathered together I heard something like this:

"If a man owes money he owes it, doesn't he?—and that's all there is to it. Expecting us to fight their wars for them and then pay for it! One thing is certain, anyhow—in the next war they'll fight it alone."

Excellent, logical, high-minded and intelligent. It is not necessary to say that I am sarcastic, is it? Worse, if anything, than the nonsense I had been hearing in France. To begin with, the French are a magnificent race who, in the last thirteen years, have been greatly harried and, incidentally, also have been lied to—the hysterical, unpremeditated lying of wartime—by thousands of Americans and a large section of the American press. If for a while they thought themselves the spoiled darling of the world—its suffering mistress—the fault was largely our own. In the second place, "if a man owes money he owes it and that's all there is to it" is not true, as even the most minor business man, if he is an intelligent business man, realizes. Were such private businesses to be conducted on that basis, they would soon fail. Such a slogan is the slogan of the village skinflint and forecloser of mortgages; the sort of man who dies detested without having received one cent of benefit from the picayune fortune he has managed to amass.

Big business is founded on good will and courtesy and consideration, and the actual dollar is a small affair compared to the terms of the agreement; that is, if you are ever going to do business with your debtor again.

If There is Another War

Are we ever going to do business with France again? Well, outside of the fact that we are obviously doing and are going to do business with her in a civilian way, nothing is surer than the fact that if there is another great war—which God forbid—we will once more do business with her in a military way. We didn't fight France's last war for her any more than she fought it for us. We were both forced into that war by events so long mishandled and misunderstood that they had reached a point over which there was no control; and the next war, unless we set about preventing it, which we do not seem to be doing at present, will find both of us in the same position and inevitably on the same side.

If it is a European war we will be an ally of France, because France, different as she may be from us in many ways, is none the less closer to us in political and spiritual aspirations than any other nation, not even barring England. If it is a war between the East and the West—which is far more likely—we will also be an ally of France, because France, with her vast colonial possessions, will be one of the spear points of the Occident. And as to keeping out of any war, that will be for us, under modern conditions, just as easy as keeping out of the last war. No thinking or talking or boasting or preparation, selfish or otherwise, will keep us out of that war once it starts. There is just one way to keep out of it and that is to work unceasingly to prevent it. Nowadays all nations are boarders in the same boarding house; if a bomb is thrown everyone feels it.

Therefore, since we are going to be in the next war, if there is one, we had best be just as generous and polite and patient in international affairs as it is possible to be, generous and polite and patient, even if other people aren't, as generous and polite and patient as we are in our personal affairs. After all, we are big enough, rich enough and wise enough to afford to pose to some extent as an example; after all, it was as an example that we were founded, and after all, back slapping and after-dinner speeches, punctuated with self-stimulated tears, won't convince anyone if our eyes get hard the minute money is mentioned. That period is past. This is a period in which cant is rapidly losing its effectiveness. Altruistic signs tacked up in your office only make the other man more angry if you don't live up to them.

Indeed, for us to learn to conduct our international affairs—or even national, as administered from Washington—in the same way that we have learned to conduct our private affairs is the whole point of this paper, and the reason why it is called Acorns. Politics, international and otherwise, is just about fifty years behind the ordinary business man. It is behind him ethically, it is behind in courtesy—real courtesy, not the rigmarole of official papers—and it is behind in common sense. The ordinary business man no longer has to be told that in order to succeed he has to speak a language all understand, that frankness is the best sort of business and that large things grow from small. He has learned something of the laws of cause and effect—laws of which nations and politicians are as yet completely ignorant. You don't have to tell him that if you want to cut down an unhealthy oak tree it is easier to do so when the oak is young instead of waiting until it is full-grown, and that it is even easier not to plant unhealthy acorns at all. You don't have to tell him that a tree when young is a fairly simple, easily controlled mass of material, but when old is complex and stubborn. You don't have to tell him any of these things until it comes to international relationships, and then he throws up his hands and is just as confused and stupid as the men who govern him.

If Mr. Smith sees his neighbors, Jones and Brown, indulge in a fist fight, he is pretty sure that the real basis of the fight is that Jones and Brown do not like each other, no matter what series of subsequent irritations has taken place to produce the final rage. But when Mr. Smith hears of the doings of some remote and prominent person he is very likely, discounting the universal love of slightly malicious gossip which will tinge all his thoughts, to add a background of grandiose and unreal causation; and when millions of Joneses and Browns go to war it is necessary for them to seek catchwords that have nothing to do with the original and fundamental reasons. Some of them think they are defending the fatherland, others that they are holding the Huns back from civilization, others that they are fighting to make the world safe for democracy; when all the while they are fighting because Jones speaks a different language from Brown, or Brown, as a trader, has taken advantage of Jones; or—back of it all—because no one has ever taken the trouble to explain to either of them that underneath a few superficial differences they were exactly the same people, with much the same love, food and desire to get on in the world. Once war starts, of course, once it falls into the hands of the politicians, the generals and the financiers, it becomes an entirely different matter; like the oak, when grown, it is large and baffling.

Propaganda But No Explanation

But this trick of the human mind to assign complex and pompous causes is not altogether so simple as I have described it, for it rests, after all, to some extent upon the universal human tendency to glorify and dignify all human actions. In other words, to act mostly, at least in the beginning, from impulse, prejudice and chance, and then in quieter moments to work back to a logical and self-laudatory excuse. The evidence is manufactured after the event.

In some ways I have been lucky. Very early in my life I learned a lesson in this respect I never forgot. To repeat myself, I learned that everything has a simple beginning and that all human affairs have not only a simple beginning but a human one as well. I learned this because I saw a man, saw the events intimately, become governor of a great state and eventually President of the United States because for many years he had been quarreling with another powerful and brilliant man. And the reason these two men quarreled was the very old-fashioned one that they didn't like each other. When one of the men became a world figure he lost at once all semblance to humanity; in the eyes of his admirers he was a saint, in the eyes of his enemies he was a fiend, when as a matter of fact he was neither. Being a man, he couldn't have been. Before this, as a boy, I had learned that if you throw a stone in a pool the ripples never end, and subsequently, not so long afterward, science discovered that material is composed not only of atoms but of even smaller particles called electrons.

Also, I saw another great man become a President and world figure and give even a hint of genius by always going to the bottom of things and coming up with a simple and fundamental statement or reason. This is so much so that if tomorrow someone stops in the middle of Brooklyn Bridge and says, "Look! That's water, and it's wet, and it's flowing to the sea," a certain number of people will pause with him, and some of them will say, "Why, that's so! I never thought of that before!" Humanity is not suffering because it is too simple; it is suffering because it is not wisely simple enough; it is suffering because it is living halfway up a modern skyscraper before either the lower stories or upper are completed. Upon the ability to get back to original causes, and to regard them simply and sensibly, depends all the hope for any international solution, and one of the ways to start to do this is to explain nations to one another. You think this has been done? It hasn't. There has been plenty of propaganda, but it has been propaganda, not explanation; and propaganda, as it is understood at present, is selling yourself to somebody else no matter how much lying may be involved in the selling. The danger of this method is that lies are always eventually found out.

Brothers Under the Skin

How real explanation can be accomplished I do not know. The world was never more ripe for it, and in its essence it is a simple business; merely the disclosing, honestly and fairly, of your own faults and virtues and point of view, and the asking of the same frankness in return. But the world will not always be so ripe for this explanation. The moment will pass and is passing. Unless sense is used, and very speedily, another opportunity may not come for a century, and not then until after another holocaust.

Commissions might be of use, but there are too many commissions already and the age is sick of them. Besides, as commissions are now appointed, by the time a man is thought worthy of one he has forgotten everything he ever knew. And yet I cannot help but feel that in commissions such as were used during the war, commissions selected for their intelligence, commissions of explanation not of propaganda, the solution will be finally found. Travel and tourists need not be considered except as a detriment. There is something in the typical tourist mind that makes it hateful to the country in which the tourist is. Travel is good for the individual, and so has a slow and roundabout effect upon the general good; but it is so slow and so balanced by the quicker harm done that it need not be considered as a remedy.

Meanwhile, until brains are definitely used for the purpose of promoting better international understanding, I can think of nothing more useful than such conversations as the one between Madame Dulong and myself, unimportant as they may seem when repeated. They are not unimportant; they are important beyond calculation. They are as important as the necessity for getting the Frenchman and the American to realize the common humanity of each other. Have they not, both of them, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Do they not both bleed if you prick them?

THE NEW FRANKLIN enters 1926 with the distinction of having won both style and engineering leadership. It is the finest car you ever rode in — finest in riding, handling, dependability and economy. Its speed reflects its higher power, which is even more marked on hills and in quick getaway. It leads in progress with its perfect copper-radiation air-cooling, which makes it the only car free from the usual road and weather limitations. It has the individuality demanded by those whose desires rise above the ordinary. Its popularity calls for displays at all Franklin dealers' and at five places in New York during Automobile Show Week, January 9th to 16th:

FRANKLIN STYLE SALON, ROSE ROOM, HOTEL PLAZA
LOBBY, HOTEL ASTOR
LOBBY, HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA
GRAND CENTRAL PALACE
SHOWROOMS, FRANKLIN NEW YORK CO., INC

FRANKLIN

MAN ALONE

Continued from Page 37

The Damon place stood well back from the main street of the town on the brow of Lion Hill. At the entrance to the driveway were pillars of Jersey red stone surmounted by two huge balls of devitrified glass. They were freaks of the scum in an underheated furnace and were of an aquamarine color, shading into white. Directly behind the pillars, and almost burying them, rose two thickets of evergreen, beyond which the road curved between closely cropped lawns, marked by three century-old shade trees, to the shallow steps of the house, and then around it. The house itself was built of that lost quality of brick which turns to a deeper and deeper red with the passing of the years. Although Torquay had often visited the Damon works in his childhood, he had never before approached the house.

"Not that door," whispered Janie, as he started up the front steps. "Let's go round."

He paid no attention to her, lifted the heavy knocker and let it fall. It was Mr. Burk Damon himself who opened the door.

"What do you want?" he asked, staring at Torquay out of haggard eyes.

"I want Janie's things, and her pay."

"Janie? Who's Janie?"

"Her trunk is on the back porch," called Jake's voice, "with her money in an envelope tied to the handle." Then his face appeared over his father's shoulder. "You! What are you doing here? Get off the place."

"I'm here to get my wife's things," said Torquay, "and if you weren't too white-livered to step out here I'd make you carry them down to the gate."

Jake Damon leaped forward, but his father threw his weight against him and slammed the door. Torquay stood looking at it for a moment, while Janie called, "Oh, Torque, please come! If you don't I'll go get the things myself."

Finally he walked around the house with her and shouldered the trunk as if it were empty. It was a quaint receptacle even in those days, with a rounded top and studded arabesques of brass-headed tacks. He hated to carry it through the town and past Striker's, but there was no other way without swimming the river. As they passed through the main street they met not only the tittering crinolined girls of the Misses Kinkeads' school but a carriage, driving close to the curb. The two Damon children were in it, and they jumped up and shouted, "Janie! Janie!" Their mother said sharply, "Be quiet, Gwen! Hush, Robert! That's not Janie. You never saw that girl." And the children began to cry.

"I'll remember it," muttered Torquay between set lips.

"Gwen is nasty, but Robert isn't a bad boy," said Janie, pausing and half turning. "Look! He's really crying for me!"

"Come on," said Torquay roughly.

When they got to the house he set down the trunk in the wrecked hallway and they went in together, to find Thomas half reclining on the chairs Torquay had arranged for a bed. Pillows were at his back, and one great leg was outstretched to the floor. Mega was standing over him, and as she turned to face them her true spirit was unveiled for an instant in a glance like the naked blade of a knife; but Thomas' eyes were serene, almost mocking.

"So you've come back with a double load of baggage," he said sneeringly—"the trunk and her."

"She's no baggage," said Torquay. "She's my wife."

"Your wife!" bellowed Thomas, struggling in vain to rise.

"Yes, my wife," said Torquay. "If you don't like it say so, and we'll get out."

His father's whole manner changed.

"Torque," he groaned, staring blankly at Janie, "didn't I tell you they're all rotten black inside? Wasn't I going to show you, if you'd only given me a little more time? What did you marry her for?"

"So you wouldn't have to show me," said Torquay; "so I could do the finding out for myself."

"And you will!" cried Thomas. "She'll put horns on your head. She'll leave you for another man when you're least thinking of it."

"Oh," gasped Janie, "how can you say that?"

"Don't listen to her," continued Thomas. "You've done for yourself. She'll fool you, and she'll leave you."

"No, she won't," said Torquay; "not with you and Mega watching her, and me waiting to break her neck. She won't never leave me."

"Torque!" cried Janie, gasping and unheeded. "Of course I won't! I'll never leave you, never!"

"She'll leave you as sure as the sun rises in the east," rumbled Thomas; "as sure as it takes two matches to light a pipe, as sure as the best glass will break against a stone."

Word went out that Thomas Strayton had dislocated his hip and had fought against having a doctor for three days. According to the tale, he had got roaring drunk over buying the Damon Glassworks and had crashed through the railing of the stairway of his own house. At any rate, he was laid up for two weeks, and when at last he appeared he was a changed man; but not altogether in the way one might have expected. It is true he dragged one leg and could walk only with the help of a heavy cane, but these were the least of his alterations.

His shaggy beard was trimmed. He still wore heavy tweed suits, but they were most carefully made to order by a tailor brought all the way from Philadelphia to take his measure. He had sent for a variety of hats and chosen a hard felt model, high in the crown and flat on top—a style he was never to abandon. There was an excellent custom cobbler in Hopetown and from him he ordered an array of square-toed congress boots, surely the most comfortable footwear ever devised by man, with instructions that they be delivered one pair every six months until the day of his death.

"Or mine, Tom," growled the cobbler.

"Well, anyway, live or die, you can never come over me with a list of all the orders booked ahead of mine."

In that speech there was a touch of the shrewdness which had made Thomas Strayton the man he was; for this same cobbler had kept many a Damon waiting weeks on his pleasure or sloth, but Thomas had spiked his guns at the outset. In addition to matters of mere apparel, he had imported the smartest buggy and the fastest pair of road horses yet seen in Hopetown, which even in that day was saying a great deal, as there was scarcely a farmer in the county who was not as good a judge of horseflesh as of his home-cured pork.

Needless to say, this sudden departure from a stoic mode of life aroused violent comment and some awe. Especially at Striker's drug store, the central pit of the whirlpool of local news, did speculation rise to proportions which threatened to choke an outlet never before utilized to capacity. Was Tom Strayton mad or sane, rich or poor? There were backers for each of the alternatives: there were old-timers who whispered hoarsely of a towering half-wit roaming the roads with a baby on his shoulder, and there were younger men who figured for hours with stubby pencils on possible tonnages of sand at varying prices and declared he must be living and dealing on borrowed money. Even the bankers, who carefully avoided Striker's, puckered their brows and would have liked to know if his record stood as clean on their rivals' books as on their own.

One benefit certainly accrued from all this gossip. The more was curiosity aroused by so picturesque an outward change in a figure which had up to that time been lost in the grimiest background of the town, the more was attention deflected from the mighty yet cruel stroke by which the Damon Glassworks had been brought low, and from Torquay's suspiciously hasty marriage to the Damons' nursemaid. These two events were cataclysmic, one to the life of the community and the other to the structure of a household, and yet they could be all but lost to view in the spectacle of new clothes and a shining buggy and pair.

XI

IN THE process of the amalgamation of the two glassworks, Torquay was made a full partner, his father reserving a preponderance of only the one share which would give him the last say in any dispute as to policy. Torquay had no means of realizing how unusual was this procedure. Questions of generosity had never entered into the relations between himself and his father. The very simplicity of the tie which bound them to each other was enough to make them stand out like a monument amid the family and commercial bickerings of their neighbors, and yet they themselves perceived no phenomenon. They seldom talked; they never dissected motives; they simply were as they were for reasons too profoundly established for their own comprehension.

First among these was the rough-hewn wisdom which seems so often to reside in men of large yet well proportioned frames. Thomas Strayton, with his huge hard body and sledgelike fist, might crush or crash, but never pinch. All the gestures of his limbs and mind, however crude, assumed the whole element of space. Just as he could turn on women only to hate them totally, so he could not descend to picayune parings in his dealings with his son. He might throw him over his shoulder at the risk of cracking his skull wide open on the butt of a tree, but he could not tweak him with tweezers or attempt to govern his movements by the childish art of the marionette. Much less could he hold resentment at the turning of the tables which had left him with a dragging leg.

He had his reward in Torquay himself. Half orphaned, cut off from friendships which ordinarily come as a matter of course to people who live for any length of time in one place, and further isolated by the social conditions existing at that period in Hopetown, Torquay had acquired a habit of mind almost as direct as a woodsman's ax. Life to him, as to his father, was simply something embedded in the growth of the Pine Tree Glassworks so intimately that there was no room for sentimentalities to squeeze in, either between him and his father, or between them and the sturdy offspring of their handiwork.

Under such conditions, where was the call for gratitude, or even for the open expression of mutual affection? Put to the question whether there was any love between him and his father, Torquay's tongue would have been tied, although he might have hit out instinctively with his fist. He could not have answered, for he had not the capacity in mental expression to sound the depths of a communion which had its roots fixed in a lifetime of silence.

With the purchase of the Damon interests he became the general works manager of the combined plants, while his father devoted all his time to the overhead branch of the enterprise. Suddenly Thomas Strayton loomed out as a figure to be counted with in circles which had been to the moment unconscious of his existence; they perceived that he was more than a shrewd dealer, more even than a financier, when the term was still new in the land. He was an indomitable force, rambling ponderously toward an indistinct goal, and it behooved all who were in his way either to get out or travel with him. Cast aside by the wash of his passage, Burk Damon found himself stranded beyond the reach of any helping hand. His spirit broke; he sickened and died.

If the Pine Tree Glassworks symbolized an oak sprung from an acorn, the Damon factory might have been likened to an offshoot from the parent tree of the fine old homestead which stood on the crest of Lion Hill. To some it seemed that the limb had become greater than the trunk, but generations of unbroken tenancy gave the house a dignity which could never be overshadowed by mere bulk. The house faced south and was divided from a pretentious gardener's dwelling of later date by a high row of cedars, matted together, as they had originally been intended for a hedge. Just to the west of this latter house, and still on the Damon property, a road gave access to the works. They were situated on a stretch of leveled ground bordering the river, which, at the time they were founded, had been the only channel of transportation. Needless to say, Thomas Strayton had not failed to buy the right of way to this back road, and the flash of his brightly painted buggy, as it passed back and forth four times a day, was a frequent reminder of fallen glory to the occupants of the homestead.

For a time Torquay also used the road, generally accompanying one of the slower vehicles engaged in transferring such materials as could be utilized at the new plant; but soon he procured the right to throw an arched footbridge across the river. He rushed the work on it because, for some reason he could not quite define, he disliked passing so close to the Damon house. It had a way of drawing his eyes against his will, and of distracting his mind from the one thing that mattered to him—the faultless equipment of the remodeled workshop, which was his individual responsibility.

Just before the bridge was to be opened an incident occurred that made him regret it had not been finished a day sooner. Jake Damon came out from in front of the gardener's house, hatless and with his face flushed from drinking, shook his raised fist and uttered a thick-tongued stream of injuries. Torquay jumped down from the wagon on which he was riding, motioned to the driver to go on, and then stood uncertainly, listening to the almost indistinguishable words. Jake was only two or three years his senior, but at the moment he looked like an old man.

"I don't want to hit you, Jake," said Torquay. "You're drunk."

"What do you mean by calling me Jake?" roared Damon, infuriated, as he rushed forward.

Torquay did not bother to parry his blows. He placed his open hand against Jake's stomach, took a grip on his clothes, lifted him half off the ground and sent him hurtling backward into the cedars as if he were putting a shot. The branches opened to receive the reeling weight; there was a crackling crash, and then they closed again. Jake had fallen in the center of the thicket, with one foot caught higher than his head and his arms hopelessly entangled. He lay there helpless, spluttering with inarticulate rage, while Torquay turned away with a smile as rare as the occasion curling his lips. As he started to go, Jake's two children came running from the house and their shrill cries and laughter, when they found their father playing a quite new game, apparently for their benefit, followed Torquay down the road. It had been no fight, he was thinking, but its sting would last longer than that of any blow.

Up to that day he had had a vague liking for Jake Damon, unexpressed even to himself, which under other circumstances might have grown into friendship, or at least into good-humored rivalry. Jake stood for so many things besides the unforgettable moment of their first childhood encounter. He was the symbol of the old order in Hopetown, the visualization of all that side of life which to Torquay had remained behind a barrier, no less real because it was translucent. If it had been a tangible wall

(Continued on Page 73)

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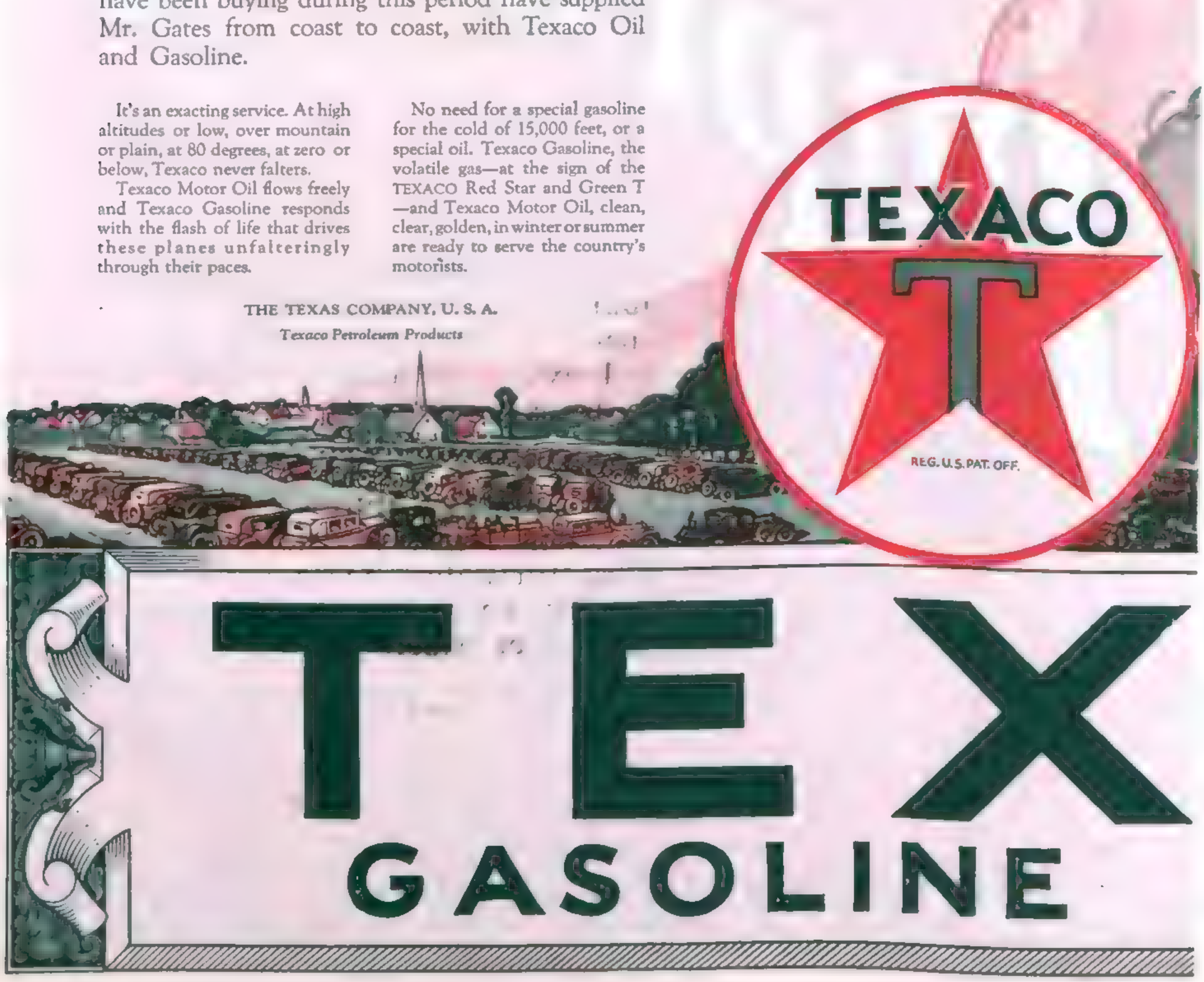

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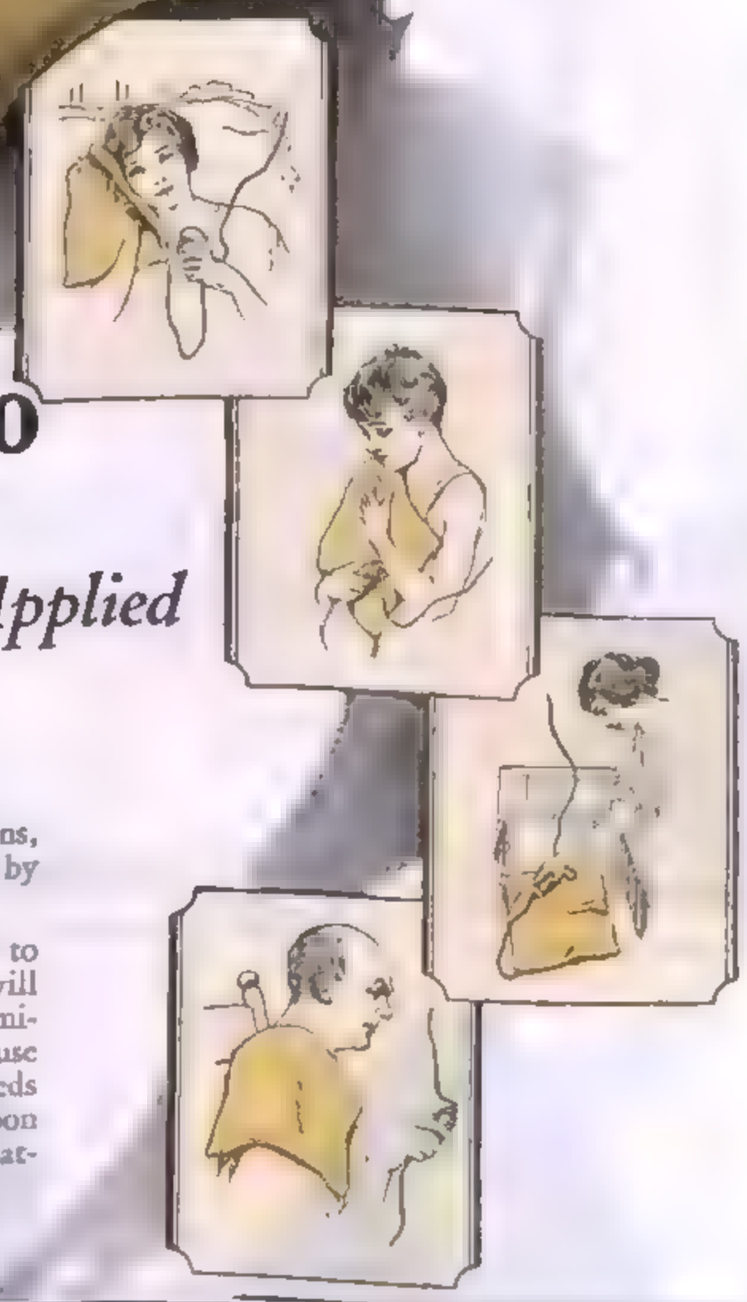

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WHEN neuralgia beats its devil's tattoo on the nerves—when muscles are stiff and sore—when the dull throb of rheumatism becomes unbearable or even when the beds need warming on cold winter nights—try the Simplex Electric Heating Pad.

Here, in an attractive outer covering of fluffy eiderdown, you have clean, dry and *constant* heat, regulated by an easy-to-reach nickeled switch. No waiting. No fussing. No lowering of temperature as is the case with most heat-applying devices just when the heat begins to give relief. You simply plug in on any electric light socket, press the switch to "low", "medium", or "high", and you quickly have the temperature you want as *long* as you want it.

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The iron with the UNBREAKABLE all-steel plug.

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(Continued from Page 68)

Torquay might have tried to break it down. As it was, he had been content to stay on his side, respecting himself and Jake as the outstanding exponents of two brands of pride. But there had been something about the feel of Jake's stomach and his collapse into the cedars which was fundamentally revolting to Torquay. He did not know it, but already his dream of finding the formula for unbreakable glass was setting its mold on his character. He was on the road to applying one test to all things, animate or inanimate: What was unyielding was good; what was soft or fragile was despicable.

Having obtained permission for a footbridge across the river, it required but slight pressure of Thomas Strayton's growing power to procure authorization for a superstructure carrying a conveyor. Immediately thereafter, strongly built sheds, totally unlike the slope-roofed ramshackle makeshifts of the original Pine Tree plant, began going up on the flats which had been bought for a song and were now the most valuable acreage in the vicinity of Hopetown. The railway woke up to its error as well, and offered ten times the price at which it had been bought for the property surrounding the house in which the Straytons still lived.

"What about it, Torque?" asked Thomas. "It'll make them throw in our siding just the way we want it in double-quick order."

"We'd have to move," said Torquay, frowning.

"Pick out anything you like and I'll buy it."

Torquay looked up, started to say something, and then changed his mind.

"I say don't sell yet." He paused, and frowned again. "I'm not ready to tell you where I'd like to move."

"All right; we'll let them wait. I'll get the siding anyway."

Not all the original Pine Tree plant was destroyed. Torquay kept for himself one shed adjoining the mold room, mounted in it a small continuous tank of modern design and equipped it with a slow-annealing leer and the implements necessary for such tests as he wished to make from time to time. He met all the expenses out of his own pocket, thus gradually acquiring a proprietary right to the entire premises, which his father accepted in his usual wordless manner. Here Torquay spent such hours as he could steal from the routine of managing the main works. He would recruit a makeshift crew from the men and boys off duty, always glad of the chance to earn some extra pay, and sometimes worked half the night through.

His father dropped in once in a while, generally to talk over some matter of business. He was one of those rare individuals who can be observant without curiosity, and his presence was as natural as the rising of the sun. He had a right to be there; that went without saying; but he assumed no right to trespass inside Torquay's mind. That also went without saying. What Torquay was doing and which way he was headed were his own affairs, but by no means of no interest to his father.

Months went by before he said out of a clear sky, "Keep at it, Torque. You know you'll never find it, and then again perhaps you will."

Torquay nodded his head. Without asking a question, his father had deciphered his consuming ambition. Any other man might have grown loquacious, or at least suggested that since the main plant was bound to benefit occasionally by indirection from the experiments, the entire undertaking was chargeable against their joint profit-and-loss account. But Thomas Strayton needed no pilot fish to guide him away from such a needless collision. There was enough of his own boy in him to value rightly the importance to Torquay of an atmosphere of independence. He knew how such an offer, with its emphasis on insignificant details, could bring a chill to the heart of a hidden aspiration. It was this same instinct which had led him to declare so cabalistically his discovery of Torquay's dream, for Janie was crouched on a box near by, and undoubtedly listening.

She stood out against the drab background of the house, of Mega, of the lurid workshop and of the two men, like a white moth against a black wall; and yet she remained to all intents as invisible as the will-o'-the-wisp upon whose capture Torquay had centered his being. There are personalities which become evident immediately, such as those of the group of three among whom she had been cast; there are others so elusive that they are never seen in the present, but only in retrospect. She was like that. Nobody saw her; nobody would ever see her until she was dead; she could not even see herself.

Everything she had been taught to believe, or had gathered from the little bushes of knowledge within her reach, had turned into withered leaves in that moment when Thomas Strayton had stared at her blankly while he launched his prophecy of her faithlessness, and when Torquay had given his answer, "Not with you and Mega watching her, and me waiting to break her neck." Immediately those words, devoid of love as they were of trust, had become the keynote of her existence. They left her too dazed to struggle, and yet strangely resolute. She was fragile in body and mind, and as lost as a fluff of thistledown on the wind; but in an instant all her frailties were crystallized into a single determination. She would never leave Torquay; nobody and nothing should ever drive her from his side.

She had not had long to wait to put her decision to the test. Nobody called her on the morning after her marriage; she awoke alone in Torquay's room to the sound of a stifled cry. It was her own voice, choked in her throat. She lay in the bed with her teeth chattering, her eyes suddenly wide open and stinging. She fastened them on each bit of furniture, striving to soothe herself with trying to make friends of the chairs, the washstand, the rug, the table. She counted the books on the shelves, the figures in the paper on the wall; she even tried to count the motes in a narrow shaft of sunlight which slanted through one corner of the east window. Finally she got up and stood for a long time in the center of the floor, with tears pouring down her cheeks silently but so fast that they soaked through her cheap cotton nightdress. The feel of the wet cloth against her breast was startling; it woke her again; but this time into calm realization of where she was and what she must do.

When she came downstairs she found the living rooms empty and the cleared table looking as neat as if no one had eaten. She realized that Torquay must have gone to his work as usual, come back for breakfast and left again with his father. She was dizzy; her head felt as if it might float off her shoulders; but even if she had connected her faintness with hunger, she would not have dared call Mega and ask for food. She crossed the floor, sat down on a straight chair by the window, with her hands folded in her lap, and looked out at the warm sunlight. How much better it would be if people could dry up like leaves, be blown down by the wind and toasted by the sun, instead of being buried! Her youth found something to laugh at in the thought, and her lips were twisted into a smile when Mega came into the room, stood by the door and waited ominously for an order. But Janie did not speak; she only turned her face, wiped clean of its smile, and offered it in a sort of surrender to the attack of the colored woman's eyes.

"You'll have to get up earlier if you want breakfast in this house," said Mega, speaking with a deliberation that amounted to insolence.

"I know," stammered Janie, trying to keep her teeth from chattering. "Mother was always angry if we were late for meals. But I don't want anything to eat; I'm sure I can wait."

"Perhaps Mr. Torquay expects you to do the cooking and the washing and the sweeping for nothing, since he married you."

Janie's relaxed body slowly straightened to a thought of hope, and a betraying gleam lighted her eyes. If she could work her fingers to the bone she would be happy.

"I can do anything he asks me to do," she said quickly. "I'm much stronger than I look."

Mega had read her mind accurately, and immediately changed her manner.

"I guess Mr. Strayton will have something to say as to that," she said rapidly, almost running her words together. "I'll ask him if he wants me to leave."

"You needn't ask him," said Janie, returning to her attitude of surrender. "There's no reason for you to go if you don't want to. You heard what they said yesterday, and you know I'm only something Mr. Torquay brought in with my trunk."

"Well," continued Mega, still speaking with a rapidity which made her a different woman from her usual taciturn self, "if you lift a finger to touch any of my work, I'll go without asking and leave it to Mr. Strayton to fetch me back."

She disappeared, but returned presently with a breakfast prepared with all the art of her expert hand. She set it on the table, and without saying a word went out again, closing the door behind her. Janie hesitated, but she could not long resist the food. She ate it to the last morsel, left the table and wandered about the house, at a loss what to do. Her dizziness was quite gone and her returning strength demanded an outlet. Finally she went up to the room which had been Torquay's and was now hers also in the most intimate sense known to woman. Her lips set in a straight line; here at least, come what might, Mega should not enter. She put everything in order, took some unfinished sewing from her trunk, locked the door and went down to sit by one of the front windows where she could look out across the flats.

Mega went about her work as if the house were empty and in due course climbed the stairs, still without a balustrade, to the second story. Janie heard her go into Thomas Strayton's room and come out after the passage of considerable time; but she listened in vain to hear her try the locked door. She could feel her standing for a moment at the entrance to the narrow hall, divining what another woman would do, and finally accepting the situation without troubling to put out her hand to make sure she had guessed aright. Only thus could she avoid the appearance of acquiescence, leaving it to Janie to wonder whether the room would have been attended even if the door had been left open.

Weeks passed, and then months. By spring the work of combining the two plants was finished and Torquay settled to a new routine. From her post at the front window Janie could watch the nearer end of the bridge. Immediately to the south of it came the obstruction of the long line of new sheds, but between them and the pine tree beside the oyster-shell mound there was an open stretch along which ran the path to Torquay's private workshop. When she recognized his swinging figure on this path she would drop her work and run bareheaded across the flats to sit as she had sat through the morning before their marriage on a box set within the warmth of the furnace, and yet out of the way. The first time she came he dropped what he was doing and hurried to her.

"Well, what's happened?"

"Nothing, Torque; nothing at all. Only it's so lonely at the house, I want to sit here and watch you, just like that day. Please let me."

She talked breathlessly, like a child begging for a favor. It gave him a strange feeling to see her standing there and to remember that she was his wife, although sometimes she seemed only half grown up. Her frailty did not appeal to him; on the contrary, it lessened her value in his eyes. She was something so weak that it was actually out of range of a blow.

"Want me to make you a flip-flap?" he asked derisively. She did not answer, but the color rose to her pale cheeks and her lips trembled. "Oh, all right," he continued. "Sure you can sit around; but you'll soon get over that feeling lonely."

"I'm never lonely when I can see you," said Janie fervently.

In the house as well as in the workshop she learned the secret of immobility, which consists in the power to live within a dream. She could sit for hours with her sewing or a book fallen in her lap and dream of a changed world. Something would surely happen if only she could wait patiently. Mega might fall dead; she did not wish her to suffer, but she hoped she might die suddenly. She could see herself taking charge of the house, doing all the work so smoothly that Torquay and his father would scarcely know the difference. In that dream her hands would grow moist and her fingers open and shut to the thought of an egg beater, or a broom, or a knot tied knowingly in apron strings, secure, yet easily undone.

Of course there was the dream of children, nebulous but so profound it was more like a trance than a dream. When it seized her, her own body was transported into realms of the intangible where cries, laughter and faces lived behind floating veils, always threatening to emerge, and sometimes succeeding for a breathless instant. To see a face, and not have time to name it; to tremble at a gurgle, and not feed it; to hear a cry just beyond the reach of hearing; to feel the curl of fingers and toes, and find emptiness against her breast, was not unhappiness. It was a game as old as the human heart, a devourer of untold idle hours, a state of breathing coma that could make four years seem like an unbroken day. She would wake from it to hear Torquay and his father talking about her as if she were not in the room.

Thomas Strayton was sixty-six years old and his rebellious hair had turned to a gray streaked with steel, while his heavy eyebrows and beard had retained a darker color. He sat in a hideous morris chair, a recent acquisition, with his bad leg stretched out interminably into the shadows near the floor and looking as if it scarcely belonged to him. His shirt, made of the finest linen, was pulled open at the throat, displaying a chest almost as matted as his beard. In one hand he held a pipe lightly; the other infolded the curved extremity of the arm of the chair with a suggestion of somnolent power. It seemed to say that the whole house might creak at the stirring of his weight.

Torquay was sitting at the table, his head bowed over technical books and papers spread under the lamp. He was frowning, rumpling his hair, and only occasionally answering his father. Even in the midst of her dreams, Janie's eyes seldom left him. To her he was an anchor, always hidden in impenetrable depths, to which she was held by a chain welded out of her determination to give the lie to Thomas Strayton's prophecy of disloyalty. Far from galling her, this bond was her salvation—something on which she could concentrate all the energies of her waking hours. But she was so occupied with confounding Thomas that sometimes she almost lost sight of the fact that what really held her to Torquay was love in its simplest, most unquestioning form.

"To look at her," Thomas Strayton was saying, "you'd say she was as true as a dog, always following you, always running her eyes after you as if she couldn't bear to let you go. But she'll leave you just the same."

"She can't go so far or so fast but what I can catch up with her."

"You can't catch up with a woman," continued Thomas. "I'll tell you why. A woman can travel for weeks and months without moving her body. That's the way they're made. She can leave her body fussing around the house, and all the time she's traveling, getting a start on you before you know she's gone."

(Continued on Page 75)

Why Quaker Oats breakfasts "stand by" you through the morning

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DO you feel hungry, tired, hours before lunch? Don't jump to wrong conclusions. Almost 90% of the time you'll find it's largely brought on by an ill-balanced breakfast.

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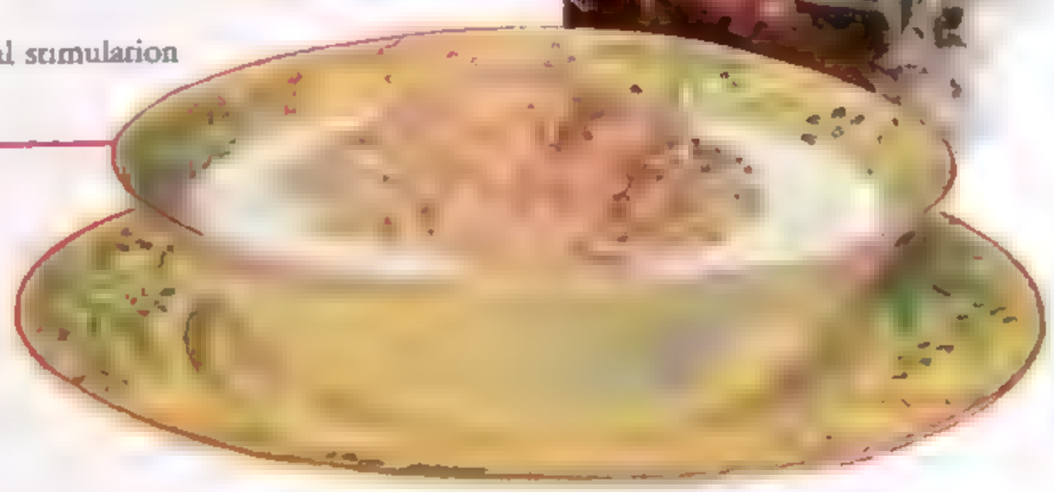

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THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 73)

"You don't understand," murmured Janie, almost inaudibly.

"That's what they always say," went on Thomas imperturbably; "and it's true. We may understand 'em yesterday, but never today or tomorrow, because they jump in their minds like fleas. She's here, she's there, then she'll be nowhere, and you won't even know which way to look for her. That's the way it will be."

"That's not what I mean," said Janie, twining her fingers and knotting her brows. Her voice fell to a whisper. "I—I love Torque."

"Did you hear that, Torque?" rumbled his father. "She loves you, and I wouldn't wonder but what that's true too. They can love a man steady, until they lay eyes on somebody else."

"I haven't noticed anybody hanging around for her to look at," commented Torquay absently.

"Talk about a dog being faithful," continued Thomas. "He's faithful all right, but never to a bone. Give him a new bone and off he goes, head and tail up, prancing as if he was proud of himself. Women chews on us like we were bones until we lose our flavor. That's the way it will be with her."

"Oh, how can you say that?" cried Janie, echoing the words she had spoken four years before. She was thinking, Did four years count for nothing? But she could express the thought only in her tone.

XII

TORQUAY picked up a thick letter from among the papers before him and passed it to his father. "Read that."

Thomas put on his steel-rimmed glasses, hunched himself forward and studied the long letter carefully. For a moment Janie continued intent, then she sank back as she realized they had turned to a matter of business as casually as they had just been discussing herself. Thomas smiled ironically as he returned the letter to Torquay.

"Thinks he's got it all figured out perfect, don't he? You ought to get him down from New York and rub him up against a furnace—a hot one."

"I don't know why it is," said Torquay, frowning, "but there's always a lie in the truest book. This letter too. He hasn't made a single mistake, and yet you and me knows he's all wrong. I guess the only way to make him quit writing would be to have him down, like you say."

Changes had come upon the house in so offhand a manner that they were as imperceptible as the hourly growth of a tree. Neither Torquay nor his father was mean; what they wanted they bought or ordered others to buy. A bed was a bed, a carpet a carpet and a table a table, subject only to dimensions; anybody could pick them out. These additions, when they arrived, were not placed according to any strict plan. They were merely left around in locations of momentary convenience. It was as if the two Straytons had either never quite shaken off their nomad habits or looked upon the house in which they had dwelt for fifteen years as a temporary makeshift.

Almost as casually Torquay had one day directed that a large deserted room at the front of the house be fitted up for himself and Janie. When the work was finished they had abandoned their old cramped quarters just as they stood, except that she had moved the books herself. Torquay's little bedroom was thus left fully equipped and was easily made ready to receive the writer of the letter when he arrived some weeks later. He was a young man, Henry Malcolm by name, of slight build and ardent near-sighted eyes.

A careful selection among thousands could not have hit upon a guest more adaptable to the ways of the strange household. He scarcely heard Torquay's half defiant "This is what we have" as he showed him to his room. He did not even bother to answer, but stooped over, opened the larger of his two bags and took out numerous packages of chemicals, examining each before he set it down on the floor. When the bag was quite empty he put all the parcels back in again and looked up at Torquay with a smile.

"There you are," he said. "I'm ready whenever you are. Nothing is broken or spilled."

"I'm not surprised, the way they're packed and tied and labeled," remarked Torquay.

"When shall we go over to the works?"

Torquay smiled, feeling suddenly at his ease.

"Oh, I guess they won't burn down while we have a bite to eat."

At table, Mr. Malcolm was equally matter of fact; he talked knowingly and ate blindly. Janie, shy at first, watched him finally with growing wonder, and almost laughed aloud when twice in succession he put an empty fork in his mouth. Little things like that did not bother Mr. Malcolm; he was merely thinking of something else. He was such a thorough enthusiast that he failed to notice the elder Strayton's almost unbroken silence, accompanied by a look which actually came near to pity. Its only effect was to make him address himself more and more exclusively to Torquay. But sometimes he would seem to feel Janie's limitations and, out of a courtesy as simple as his manner to the men was direct, he would try to avoid technicalities.

"What I say is, if you start right and just keep on adding up the things you know, you simply can't fail to come out the way you're headed. Certain elements have certain properties. That's static, isn't it? In conjunction they have certain other properties, subject to known laws, and that's mathematical. If you add this and make allowances for that, finally you're bound to get into amalgams, aren't you? And that's where we're going to find what we want, now isn't it?"

"You've got to melt your batch," murmured Torquay.

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Malcolm, half absently. "Oh, yes. But I believe you said we'd get to that immediately after supper."

When it came time for them to go Torquay questioned his father with a nod.

"No," said Thomas. "Reckon I'll stay here and keep my eye on Janie."

She had already half risen from her seat to accompany Torquay, but at his father's words she sat down again and stayed quite still for half an hour. Mega came in, cleared the table and went out. Thomas lit his pipe, moved into the morris chair, took off his collar and started to unbutton his shirt. Janie could scarcely remember when she had been left alone with him before. Feeling his ironical gaze fixed on her, she kept her eyes down and tried in vain to lose herself in a dream. Then she picked up a book from the table and read steadily for more than an hour. It was an advanced volume on certain aspects of chemistry, of which she understood no single sentence. Finally she arose abruptly and made straight for the front door.

"Where are you going?" called Thomas.

She did not answer except to slam the door behind her as she ran down the steps. As soon as she got clear of the trees she could see the illumination beneath the shed across the flats, red and low like the gleam of a glowworm in the grass. She hurried toward it, entered almost unnoticed and took her usual place on the up-ended box. It was Mr. Malcolm who first paid any attention to her.

"As I was saying just before you came in, Mrs. Strayton," he said, with a quick inclusive gesture, "all this is new to me. I've been tied to theories and a laboratory; but this is real. It's practical; that's the word—practical."

Janie could count on the fingers of one hand the occasions on which she had been addressed as Mrs. Strayton. It gave her a delicious tremor of importance and made her regard the young stranger very gravely in an effort to appear adequately dignified. He was rather nice-looking, she thought; not handsome and strong like Torquay, but clean and wiry, and very much alive, for all his absent-minded lapses. He seemed more nervous than he had been at supper-time, with much more reason than she was capable of measuring.

For five years he had been slaving over an idea without ever having had a chance to put it to a complete test. So many things had been in the way. He had no means to put up a plant of his own, and not enough influence to persuade a whole glassworks to stop its process for the benefit of his experiments. Besides, he was not such a fool as to trust everyone. In Torquay's private equipment, and in Torquay himself, he had found what seemed to him a miraculous combination of the elements which go to make up a perfect opportunity. While Torquay had been neither talkative nor actively encouraging, he had been recklessly generous.

Malcolm had found at his disposal heaps of soda, lime and silica—glass sand so pure that one could spread it thin on the hand without finding a single discordant speck. In addition, there was a pile of cullet which he was permitted to discard, even though its composition showed no conflict with the formula he was to employ. Finally, there was the furnace itself, drained clean before his eyes, and heated to a temperature well above two thousand degrees Fahrenheit. Immediately upon entering the glasshouse and finding everything to his most exacting satisfaction, he had supervised the weighing of all ingredients, adding his chemicals with his own hands, and watched the mixing of the resulting batch. When it had been shoveled through the dog hole into the tank, he had turned to Torquay with a triumphant smile.

"We've done all we can do, haven't we? I can't tell you how grateful I am, Mr. Strayton. There's nothing to do now but wait."

The scene was one which Janie, the least interested person present, was never to forget. The shed had a wide-flung, peaked roof, sloping first sharply and then with almost an upward flare to low-hanging eaves—so low that even she was forced to stoop to enter. Directly beneath the peak, a high region where struts, cross braces and rafters lost themselves in shadow, stood the furnace and tank. The two combined formed an oblong structure of imposing size, built of fire brick and carrying an oval roof of the same material. It was so old that it undulated, and in one spot showed a marked depression, called the cap, near which were stacked against a pillar several sheets of zinc. She knew what they were for, because she had once seen them used. If the cap should break, men would throw the sheets across the gap to keep the released flames from leaping up and setting the whole superstructure ablaze.

There were no protected corners in the glasshouse, which was cut into a web by unmarked paths and beaten areas, each one of which was immutably dedicated to a certain operation. The spot where she sat seemed exposed, but in reality it was a safe oasis in the midst of intricate operations. From her box she looked straight at the ring hole, the center of interest, and upward at the glowing furnace doors. All about her were scattered the posts of the stokers, the gatherers, the blowers, the carriers-in and the finishers; while to her right stretched the long low line of the annealing oven. Here and there burned a great oil flare, turning the shadows into a dusky radiance which brightened at intervals.

Against this Vulcan background, littered with ladles, blowing irons, skimmers, molds and the marver, moved men stripped to the waist, while others stood around with their coats hung loosely over their shoulders, waiting for the completion of the fritting process. Directly in line with the furnace, Torquay sat on the edge of the marver, his face practically invisible to Janie, even though he wore no hat. Malcolm was too nervous to stick to one spot; he took short turns as he talked, but occasionally stopped to lean against a mold brace on Janie's

Watch This Column

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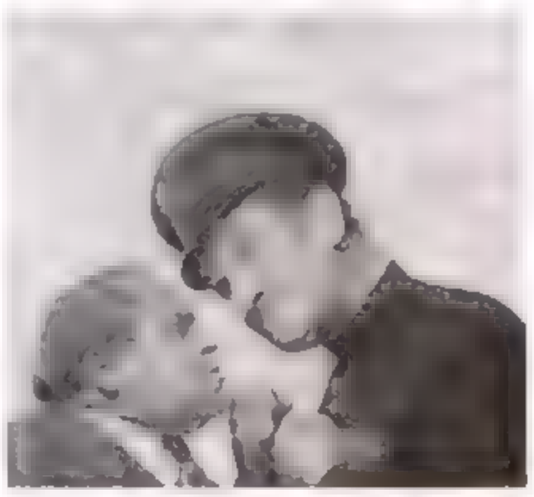

GEORGE SIDNEY and CHARLIE MURRAY in "THE COHENS AND KELLYS"

The sole purpose of this picture is to arouse all the laughter there is in your nature. If it fails to do that, there is something wrong with somebody's sense of humor.

With GEORGE SIDNEY as Nathan Cohen and CHARLIE MURRAY as Patrick Kelly, the copper, and VERA GORDON as the "mommer" you know you are in for an evening of hilarity. I believe it is one of the funniest pictures I have ever seen.

The picture is adapted from Aaron Hoffman's play ***"Two Blocks Away"*** and in addition to the two principals, the cast includes such excellent comedians as JASON ROBARDS, OLIVE HASBROUCK, KATE PRICE, NAT CARR, BOBBY GORDON and MICKEY BENNETT. Direction is by HARRY POLLARD who piloted REGINALD DENNY through almost all of his pictures.

"The Cohens and Kellys" live one above the other in an East Side tenement. Cohen owns a small store. Kelly is a policeman. The Cohens have a son and daughter and the Kellys two busy sons. The families hate each other except that Nannie Cohen and Timmie Kelly have a love affair. The squabbles are many and furious, and the comedy a riot. Cohen falls heir to two million dollars, so he dons a dress suit and moves to upper Fifth Avenue. The Cohens are now too good for the Kellys, and the Kellys resent it. The young folks marry and more complications ensue, though everything is finally ironed out.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre to secure this picture, as well as other Universal's which have made tremendous hits—such as ***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** with LON CHANEY; ***"California Straight Ahead"*** with REGINALD DENNY; ***"The Calgary Stampede"*** with HOOT GIBSON; ***"Sporting Life,"*** the spectacular melodrama; and ***"His People"*** with a brilliant cast.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Make sure you get your copy of "Universal Picture News," issued monthly—it's free for the asking.

You can also have autographed photograph of Laura La Plante for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

John Bagley had an *observing* eye

HE noted, did this wizard of tobacco blenders, that the fuming pipebowl was offensive to some women. Surely so noble a fellowship as exists between man and his pipe must not be disrupted by an unfriendly odor! To win feminine approval for the pipe John Bagley created a marvelous blend—one so fragrant and aromatic as to melt the opposition of the sternest. To this magic blend he gave the historic name of BUCKINGHAM.

Like to try John Bagley's famous blend . . . BUCKINGHAM? The most fragrant pipe tobacco known? One . . . *totally different!* Step into your dealer's and ask him for a can of BUCKINGHAM . . . sun-cured, blended and aged precisely as John Bagley did it in the Southern days of long ago.

"Every 'draw' a breath from Dixie"

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

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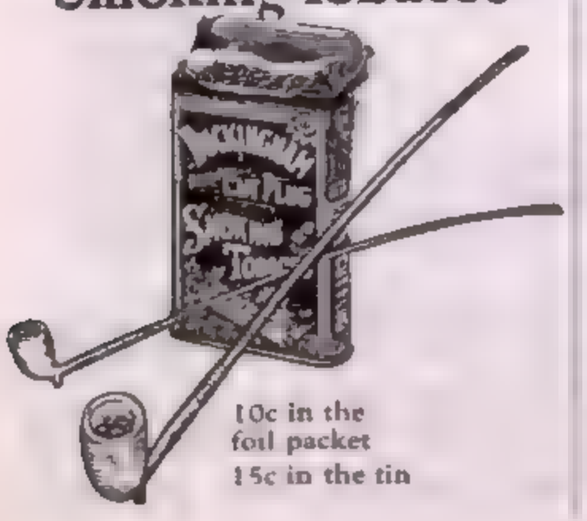

10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

right. Because he was the only one who said anything, her eyes were naturally fixed on him most of the time; and in spite of his attempts at a casual manner, she could see that he was under a terrific strain. Where everything else seemed tinged with the lurid glow, his thin face stood out unnaturally white. He addressed her quite frequently, and every time he called her Mrs. Strayton she felt an added thrill. Out of sheer gratitude she began to hope that he might not be disappointed in whatever it was that seemed to matter so very much to him.

"Yes; a flexible glass," he told her finally in his pleasantly modulated tones. "A malleable glass, Mrs. Strayton; that's what we're after, and that's what we're going to get."

"Not so much of the 'Mrs. Strayton,' please."

It was Torquay's voice, not raised, but as carefully directed as a blow. Janie heard it with horrible clarity, and so did Malcolm, but no one else. Malcolm's face assumed an expression which under other circumstances would have been ludicrous. Its white expanse opened at the mouth and stayed open while he turned astounded eyes on Janie and then on Torquay. Finally he managed to stammer unbelievingly, "What did you say?"

"I said, not so much of the 'Mrs. Strayton,'" repeated Torquay as distinctly as before. "She don't know what you're talking about, and doesn't want to know."

"Yes; quite so," said Malcolm, regaining his self-control. "I never thought of that. Of course not, but I'm so interested ——"

He did not bother to finish the sentence; his lips closed, and from that moment he kept his eyes directed steadily at the glory hole.

Not so with Janie; she did not know where to turn her eyes. For a moment she had been embarrassed and frightened, but now she was neither; she only knew that an event of amazing importance to herself had at last come to pass. Her blood tingled in her veins. Her skin came to life, rippling with minute tremors. Her cheeks grew hot and cold with the surging of her pulse. Torquay loved her. Never before had he told her so, but she knew it now, for his voice had betrayed him. How long had he been watching her, his face hidden in shadow, before he had given way to his outrageous disclosure? What had made him speak like that? She herself had done it merely by looking at a stranger with the sympathy any woman might have felt in her place. Her heart gave a sudden bound and then grew still. She raised her eyes deliberately and fastened them on Malcolm's averted face.

A preternatural stillness pervaded the glasshouse, as if it had fallen under the spell of the immobility of Torquay, Mr. Malcolm and Janie. They were like molded figures cast in bronze, with hot fires still at work within each of their quiescent bodies. Malcolm believed himself to be at the threshold of a victory which would mark an industrial epoch. Janie stood, as on a mountain, looking into the land of her hope; while Torquay struggled with a demon suddenly sprung into life from the slumbering ashes of his father's implacable forebodings. He knew his eyes had gone bloodshot, because Janie's face, turned toward Malcolm, and even her white dress, had taken on the selfsame tinge of red which had bathed the sea, the houses and the cliffs of Cornwall.

Moment by moment, the quiet was becoming surcharged with an uncontrollable current that would laugh at retorts and pyrometers; but the lazy voice of the master shearer forestalled disaster.

"Guess the frit's done, Torque—much as it's ever going to git done."

Malcolm sprang forward as though a spring had been released and stood staring into the incandescent glare of the ring hole. Torquay arose without haste, picked up a blowing iron and handed it to him. But Malcolm did not know what to do with it, and gave it back with a pleading smile.

"Please, Mr. Strayton ——"

Torquay plunged the iron into the molten glass, twirled and lifted it; then twirled it again. He knew by the feel what had happened, but he kept on automatically and soon brought out a parison big enough to make a carboy. It did not look like melted gold, as it should have done, nor did it flow at the turn of his wrist like strained honey. It was full of knobs and impurities which shot sparks into the air, leaving behind them tiny spines as brittle as icicles. Presently the whole load on the end of the blowing iron lost its glow and became a nondescript, unyielding, discolored mass.

"My God," groaned Malcolm, "what has happened?"

Janie gave an involuntary little cry of commiseration: "Oh! I'm so sorry!"

"Happened!" cried Torquay, enraged at the sound of her voice. He slung the refuse, blower and all, on the cullet heap. "Fire, you poor fool! Your mathematics would have been fine if your chemicals hadn't gone up in smoke two hours ago. You'd better get over to the house and go to bed."

Malcolm needed no urging; he stumbled out of the shed as if the wine of exhilaration he had been drinking so freely had suddenly gone to his head and left him half drunk. Torquay gave rapid orders to the crew which they obeyed almost before the words were out of his mouth, for they all realized the danger that threatened. Should the frit, too heavy to stir, cease to boil, it would harden, and if that happened the whole tank would have to be pulled down. The stokers redoubled their efforts, sending the furnace heat up to three thousand degrees. The blowers took turns ladling at the glory hole while one of the gatherers hurried to open the trap which would permit the molten glass to flow away.

"Watch the cap, there!"

The stokers ceased their work. One of them climbed to the runway and stood by, with a sheet of zinc tilted forward. Janie arose and stood hesitating whether she ought to go or stay. Without turning his head, Torquay saw her.

"Sit down," he ordered.

In half an hour the danger was passed; in ten minutes more, what needed doing was done and the fires were banked. The men picked up their coats and left in a body. Torquay stood quite still until they had gone, and then went out toward the house. For a moment Janie remained where she was, thinking she would force him to call her, but the sudden solitude frightened her. She arose, crossed the shed and stepped out into the darkness of the flats. It was a clear night, spangled with billions of stars, but at first she could see nothing.

"Torque!" she called softly. "Torque!"

He rose before her out of the darkness as though a tuft of the black grass had suddenly grown into a tree. His hands came forward and gripped her shoulders. As the pupils of her eyes dilated to the starlight, his face became minutely visible and she could see the twitching of his eyebrows, his bloodshot eyes, and even how his damp hair was plastered in ringlets on his forehead

"The first man to come within reach of your eyes, and you never took them off him, did you?"

She did not answer, because she was too happy to speak. All the blood in her body seemed to have come alive for the first time in her life. Veins never before used swelled with a swift flood, racing to join in the mad dance of her senses. He shook her, and still she would not speak. His hands crept slowly along her shoulders toward her throat as he continued hoarsely, "The blackness is in you. I knew it when you said you'd do anything for me, and me not married to you. I know it again now. You're black inside your white body, but nobody ain't ever going to see it, only me."

She could feel his hands forming around her throat like a fork. She lifted her face to his eyes so that the starlight struck full upon it and smiled. Then her knees melted. She sank straight downward, her arms laced about his body. His hands opened suddenly at the passing touch of her lips. For an instant he stood trembling, then he stooped, picked her up bodily and started for the house. Malcolm had been too distraught to think to close the door. It stood wide open, but was only faintly illumined by the indirect light from the dining room, where Thomas Strayton must still be sitting.

"Is that you, Torque?"

Torquay growled an indistinct answer as he kicked the door shut with his foot. Halfway up the stairs Janie stirred in his arms. She had not been unconscious at any moment, even when she had sunk to his feet; but she had kept very still, afraid that the least movement might bring an end to ecstasy. To be held so by the man you loved, to be execrated, to be crushed by arms unconscious of their own strength was somehow happiness. Joy was like that; it could spring out of such ugly things as cruelty and rage, and in an instant it could drop an iridescent veil between now and years of waiting, between herself today and what she had been on countless yesterdays.

This was a new body, softer, warmer and more pliable than any she had before possessed. She pressed it against Torquay and felt him quiver and shrink even while his arms tautened until they cut into her flesh.

She lifted her hands and dared to feel his shoulders. They were like iron, and yet they flickered under the light touch of her fingers as she had seen the withers of a horse flicker under the annoyance of a fly. As he passed into their room she drew herself up and kissed his mouth. Instantly he dropped her feet to the floor and hurled her from him.

"Go to hell!" he roared.

She flung out her arms in an effort to save herself, tripped and reeled backward, but the bed caught her. She fell on it full length and lay there quietly, smiling at the ceiling and listening to Torquay as he shut the door with a crash, locked it and took out the key. "Go to hell!" That was what he had screamed at her mother how many years ago—twenty-five years ago! It was what he had shouted at a circle of tormenting children. It was not a phrase; it was part of himself, part of her childhood and his. It was what had first made him live in her memory so that her unconscious thoughts had grown up around him as a vine may grow up with a tree.

When she was permitted to come down in the morning, Mr. Malcolm had gone with his two bags, one of them as empty as his heart. But he had left something behind besides his futile chemicals. His innocent and absent-minded presence had changed the whole atmosphere of the house. Torquay could knot his brows, Mega could shoot her enigmatic glances and Thomas Strayton mutter his prophecies at their pleasure, for all these things had lost their power to strike a shadow across Janie's face. Against their combined assault she presented a smile as unreadable to the older Strayton as it was maddening to his son. Up to the unforgettable moment in the glasshouse when Torquay had betrayed himself, she had lived in a world apart, barred by a great gate not of her own making. She smiled because Malcolm had given her the key to that gate. She could open and close it at will. She could even admit a partner into those silent mysteries which had once spelled only escape, and now spelled joy.

For weeks Torquay lived in a torment, as blind as to what was the matter with himself as he was to the true nature of his wife. He tended to the supervision of the main plant by fits and starts, doing work in an hour that would ordinarily have consumed a day. To his subordinates it was as though he were constantly on the eve of a journey or were just returned from a long absence. They had to have everything ready for his consideration at a moment's notice, and a stammering tongue was apt to have to wait

(Continued on Page 78)

NEW 90 DEGREE

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Who that values the finer things of life can fail to feel and to respond to the urge to own the superb new 90-degree Cadillac—now in the full flush of its unprecedented success?

Here is a car which is granted leadership among the fine cars of the world, by right of its inherent, intrinsic merit.

Naturally it calls to you for immediate ownership. And because it *is* a Cadillac it will always give you the service and satisfaction you expect from a Cadillac.

On Exhibition at the National Automobile Shows—
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(Continued from Page 76

twenty-four hours to get in its say. He made frequent trips to the house, pretending even to himself he had forgotten something of importance, and he was relatively happy only during such hours as he spent in his private workshop, with Janie—though a different Janie—sitting near by on her accustomed box.

The winter, however, brought him peace. In spite of all the seasons which had come and gone since the autumn when first he had felt surprise and seen it in the face of the old house above the flats, he could still stare in amazement at its nakedness, once it shook itself clear of its raiment of summer leaves.

It stepped forth, came near, and was easy to watch. Then he had hated its bleakness; but now he welcomed its stark revealment as in their turn he was to welcome the snows, for they seemed to bring with them an assurance of privacy, a sense of embattled seclusion.

What a blessing, he thought dumbly, if the obscuring leaves should never sprout again; how wonderful to be perpetually snow-bound and secure! He was even glad that Janie had to incase herself in heavy clothes, for he had grown afraid of the constant evidence of her body. Who but him had a right to know of its suppleness and hidden curves, and who but him had greater need to forget them?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Come on—help!

I've been writing this Mennen Column for twelve years—with an average of thirty thousand miles a year in Pullmans on the side. I'm not quitting, but I'm not too big to call for help. Pretty nearly every man whose mind hadn't hardened before I could work on him has tried Mennen Shaving Cream. It's no use to argue with a man who is convinced.

It will take a smarter writer than I am to add to the appreciation of a shaver who, after years of suffering, has known the deep, soothing joy of Mennen dermutation. You know dermutation is the laboratory name for what we regular guys refer to as a licked beard.

I can't, and I doubt if you can, express in words that thrill of victory when, for the first time, your mean, tough piano-wire bristles quit like a dog—just naturally collapsed so that about all a razor had to do was to wipe off the wilted stubble.

But here is my proposition: I want the shavers of America to help write my stuff.

At the bottom of this column, I ask a question. The best answer to that question wins a splendid traveling bag that you couldn't buy for $50.

I want quick action—this contest closes February 15. I'm the judge. Contest open to all. No strings or conditions except that answers are limited to 100 words. Winning answer will be published as soon as I can pick it. If you don't win this contest, watch for another. I may run several of them. The bag's a beaut. I've never toted one as good. Hand made—big, classy and will last like the Mennen habit.

Here's the Bag

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

Here's the "Prize" question:
When did you first use
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM ?
and why?
Are you a regular Now?

Contest closes February 15. Write 100 words or less. Watch for another question in early issue. Mail your reply to THE MENNEN COMPANY, *Jim Henry Contest*, 341 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

GOOD WARM STUFF

(Continued from Page 13)

to sell—and probably will sell—to an equal number of winter visitors at a handsome profit. It is probable that there are also, in the hands of real-estate dealers, a sufficient number of lots to sell one more to each Florida resident at a neat premium, and also one to each of the expected 1,000,000 tourists at an exciting advance. In reserve the real-estate dealers possibly have another 1,000,000 lots that they wish to sell to one another at a nominal increase—50 per cent, say, or 100 per cent. This makes 5,000,000 lots, and anybody who thinks he can improve on this estimate is at liberty to do so.

The fact still remains that there is no way in which the number of lots in Florida can be accurately arrived at, but there is a well-grounded suspicion in all parts of the state that there are enough lots in all Florida subdivisions put together to prevent any serious lot famine. In short, it is pretty generally conceded that there are enough lots to go round, and that the person who doesn't hurry to buy a Florida lot is in no grave danger of being forever shut out of owning property in the state, provided he doesn't care where he owns it.

At any rate, there are good developments rounding into shape and springing into existence all over the state of Florida. They surround the cities and towns of the coast that borders the Gulf of Mexico, from the bluffs of St. Andrews Bay in the north past the lagoons and bayous of St. Petersburg and Tampa, beyond the golden sands of Bradenton and Sarasota, to the silver-trunked royal palms of Fort Myers. They are scattered among the lakes and hills of Central Florida—around Gainesville and Palatka, Ocala and De Land and Sanford and Orlando, Winterhaven and Bartow and Lake Wales and Sebring. They line the eastern rim of the state, along the broad and placid stretches of the St. John's River near Jacksonville, down past St. Augustine and the fine hard beaches of Ormond and Daytona, on both sides of the eye-soothing inland sea known as Indian River; and they rise to a crescendo of pomp, obesity and general magnificence on the narrow 120-mile strip of ocean frontage that begins at the bustling city of Fort Pierce and extends through the Palm Beaches and Fort Lauderdale to Miami, the Wonder City—so called, possibly, because all its residents are busily engaged in wondering, among other things, what is going to happen next.

Taming the Jungle

The developments are of all sizes and shapes, ranging from little twenty-lot affairs to tremendous projects involving the curry-combing, manicuring, carving, ventilating, reshaping and general transposing of 15,000 or 20,000 acres of land.

Five years ago the great majority of these developments were jungle, given over to the irritating palmetto, the messy mangrove, the scrawny pine and a tangle of thorn-bearing undergrowth of such viciousness that the person who attempted to force his way through it could not progress ten feet without utterly ruining any trousers made of any substance less resistant than tin.

On their outer edges unattainable beaches shimmered in the sun; and in their inner reaches the drowsy, steamy stillness of the perpetual Florida summer was broken only by the melancholy song of myriads of swarthy Florida mosquitoes and the occasional frenzied scream of a Florida panther as he rebelled against the mosquitoes, the thorns and the monotony.

The land was worth very little, for it was of little use to anyone except hermits, professional fishermen, fugitives from justice and Florida conchs—the latter being native Floridians who have so adjusted themselves to life in the tropics that their leathery skins turn the beaks of the most voracious mosquitoes, while their heads are the only human heads known to science which, when hit by falling coconuts, are sufficiently adamantine to splinter the coconuts without suffering any harm themselves.

Into these jungles, in the past five years, the developer has thrown his axmen, his plows, his scrapers, his harrows, his suction dredges, his cement bulkheads, his road-making machines, his engineers, his landscape architects, his city planners, his wild enthusiasm and all the millions of dollars on which he has been able to lay his hands; and the results are of a nature to make even the most hardened New Englander abandon his customary stolidity and exclaim "Gosh!" in uncontrollable and garrulous surprise.

Builders of Cities

Islands ringed with palms and somewhat unkempt Australian pines have risen from the bottoms of lakes, harbors and bays; sand spits, swept by the waves in every storm, have grown into proud peninsulas on which the youth and beauty of a score of states disport themselves and distress their elders by their actions; where swamps once stood run broad lagoons with grassy banks on which picnicking families will recline at ease next Sunday, just as they did last Sunday, extract succulent yellowtails from the glassy waters with a minimum of exertion, and exchange remarks reflecting on the mentality of persons who choose to remain in the North during the stormy winter months.

Low land has been made into high land, high land has been cut with canals; stately hotels tower like triumphal arches at the ends of broad avenues; canals sweep soothingly around golf links on which linen-knickered golfers hack their way from bunker to bunker in November or January or March with all the golfing profanity that cannot be used in the North between October and May.

Distant islands have been connected with the mainland by causeways so long that persons at one end cannot be seen by persons at the other without the assistance of a nine-dollar telescope. Harbors have been dredged in shallow bays; and creeks and inlets that once harbored nothing greater than the little pirate boats that ravaged the treasure ships of Spain and France and England have sprouted jetties, between which sail merchantmen from the Seven Seas—when the weather isn't too inclement.

In more than one section of Florida there are real-estate developers whose developments have escaped from the ranks of real-estate ventures and moved up into a new field—the field of rapid and successful creation of cities entirely free from most of the worst defects with which all cities in the world's history have hitherto been cursed.

There are cities in Florida, built or building on sand that was waste and hopeless within ten years' time, and even within five years' time, that are free from slums, architectural monstrosities, dingy streets, dirty alleyways, advertising signboards, smoke, grime, graft, furnaces, coal strikes, drabness, gloom and several other ingredients that have always insisted on being a part of every city.

It may be that the individuals who are responsible for these cities are listed in the telephone directories as real-estate dealers and consequently are not entitled to the same amount of free advertising in the rotogravure sections of the press that is accorded to prominent heavyweight pugilists and the more heavily divorced motion-picture actors. It is highly probable, however, that if any energetic high-school debating society should ever try to debate the question of whether the world should accord more admiration and respect to a statesman who was responsible for getting his country mixed up in a war or to a man who built a city through his own efforts, the advocates of the statesman might be obliged to hire a lawyer in order to get them out of the fight with a whole skin.

The expenses that are connected with a very large development—and with a development that is not so large, for that matter—are such as to make the cold shivers undulate briskly up and down the spines of those who are financially interested in it.

There is a widespread opinion among financial amateurs in the North that persons who dabble in Florida real estate are in the habit of purchasing a fragment of land for $7200 at eleven o'clock in the morning, selling it for $98,700 at two o'clock in the afternoon, and depositing the $91,500 profit before they leave the office for the day.

The Day of Big Figures

This opinion is due to the fact that a great many persons who are dealing in Florida real estate and talking with the utmost familiarity of $1,000,000 deals and $10,000,000 deals have never seen more than $17,000 in their entire lives. They talk in enormous sums because they don't know any better, and because they want everyone to think they are veritable devils of fellows.

One finds serious-looking gentlemen whose sole worldly possessions seem to be a celluloid collar and two handkerchiefs, speaking nonchalantly of building $1,000,000 hotels.

A group of gentlemen of this sort announced that they were going to build a $1,000,000 hotel on a certain lot, and they negotiated with a prominent local sign painter to supply them with a sign announcing the erection of the hotel. The sign painter willingly obliged with a fourteen-dollar signboard neatly lettered and handsomely colored. He then tried to get his fourteen dollars from the planners of the $1,000,000 hotel, but without success. He dunned them and dunned them and dunned them, and finally the $1,000,000-hotel people reluctantly offered to settle with him by giving him $3.50 in money and letting him take back the sign to use over again.

Such persons are greatly given to making a preliminary payment of $500 toward a piece of land valued at $25,000, selling the

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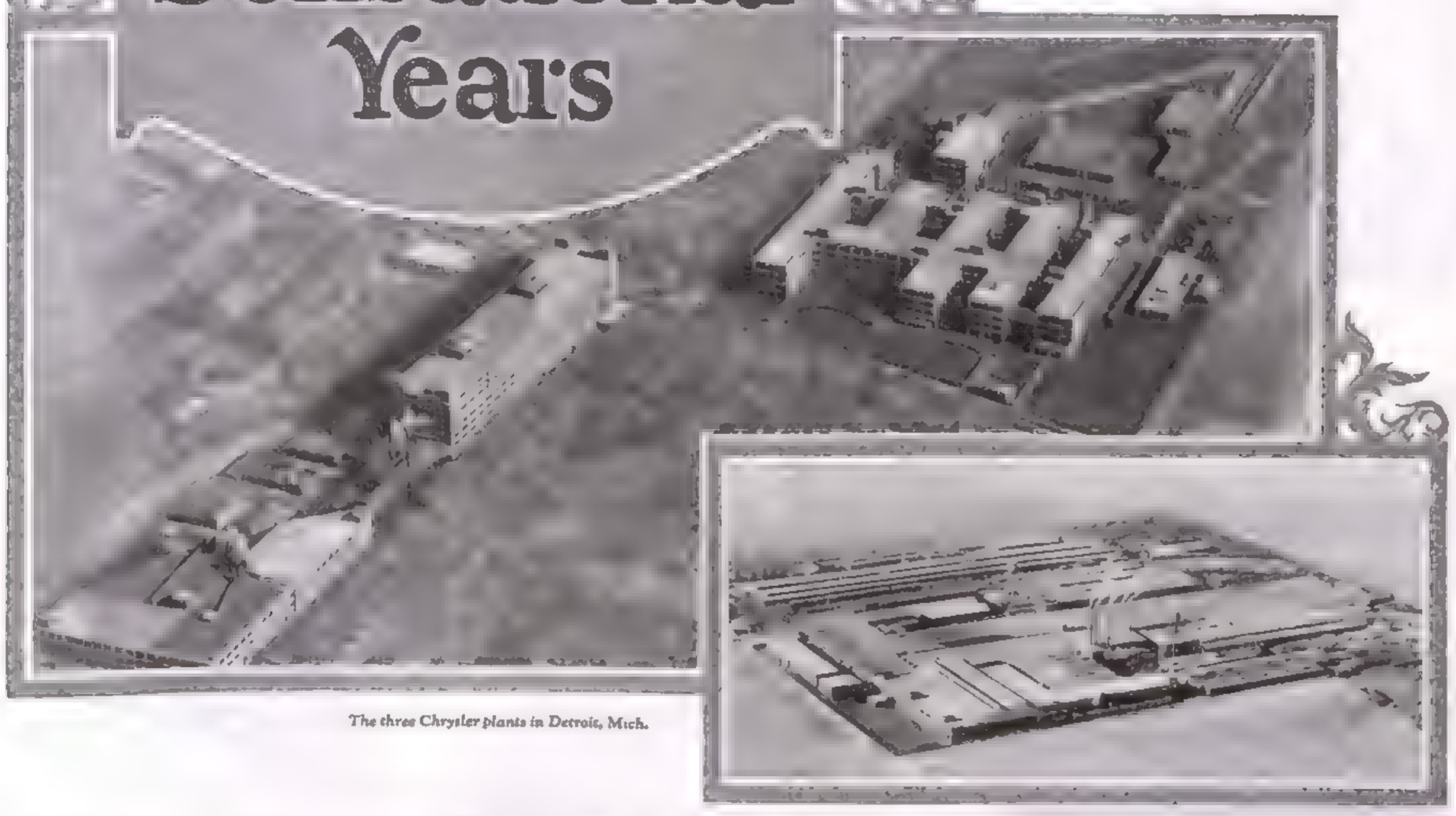
Two Sensational Years



The three Chrysler plants in Detroit, Mich.

JANUARY sixth was the second anniversary of the most phenomenal success in the history of motor car design and manufacture.

In 1924, its amazing first year, over 32,000 Chrysler Sixes were built and shipped, and the public paid the record sum of more than $50,000,000 for the new performance, beauty, and comfort qualities which only Chrysler gives.

This achievement was a first year production record for a quarter-century of automobile manufacture.

The past year—1925—has been still more sensational in its record of Chrysler popularity.

For in its even more outstanding second year, over 53,500 additional Chrysler Sixes were built and shipped. In 1925, also, the public bought more than 82,000 four-cylinder cars of Chrysler manufacture.

From a production of 54,892 cars in 1922, this Company, under Walter P. Chrysler's leadership, has forged ahead to an output of 67,131 cars in 1923, of 81,306 cars in 1924, and to the astonishing total of over 136,000 cars in 1925.

Two years ago the Chrysler was a newcomer that gave the world a new conception of a quality car.

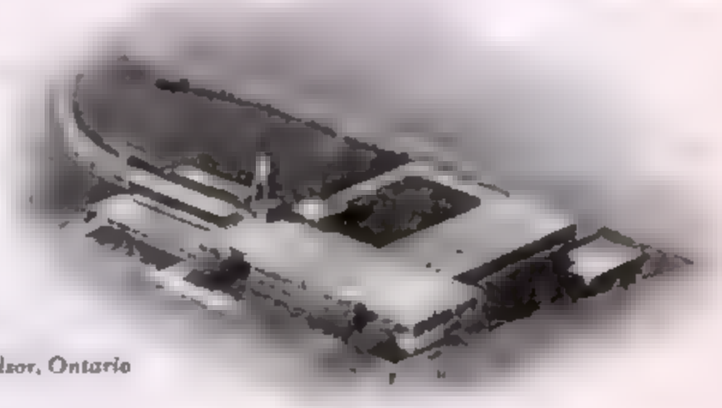
Today Chrysler has overtaken—and even excelled—many of the industry's leaders of 15, 18 and 20 years' standing.

Such an unparalleled growth in public esteem is the earned reward of highest quality, finest manufacturing and supreme value—of performance results, long life and engineering advances never before achieved—of new standards of beauty, a new degree of riding ease, and new roadability and safety which have revolutionized the world's ideal of fine motor cars.

The Chrysler Corporation deeply appreciates the splendid public tribute to sincerity of purpose and to quality manufacture in the growing demand for Chrysler products.

It gratefully accepts the responsibility of holding, through the ever advancing quality and value of its cars and through the integrity of its service, the high public good will it has enjoyed in the two record years just closed.

Dayton, Ohio

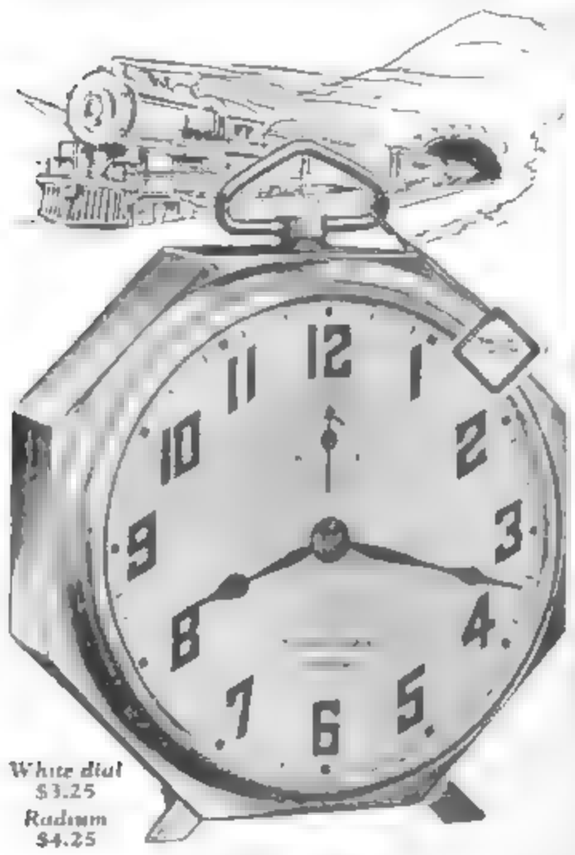


Windsor, Ontario

Newcastle, Indiana

CHRYSLER

TOM-TOM THE OCTAGON



White dial $3.25
Radium $4.25

Put
Tom-Tom
in the cab of your through-sleeper

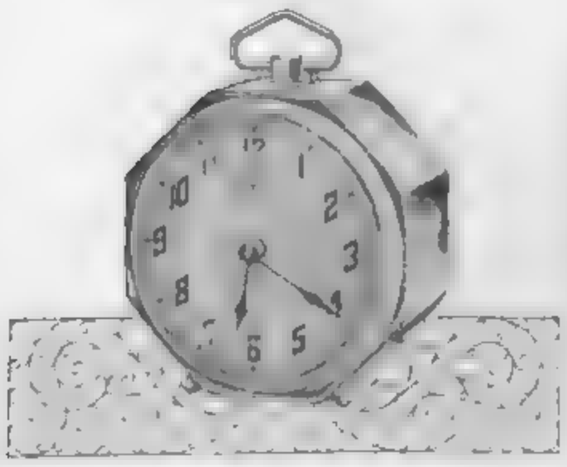
TRUST Tom-Tom to bring you out of those long black tunnels of sleep on schedule time . . . after a ride over a smooth-as-velvet silence. With not even the tick of a wheel as you skim the rails that stretch back into yesterday—unless you exert yourself to hear. Tom-Tom will bring you punctually into Wide-awake Station, his bells ringing—twelve persistent summons if need be—till you're out, bag and baggage. Arrived! On time.

Rely on Tom-Tom. His runs are scrupulously prompt. He is as handsome as he is skilled. An *octagon* True Time Teller. With cubist numerals, special top-ring, curved crystal for easy time-reading. See him at your dealer's.

See also Tidy-Tot—duplicate of Tom-Tom, but smaller. Same trained punctuality. Quiet ticking. Repeating alarm.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Tidy-Tot *the small octagon alarmer*
Silver dial $3.25
Radium $4.25



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preliminary payment for $1000, and then informing a palpitating world that they have just doubled their money on a $25,000 deal.

Florida has grown rapidly in the past ten years, and bad land has been made into good land by the energy and enterprise of developers, so that a great deal of money has been made by people who bought judiciously. Florida has grown so rapidly, in fact, that in many parts of the state there have been heavy profits made by fat-headed persons who never had any judgment and never will have any judgment, but who are posing as astute and trustworthy advisers to newcomers because the state's expansion forced success on them.

If Florida continues to increase in population in the future as rapidly as its reliable citizens predict that it is going to increase—and Florida predictions have in the past five years proved to be sufficiently conservative to satisfy that acme of conservatism, a Maine banker—then the demand for real estate will continue, more bad land will be made into good land, and many more disgustingly large profits will be made; but the bulk of them will be paper profits, just as the bulk of present-day profits are paper profits.

A small investor who is sufficiently fortunate to buy a building lot that increases in value must first wait some time for the increase; and when he sells it he almost invariably receives one-third or one-fifth of its value in cash, one-third of the remainder at the end of one year, another third at the end of two years, and the final payment at the end of three years.

Thus, if a man has bought a piece of land for $5000 and sells it for $10,000, he receives, say, $2000 in cash and three scraps of paper for $2666 apiece, payable, with the usual 8 per cent interest, at one-year intervals. Consequently there are a number of young men running around with popping eyes, inflaming all their friends with tales of enormous profits they have just made on real-estate transactions, when in reality they won't be able to get their hands on any of the profits for two or three years. Thus one is apt to encounter, in all parts of Florida, apparently reliable persons who start a conversation by telling how they have just made $250,000 and finish the conversation by soliciting a twenty-dollar loan.

What Makes the Developer Wild

The trials and tribulations of the big Florida developers in extracting profits from their ventures are such as to make the hardships encountered by the late Ulysses in his wanderings seem by comparison like the experiences of a furniture collector in walking through the new American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art.

They are also such as to cause a large amount of pointed and pertinent speculation among developers who have made their developments successful through years of unremitting toil—speculation as to whether all the people who are so lightly chattering about $50,000,000 developments and $100,000,000 developments have any idea what they're talking about.

The Florida raccoon is a wild and wary animal, and the Florida panther is so wild that he seldom exposes himself to the human eye; but neither of these animals, wild as they are, can approach the wildness of the conscientious Florida developer who, after spending five and even ten years of his life and $30,000,000 or $40,000,000 in bringing a development to perfection, picks up a newspaper and sees that somebody is starting a $100,000,000 development next Thursday, and that lots in it will sell at approximately the same prices at which lots sell in developments that have been worked on for years.

For a number of years everybody thought that the early Florida developers were crazy. Now that the early developers are generally regarded as thoroughly sane, they seem to be retaliating by intimating that their critics should be observed for lunacy.

One development company started ten years ago with a broad stretch of mangrove swamp and $4,000,000 in real money. It cleared off the swamp, pumped sand and money into it in almost equal proportions, built canals and lagoons through it to increase its water frontage, and installed golf links, polo fields, casinos, coliseums, champion athletes and what not with as much liberality as Solomon used to show in installing wives. Hotels, apartment houses, restaurants, private residences, a magnificent hospital and fine shops shot up on every part of it, and it has become a beautiful and flourishing city.

Into its development, in ten years' time, the company has sunk $30,000,000. Its construction program is completed; and because of the extensive improvements that have been made, the company is able to charge $10,000 and $15,000 apiece for ordinary building lots. Yet in ten years' time practically all the cash payments that have been made on building lots have gone straight back into development work, and no profits, in the technical or tropical sense of the word, have been taken out. On paper the company has profits of $40,000,000; but what with a sports program costing in the vicinity of $500,000 a year—sport comes high when foreign polo players want $15,000 apiece a year for their services—and an expensive radio broadcasting station and suchlike oddments and twiddles, the company will be another ten years in converting its paper profits into cash.

A Nice Way to Get Stung

Another development got under way in Southern Florida in 1921 with an attendant ballyhoo that made the conservative natives compress their lips ominously and allow pessimistically as how somebody was going to be badly stung. Brass bands thrilled the heartstrings of gullible Northerners and lured them far, far out into the country amid the sand and the pines and the orange groves, where skilled auctioneers played artfully on their emotions and nicked them as much as $600 apiece for lots.

At the beginning the development consisted of 1100 acres of ancestral land, and the developer was able to produce $500,000 in actual currency; but in spite of these unusually tangible assets, the people who thought they knew their Florida considered that this proposition had all the earmarks of bad news from home. They pointed out that it was too far from anywhere, and too flat and hot and uninteresting. If it were near the water, now, it might be different; but shucks, who wanted to live miles from the water? They could understand paying almost any price for water-front property—even as much as $5000 for a lot, or $10,000, even. But not $600 for a lot six miles from anywhere. No, sir! Nothing to do when you get there! It would drive a feller crazy! Yes, sir!

That was the way people talked in 1921. During that year all the money that was wrenched from the suckers by the skilled auctioneers went back into the development. Wide streets went in and a few houses went up.

Suckers showed themselves willing to succumb to the gentle personal touch of salesmen, so that the thrilling bellow of the auctioneer quickly became unnecessary; and because of the improvements that were installed the prices of lots were advanced.

Suckers paid $1200 for lots the following year, and even $2500. Streets and boulevards were pushed onward, and such decorative trees as coconuts and royal palms and Spanish oaks from the Amazon were set out with the utmost fluency, not only along the streets and boulevards but on the lots of those suckers who had decided to build homes on their land. All the money that came in from sales still went straight back into the development—and persons who wished to buy the lots that suckers had bought for $600 in 1921 were glad to pay the suckers $4000 or $5000 for them. Those who had originally regarded the development as bad news began quietly reaching into the old sock for enough money to buy a few lots on their own account and risk.

It might be interjected here that there has been a great deal of talk over the terrifically high prices that are obtained for good Florida building lots, and to some extent the persons who talk in this manner are not talking through their hats. But the high prices are asked—and frequently obtained—by persons who bought at comparatively low prices from the developers.

There is a wide difference of opinion concerning the prices at which land is resold by individual owners in good developments; some people say that the prices asked—and willingly paid—are out of all reason, and other people say that they are quite within the bounds of reason if Florida is going to continue doubling its population every few years.

In most of the good new developments building lots can be bought for $4000 and $5000. On canals and golf links and parks and bays, and in sections that are close to the ocean, they are very much higher; but usually there are lots for $4000 or $5000, even in the very best developments. Sometimes lots can be bought for less than that in good developments.

On these lots it is possible to build small and attractive Spanish bungalows of cement blocks covered with stucco and roofed with old Cuban or Spanish tile for $6000 and $7000 and $8000; so that a person who uses a modicum of brains, energy and judgment can have a neat home with its attendant private palm, hibiscus, orange tree or live oak in an excellent location on an investment ranging between $11,000 and $14,000—which, all things considered, compares rather favorably with the prices of homes in suburbs of a number of Northern cities that have little to offer in the line of romantic lure and irresistible appeal.

Unfortunately there seem to be a great many people in Florida who do not care to exert themselves sufficiently to select their own lots and build their own homes. They insist on buying houses that have been built by others; and since the supply in Florida is several miles behind the demand, they are asked to separate themselves from—and are often glad to separate themselves from—$20,000 and $25,000 in return for a house and lot that represents a total investment of $11,000 or $12,000.

Putting All the Profits Back

There is considerable tooth gnashing over this situation, especially on the part of people who have no desire to live in Florida; but the persons who participate in such transactions, including those who pay the high prices, seem to find nothing disturbing or alarming in them, and frequently express the wish that people who are worried over the situation would go back to Ohio, Indiana or New York and cool off by soaking their heads in a bucket of natural ice water.

As a matter of fact, one has great difficulty in distinguishing between suckers and astute wizards of the real-estate world.

Some four years ago a development began to wriggle around weakly on an unpleasant-looking tract of flat land. In the beginning it looked, as the lower orders are sometimes heard to remark, like South Hell. Between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000 had been spent on this development by the winter of 1925. Every cent that had been received from sales had been put back into the property, and the man who developed it is of the opinion that 1930 must come and go before a cent of dividends can be taken out of it. The development no longer looks like South Hell. It has grown down to the ocean and sprouted enormous hotels, lagoons, casinos and what not.

The good Florida developer is devoting a commodious part of his energies to persuading persons who purchase land in his development to build houses on their land instead of holding it to sell to somebody who may or may not be a sucker.

Late in 1925 a good developer prepared to sell as a small subdivision an avocado

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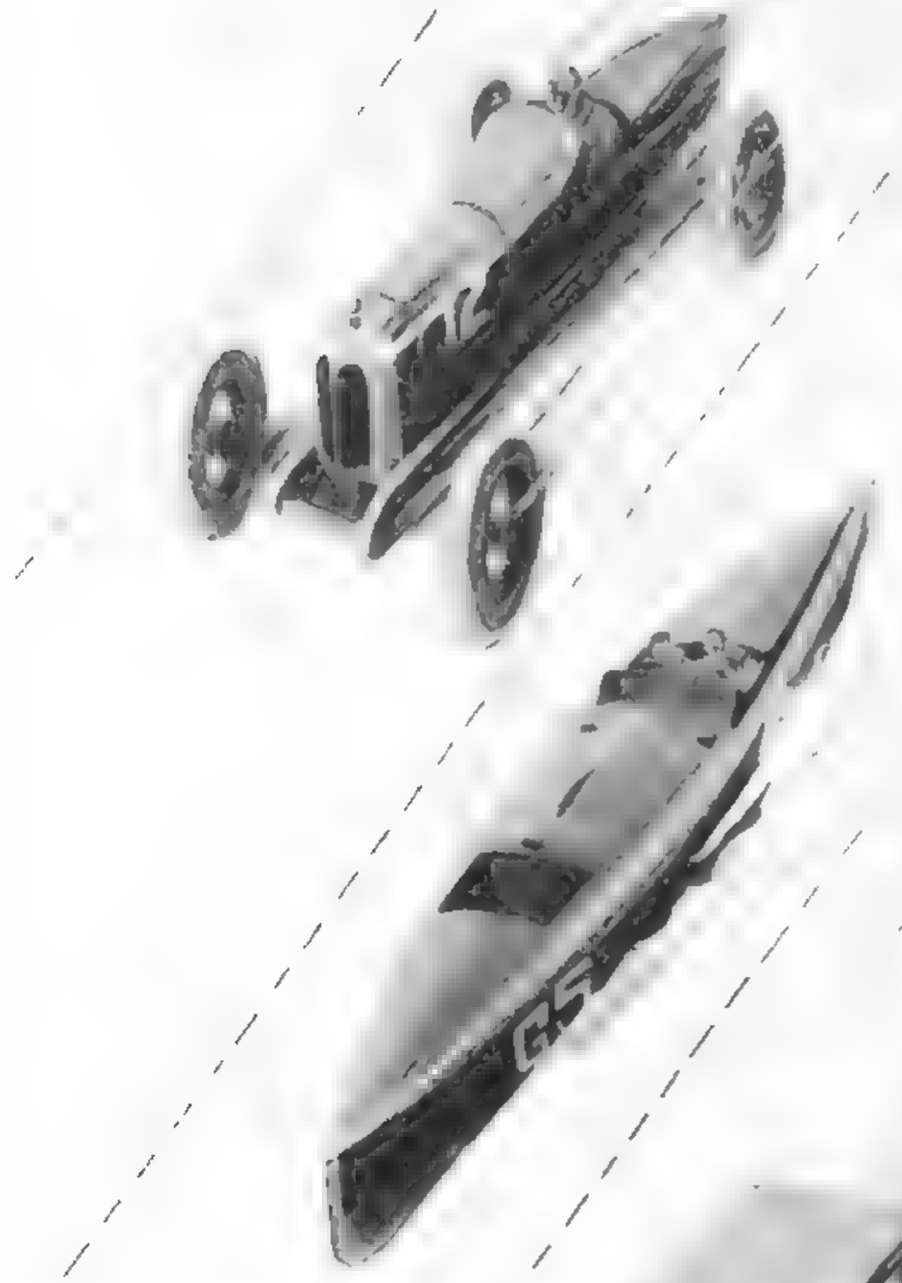
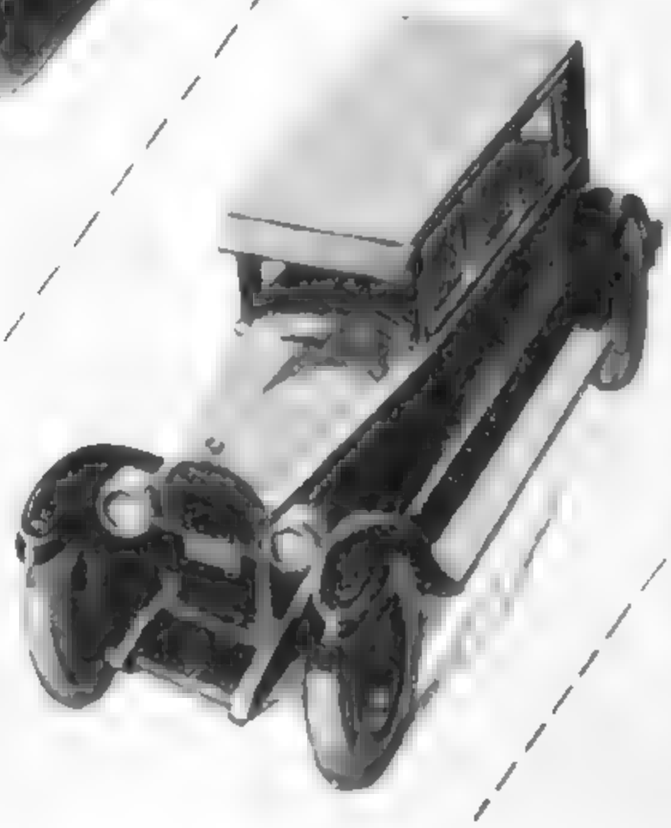




1925 Records

Again in 1925, as in other years, Delco-equipped cars, planes and motor boats have set new world's records for speed, distance and endurance.

Again, by virtue of these accomplishments, Delco stands forth as the world's most efficient automotive electrical equipment.

On Land

On Memorial Day, 1925, for the sixth consecutive year, a Delco-equipped car, a Duesenberg, won the 500-mile race at Indianapolis, and set a new world's record of 101.13 miles an hour for the distance.

Over the Water

A Delco-equipped boat, the Baby Bootlegger, holds that most coveted of speedboat prizes, the Gold Cup, won in August at the Gold Cup Regatta at Manhasset Bay, Long Island. And Packard Chriscraft II, another Delco-equipped boat, captured the 150-mile Sweepstakes in the Labor Day Regatta at Detroit, setting a new world's record of 55.55 miles an hour for displacement craft.

In the Air

Over the Delaware River at Philadelphia in May, the Navy seaplane P N-9, added to the many splendid Delco-equipped aircraft victories, by establishing a new flight duration record for this class of ship of 28 hours, 36 minutes and 27 seconds.

Daily on the Road

And this is the type of performance that Delco equipment is giving daily in millions of motor cars everywhere.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

Delco
STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

WHEREVER IT MUST BE THE BEST

Give your child the food recommended to 60,000 nurses

[Breakfast for a child of three]

Orange, Wheatena, toast and butter, milk
Recommended in "Elements of Nutrition and Cookery" of the Standard Curriculum—American Journal of Nursing, July 1925.

FOOD requirements of the human body—sick and well, young and old—have been studied for years by doctors and dietitians.

One of the most thorough and authoritative of these investigations, was recently completed by a committee in charge of revision of the Standard Curriculum for the National League of Nursing Education. It has been adopted, and is being taught by all the recognized nurses' training schools—about 2000 of them—having a total enrollment of 60,000 students! It names Wheatena as a vital part of breakfast for a child of three.

Wheatena is a natural, unrobbed, whole wheat cereal—rich in all the food elements required for complete nourishment. Carbohydrates for energy, protein for growth, mineral salts for building bone and tissue, just enough bran for safe regulation.

Selected plump kernels of choicest winter wheat, including the valuable golden heart, are roasted and toasted by the exclusive Wheatena method, into a perfectly delicious cereal. Appealing to every member of the family. And, so easily digested that, doctors recommend it be given to children as young as seven months.

Wheatena

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.
Please send me free sample package of Wheatena and recipe booklet.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 80)

grove that had become so valuable that the owner felt unable to keep it in grove form. He had established a reputation as a developer; so as soon as it became bruited about that he was placing a new proposition on the market, and before the land was advertised for sale, he was swamped with requests for lots—and sold $1,600,000 worth of them before any public announcement was made.

Like most other good developers, he was very weary of the get-rich-quick craze that is so prevalent in Florida; so to do what he could to hinder it, and to make as sure as possible that the persons who were buying his land were buying for homes and not to speculate, he stipulated that the price of lots should be $25,000 apiece. To each of his contracts, however, he attached a letter stating, in effect, that "to encourage building, a condition of this contract is that if a building is erected on this lot in accordance with the restrictions and completed within fourteen months, the last, or Number 4, note for $5000 is canceled, making the cost of the lot $20,000 instead of $25,000. If no building is completed within that time, the contract remains in full force and virtue."

Every lot was snapped up immediately. On the following day the developer received a clipping from a Northern newspaper which stated that there was no activity in South Florida real estate and that the Florida bubble was about to burst with a deafening crash; but he took no action beyond sticking the clipping on the last page of a copy of Andrew Lang's Green Fairy Book.

In every part of Florida—north, south, east, west and central—there is a constant movement on foot to force money on the developer who has demonstrated his willingness and his ability to keep his promises.

One developer promised to build a few islands in a bay on the west coast of Florida, and ventured the opinion that they would prove to be desirable building lots. They proved to be all that he had promised, and more. He then moved over to the east coast and started similar island-building operations. The announcement of his second venture had scarcely been made when he was flooded with demands for lots. When he opened his sales office he was able to offer for sale lots to the value of $11,268,000. This amount was snapped up within a few hours, and the oversubscriptions amounted to $7,137,000.

Economists can probably draw some highly pregnant and important deductions from all these matters. The most important deduction that the ordinary layman draws from them, however, is that a visitor to Florida has many novel and startling things to learn, but that one of the most important things is to get a line on developers who are able to keep their promises, and who sell lots for what they are worth today and not what they will be worth at the end of another three years of development work.

WHAT THE TOURIST BUYS

(Continued from Page 38)

collectors who understand what they are trying to do. Because of unscrupulous dealers and the gullibility of tourists who are counted smart in their own environment, a huge volume of fakes has been coming to America, and still is coming."

Even if it is not possible to explain that gullibility, it should be easy to sympathize with it. Perhaps after all it is a sort of chemical change that occurs when a native of new America steps ashore in a land where nearly every street can show a building of bricks and stones and wormy timbers that first were piled before Christopher Columbus had dared to sail outside the Mediterranean basin.

There is in all of us at least a rudimentary well of that instinct which pours out of the Chinese as ancestor worship. So, our countrymen and countrywomen step ashore in a foreign land where the face of civilization is indubitably old. It is easy for them then to fancy that in cities crowded with old buildings there ought to be in existence myriads of smaller objects of antiquity which they may acquire and carry home to cherish until they too are old. They begin to seek for precious things that may have been handled by fascinating creatures who have deigned to appear—for them—before the curtain of the past only in images distorted by school histories—Sir Francis Drake, Raleigh, Queen Bess, Shakspere, the monarchs of France, their women, Marco Polo, the Venetian doges, Ferdinand and Isabella.

Telltale Wormholes

It is a gorgeous pageant and they run after it as thirsty desert travelers might pursue a mirage of fresh water. It was in a delirium of that sort that the wealthy lawyer purchased what he believed to be a tapestry that had caressed the eyes of a long-dead King of France. A similar fever afflicted a banker whose $1200 chair purporting to be a contemporary of Cellini came through the appraisers' stores only a few weeks ago. The furniture expert at the government warehouse did not bother even to lift it from the packing box in which it had traveled from Florence.

"Gosh," he said, "they get worse and worse! See that claw foot? Those wormholes tell the story. They were made by worms long ago without any question, but worms never betray their channels. Here you can see the worm paths interlaced in the carvings on these chair legs and the stretcher rail. The workman who built this chair is alive today unless he has died within a month or so. He made this chair from old timber, probably a beam from some building turned over to house wreckers. If these holes had been left as drilled by honest worms the visible traces would be a pattern such as might be made by a charge of bird shot. Instead you see exposed the entire length of the corridors where the worms passed their existence."

Modern Miracle Workers

The red damask with which the high-backed chair was upholstered was genuinely antique. As a piece of fabric it might have been imported free of duty. But it lost that privilege when it was treated merely as raw material in the manufacture of a quite modern copy of an old chair.

The day that chair was examined at the appraisers' stores the floor of the warehouse on which it stood was thickly cluttered with packing cases from abroad. There were more than 100 boxes containing about 300 separate articles, settees, chairs, tables, taborets, cabinets, chests, grandfather clocks, sufficient to stock the furniture department of a fairly large store, and this represented no more than a day's importation. Every piece had as escort some affidavits attesting its antiquity.

Included in the lot were some wonderful pieces consigned to dealers or to millionaires who had been represented abroad by properly equipped agents. Altogether the genuine antiques constituted about 60 per cent of this collection of strangely assorted furniture. The remaining 40 per cent was counterfeit or else it was what the government experts classify as overrestored.

The miracle of the loaves and fishes is repeated unendingly in the European factories where antiques are forged for the American market. An old chair, as honest as the long-dead artisan who made it, is used by the unscrupulous dealer abroad to lend the flavor of age to a half dozen chairs. The real old piece is disassembled. A stretcher rail is used in one new chair, its

(Continued on Page 84)

The Packard Six five-passenger Club Sedan is illustrated—$2725 at Detroit

Serving or Selling?

IS YOUR motor car maker engaged in serving you or selling you—which?

Does he intrigue you with yearly models and rash promises or does he protect your investment?

To serve means a new car only every four or five years or more. To sell means a new car every year or two or even less.

Packard is in the business of serving—knowing that those who serve best will never want for sales.

Evidently the public appreciates that Packard is serving, for more than twice as many Packard Six cars were bought in 1925 as in 1924.

The Packard Six with its beauty, comfort and distinction is not high in price—for example, the five-passenger sedan costs but $2585 at the factory.

For those purchasers who desire, there is a liberal monthly payment plan.

PACKARD

Ask The Man Who Owns One

NOTE *how Williams lather holds its bulk. It won't dry on your face.*

YOU USE *a lot of water in working up Williams lather. This makes it last longer, soften the beard quicker and better. It has lots to do with its soothing effect on the skin.*

WILLIAMS stays *moist* longer —soaks the beard *soft* quicker

WHEN you work up the quick, rich, *saturated* lather of Williams Shaving Cream—here's what it does:

First, the mild, pure soap lifts the water-resisting oil film from the tough bristles of your beard—

This lets the abundant moisture of Williams lather soak into each bristle—saturate it with moisture.

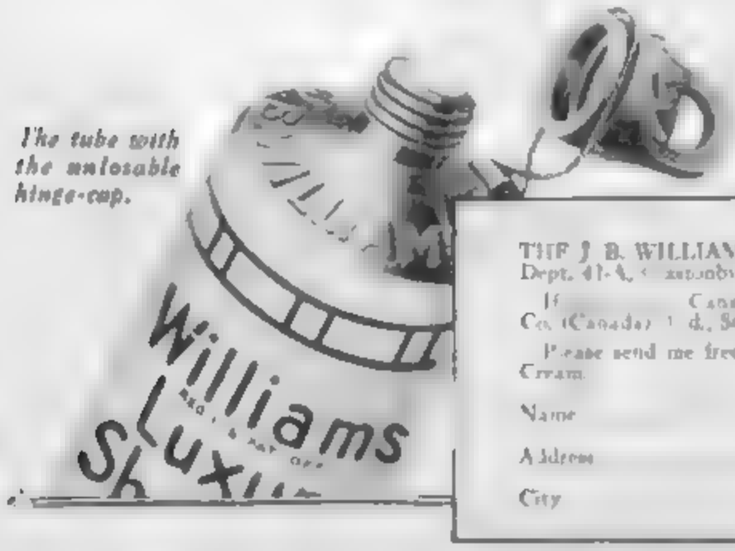
That softens the beard so that the razor just glides through. The same principle softens the skin—keeps it smooth and comfortable.

Try this for a week at our expense—the coupon below will give you a trial tube free.

No wonder Williams is becoming more popular with hundreds of thousands of men daily. They are learning that Williams lather is *shaving* lather.

Williams is a pure, white cream, absolutely free from coloring matter. It is the result of three generations of specialized manufacturing experience.

Your free trial tube will be sent you immediately on receipt of the coupon below. Or use a post card. The large-size tube of Williams is 35c. Or 50c for the double-size tube containing twice as much—the most economical tube you can buy!



The tube with the unlosable hinge-cap.

FREE OFFER

Mail this coupon now!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 41-A, Glastonbury, Conn.

If in Canada address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Name

Address

City

AQUA VELVA IS OUR NEWEST TRIUMPH—A *SCIENTIFIC* AFTER-SHAVING PREPARATION. WE'LL SEND A 150-DROP TEST BOTTLE FREE. WRITE DEPT. 41-A.

(Continued from Page 82)

back goes into another, and so on until with a fine economy worthy of a better enterprise, an entire set of chairs has been, in the dealer phrase, antiqued.

"Just look at that stretcher rail," implores the dealer in Paris or London or Rome or Florence, when the paint has dried. "Can't you see that it is at least two centuries old?"

Unable to dispute the dealer's assertion in the presence of an undeniably old stretcher rail, or back or armpiece, the victim buys. Unhappily for him, if he is an American, which is very often the case, the customs laws of the United States were designed to prevent the free importation of such forgeries. They are held to be dutiable whenever it is found that they have been overrestored.

The banker who imported that Renaissance chair paid $1250 for it. An honest copy would be worth about $150 in any reputable store in New York, and it would be a better chair.

It had arrived in disreputable company. There was one box of farmhouse chairs, bought from some Lombardy peasant. They were good chairs, and serviceable, but the fresh coating of red lacquer that had captured the eye of the tourist who bought them had rendered them dutiable. They were not what they appeared to be. They were antique farmhouse chairs dressed up in clothes unsuited to them. In another box opened immediately afterward was a chest of drawers with claw feet made of reworked walnut, the telltale wormholes exposing the secret of its manufacture. This piece had been vamped around some old drawers. One box contained an old oak bureau with a coating of modern lacquer. Another box contained what purported to be Renaissance chairs. They had been made from timber cut within the year. A flick with a penknife blade on one of the legs exposed white wood still soft with sap. The red fabric with which these chairs were upholstered was of modern machine manufacture. It had been treated with acids, as the wood had been stained with dirty-looking paint. The legs were deeply scarred as if by the spurs of cavaliers. The verdigris on the cabochon-shaped nails was a hasty growth induced by an acid bath. Again a flick with a knife blade revealed brass molded within quite recent times. This lot was perhaps the crudest shipment of fakes that rested on the floor that day, except for a tinder box of 1925 which made a pathetic attempt to masquerade as an article of the household of a subject of King James II.

The Deathbeds of Napoleon

"The tree that wood came from wasn't even a sapling in the days of King James," exclaimed the government appraiser who fingered its crudities with contemptuous fingers.

Sometimes the forgeries are detected because the article in question is made of oak in a style that did not develop until the cabinetmakers were using only mahogany. Sometimes discovery is owing to the rough surface of the wood itself, which is too young to have that delightful patina which is one of the principal charms of old articles of human manufacture.

It is not these crude fakes that cause the government experts concern. Now and again a piece arrives at the warehouse that meets all their ordinary tests. Nevertheless they tag it as of suspicious origin. Perhaps it purports to be an ancient Glastonbury chair, with sloping back and X-shaped legs, with arms sloped to care for the folds of a priest's vestments. Collectors have hunted them out of churches and cathedrals as hounds might pursue rabbits. Maybe it has been shipped from a reputable dealer in London. A week may pass without a decision. That chair will seem to smirk at the expert and the aids he summons from other establishments. Then, maybe, with a shout of triumph, someone will light on a feature of the chair that is definitely wrong—the character of the wood, any one of a dozen things. For the expert that is truly a glorious sensation.

Some time ago a huge cabinet arrived in New York and was sent to the warehouse. It was supposed to have been the property of that pathetic Queen of the Scots, Mary Stuart. Bold thistles were carved on the face of the drawers in the lower part. There was the Stuart escutcheon. There was even a bit of careless scratching that might have been done by Mary herself in a moment of absent-mindedness. The piece had cost $30,000 in London; and if it was genuine, it was worth half again as much in America. But it was not genuine in spite of the protestations of the purchaser. An unusually careful appraisal showed beyond question that it had been manufactured out of three separate pieces of old furniture, skillfully assembled. Its actual worth was about $300.

A few years ago a number of chaise longues were imported from France. These chairs became tremendously popular in the days of the First Empire, but so many of them began to appear on this side as to cause one expert to wonder whether the entire personnel of the old guard used to be carried to battle, riding in those chairs as more regal fighters of an earlier day went out to fight in litters. During one public sale last winter dealers were amused to note in the catalogue a reference to "the deathbed of Napoleon from St. Helena." There are three such beds listed in catalogues regarded as official.

Reading the Hall-Marks

At any rate, if Americans are being gulled, they are not alone. The high tide of fake antiques is rising in the United States just now only because the genuine pieces are being imported in such volume as to allay suspicion. The world museums contain plenty of fakes posing as genuine. So much good stuff, and especially furniture, has been drawn to America that one London art dealer recently warned his countrymen that the time is coming when the rich Englishman will have to shop for old furniture on this side of the Atlantic.

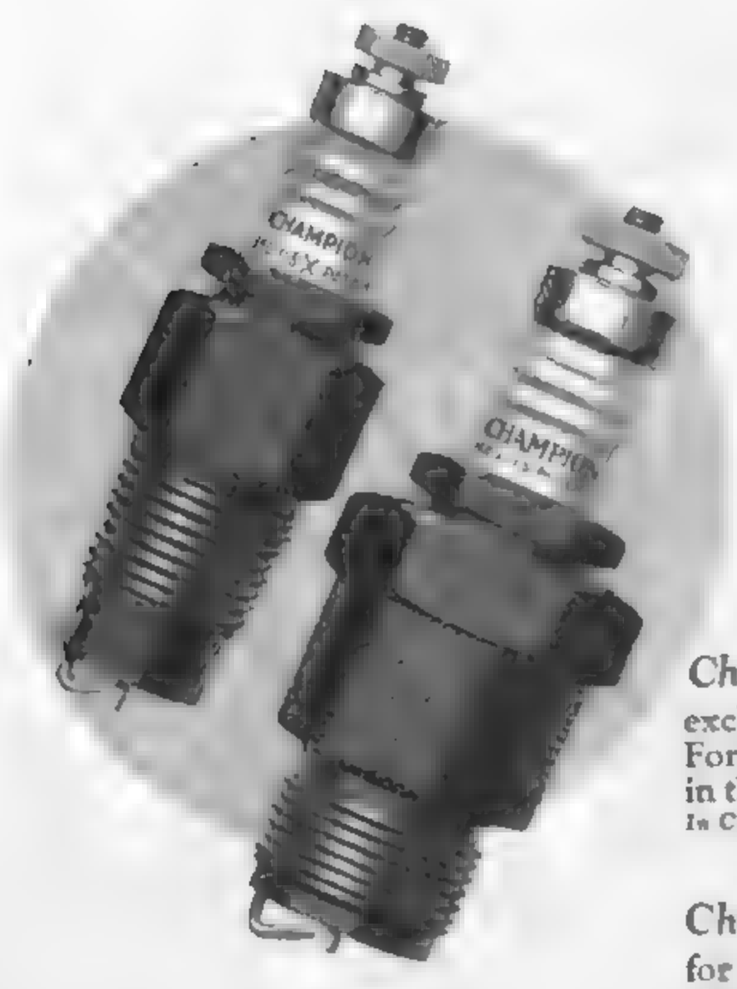
The American tourist does not, of course, confine his antique speculations to old furniture. He and his wife buy old glass, sculpture, fabrics, laces, embroideries, Chinese porcelains, bronzes, jewelry and silver. Let us admit he knows all about hardware or plumbing supplies or woodworking machinery. The more information he has acquired in the field in which he has made his fortune, the less time he has had to perfect his knowledge in another field just as vast. Nevertheless he will take out his check book on the mere assertion of antiquity made by a foreign dealer he never saw before in his life, and pay him handsomely for a well-told story plus a fake tea service supposedly manufactured during the reign of Queen Anne. Unfortunately for the illusions of tourists, the tariff laws are not concerned with the fiction they have purchased, but only with the objects which they display to the customs officers as antiques.

When the Prince of Wales was in America in 1924 he presented a few of his American friends with some bayonet-like pieces of hall-marked old silver, each with a ring fitted to the blunt end. These are cherished now as letter openers. Originally they were meat skewers. Until he gave some away, these silver spikes were scorned by many collectors. But the Prince made them fashionable, and in doing so he made more difficult the work of the forger of old English silver. When meat skewers are bringing boom prices on Fifth Avenue, how is the counterfeiter in England going to find enough old hall-marks to set into the punch bowls and tea sets for which Americans have been willing to pay such fabulous prices?

The expert in silver can read most hall-marks at a glance. If he encounters an unfamiliar mark, there are illustrated records

(Continued on Page 88)

PREFERENCE



Of all the thousands of cars you see on the streets, two-thirds are equipped with Champions. This outstanding preference by motorists the world over is very definite evidence that Champion is the better spark plug

Champion X—exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box *In Canada 60 cents* 60¢

Champion—for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box *In Canada 90 cents* 75¢

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost in oil and gas

REED & BARTON
LOUIS XVI
PATTERN

The Spirit of Revelry of a Famous French Court— in Silverware!

THE Louis XVI Pattern in Reed & Barton silver plate brings with it a suggestion, ever so subtle, of the gaiety, the laughter, the culture, the *charm* of the famous French court from which it takes its name. But beneath the captivating design, there is the same thick, durable silver plate for which the house of Reed & Barton has long been famous. You may be sure when you select Reed & Barton silver plate that it is worthy in every way of Reed & Barton's century of experience in making fine table ware.

Ask your jeweler to show you the Louis XVI Pattern in both hollow ware and flatware today.

REED & BARTON
Taunton, Mass.

Louis XVI Tea Spoon, exact size

Louis XVI Coffee Pot, Sugar and Cream

REED & BARTON
ESTABLISHED
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATE

(Continued from Page 84)

to which he can refer as readily as most of us may reach for an almanac. Every British town where silverware was or is manufactured possesses a distinctive device, the equivalent of the brands of Western cattle ranchers. Birmingham's mark is an anchor; Chester, three sheaves of wheat on a shield and a sword; Dublin, a harp; Edinburgh, a thistle; Glasgow, a bird on a nest, a fish beneath it; Sheffield, a crown. Besides, every piece of silverware was marked with one of the letters of the alphabet. This letter was changed every year, usually in May. Then, too, all this silver bore an impression of the reigning sovereign's head, a leopard's head and a lion passant. There are four distinct devices on all old British silver. Usually they were set in line and occupied about as much space as could be covered by the finger of a child. These hall-marks on meat skewers or butter trays were not different from the impressions made in larger pieces—tea sets, punch bowls or fruit dishes.

Would that suggest anything to you if your morals were at a low ebb, and you were a silversmith and new silverware was bringing about $1.50 an ounce, whereas silverware bearing an imprint indicating it was made between 1700 and 1775 was worth five to ten dollars an ounce? To a number of silversmiths it sounded like opportunity pounding on the door with one of the little hammers of the trade. They are doing this sort of counterfeiting to such an extent that 65 per cent of the silver which is imported by tourists as antique is fake. The bulk of the pieces passed as genuine go to American dealers who know their business.

How are these frauds detected by the particular expert on whom the Government relies to prevent the work of present-day workmen of other countries from coming into competition with the work of American silversmiths?

He would tell you that old silver, like old wood, old glass or old fabrics, mellows and acquires a softness that is exceedingly difficult to bestow on anything new. That patina which comes with age is really a decomposition.

A Grafted Water Jug

New silver has a sharp, bluish tone; old silver acquires a faint yellowish tinge; but these properties are not readily visible to the untrained eye. It takes more than a few years to make a connoisseur, but it takes no more than that to cause vain persons to delude themselves that they are connoisseurs.

Quite recently a man returned from England with four pieces that had cost him $1800 in London. Eager to get back to his home with his prizes, he went to the appraisers' warehouse, sought out the division where silver and bronzes are appraised, and requested an early consideration of his silverware.

"It is Queen Anne," he said proudly to the government expert.

"No," denied that official, "it is quite new."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't I? Well, for more than sixteen years I've been handling hundreds and hundreds of pieces of silver every week, and generally I can tell new from old as easily as you can distinguish catfish from bass. Sometimes I may be fooled, but not by anything so crude as this. Look!"

He took a piece of chamois and briskly rubbed the base of one of the pieces. The hall-mark was indisputably Queen Anne. It had been stamped in London in 1705. After a minute of friction the hall-mark area was still mellow, but the surface surrounding it was uncompromisingly bluish.

"Now," invited the government expert, "look at your water jug. The entire bottom is old. I should say that it was, originally, a very small salver. It was made in 1711. But your water jug was fashioned within a year or so. The genuine bit was merely set into the bottom. Surely you can see yourself that there is a great difference in the appearance in the wall of this jug and the bottom."

The purchaser was swearing softly, and the burden of his complaint was the harsh necessity of telling the bitter truth to his wife.

"I do hate to have her know that I got stung," he said.

"You and a lot of others," agreed the government expert, and turned his attention to another swindle, a punch bowl made during the reign of James II, but reornamented during the life of Queen Victoria. A large amount of English silver that is unquestionably old has been robbed of its authentic position as antique because the Victorian urge for ornamentation impelled the nineteenth-century possessors to have it engraved with the heavy designs that were popular in that period.

Factory-Made Old Bronzes

Candlesticks form a fair proportion of the silverware bought in England by Americans. They also come back with tea sets. One couple who returned last year had with them what they proudly identified as a William-and-Mary tea set.

"It's not old." It might have been an oracle instead of a government appraiser who spoke.

The challenge came from the woman as quick as a whiplash.

"How do you know?"

"Lady," retorted the appraiser, "during the reign of William and Mary such a thing as a five-piece tea set had never been thought of in England."

"When was it made?" asked the woman faintly.

"I can tell you precisely. This is a good, honest tea set made in 1859. The dealer you bought it from simply took advantage of your complete lack of knowledge of the subject. The hall-mark says so as plainly as the date on a silver dollar."

The fakes that are palmed off on the tourists are riding into America on the crest of a wave of really fine silver that is being taxed out of England. But these good pieces are being imported by dealers whom it would be exceedingly difficult to fool, or by collectors with eyes trained to detect even skillful frauds. Since the war, old-silver importations have doubled.

Most of the bronzes that appear at the appraisers' warehouse in the guise of antiques originated in Japan or Italy. The greenish patina that is so marked in old bronze may be imitated, but the tone that results is not likely to fool a real connoisseur.

A woman dealer in antique furniture returned from Italy a few months ago with a few bronzes she had picked up in Florence. She was quite excited about them, and had just about persuaded herself that her two-foot statuette of Neptune was a product of some metal artist of the sixteenth century. She even nursed a gay little hope that Cellini himself might have on it somewhere a distinguishing symbol that would tell a true expert that it was cast by him.

It was electroplated lead!

"Anyway," said the woman, "they can't fool me on furniture—that is, they hardly ever can."

There are several factories in Italy which are known to be making "old" bronzes. Some of their product—usually three shipments a year—comes to one dealer in America, who pays duty on it.

The counterfeiting of antique bronzes is accomplished by a process known as pickling, the bronze being subjected to a mild acid bath, which usually results in a green surface that is too rough to be a mark of age.

A small urn turned up in the government warehouse in New York last spring. It was supposed to have been found in an ancient Tuscan tomb. The invoice showed that the purchase price was $10,000. It was a beautiful piece of work. Appraiser Kracke's bronze expert did not feel like depending solely on his own judgment. Seven experts

(Continued on Page 88)

The First Billion-Dollar Tire Year

WHILE the turnstiles click to admit the throngs who will admire the new cars at the Auto Shows—

Our concern is for seventeen million people who will buy 1926 license numbers for cars that have seen service.

Those seventeen million owners—two million more than owned previously registered cars last year—will buy roughly a billion dollars' worth of tires during 1926.

Some of that billion-dollar outlay will be a speculation by those who buy tires on the basis of cost per wheel—and trust to luck.

But much of that billion dollars will be wisely invested by those who realize that the measure of return on tire investment is *mileage*.

It is the last extra dollar of production cost that delivers the thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service that finally reduces the *actual* cost of tires—the cost per mile.

That extra cost of production of the truly great tire must come from somewhere.

If it is not to come out of your pocket, the manufacturer must have some advantage—some exceptional saving somewhere in his cost.

In the case of Mansfield that saving comes out of the cost of distribution.

The great Wholesale Hardware Distributors of the country coöperate to give Mansfields the record low-cost tire distribution.

That is why Mansfields can make the record low-cost mileage,—and the record gain in public respect and appreciation.

It is the last extra dollar of production cost that delivers the thousands of extra miles.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution Is Lower—The Standard of Quality Is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

OYSTERS *are Good for You!* *Buy them in this Sanitary, Leak-Proof Package.*

TAKE HOME those rich, luscious oysters in Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers, and thus be sure that all their delicious flavor has been kept inside the container without any chance of exposure to air or dirt. Then, when ready to serve, remove the snugly-fitting lid and see how deliciously appetizing the oysters look and taste.

Delivered to your dealer with lids on tight, and the inside untouched by human hands, Sealright Containers are absolutely sanitary. They keep oysters, and all moist and liquid foods, safe against dust, dirt and odor, because they are practically air-tight. And Sealrights are 100% leak-proof, and crush-proof. There is no oozing nor dripping out at top or bottom to soil or ruin clothing, table linen or furniture. When you buy moist foods in a Sealright Container, you get what you pay for—full measure—always.

Most progressive merchants now use Sealright Paper Containers instead of the unsafe, unsanitary, leaky pails of yesterday! Play safe—Insist on Sealright Containers as there is no other paper container "just as good." Name "Sealright" stamped on bottom of every genuine Sealright Container. If your dealer does not use Sealrights, send us his name and we will see that he is supplied.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc. *Dept. A 1*, Fulton, N. Y.

SEALRIGHT
Liquid-Tight
Paper Containers

(Continued from Page 86)

from outside were called in. The first one handled it reverently.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed, using care not even to let his breath fall on what he called the "pateen."

The next expert was less reverent, and hauled out a pocket knife with which he went to work exploring on the bottom of the foot. In half an hour all of them had agreed that they were examining a masterly fake worth in the open market about ten dollars. It had been shipped from a reputable dealer in Europe, who probably had been fooled himself. The purchaser, a dealer, refused to accept it and the urn was shipped back to Europe, and so he escaped paying duty.

Two things betrayed that urn. The copper was not the right color and the corrosion was too perfectly applied. The surface of metal undergoes a subtle change with the passage of time. This change is even more pronounced with glass, which is not the impermeable substance it is commonly supposed to be. Ancient glass is softer, because, it is said, more alkali was used in its manufacture; but even if the prescription had been the same, the inimitable chemistry of time would work a change that would clearly distinguish it for the expert.

"How can you tell?" I asked an expert.

"How does a dog know a rabbit's trail from the fox he is supposed to chase?" he retorted. "It is something that comes with experience. The eye is trained by studying glass; constantly, day in and day out, comparing old pieces with new ones. Age gives glass a satiny look and feel. When it is old, it mellows, and sometimes it has an oily feel that is not a property of new glass."

Imitations of Irish Waterford glass are being made nowadays in Holland, and hardly a week passes without some examples turning up at the government warehouse. All of it has been rubbed with sandpaper on the bottom to suggest that precious antiquity which it lacks.

Glass from Spain that seeks to pass the customs as antique is generally made in the precise shape of genuine old vases, but the interstices of the cut have been filled with clay. A cynical expert holds such a specimen under a hydrant, and when, after two minutes of this bath, it is quite clean, he marks it dutiable.

Old Glass From New

The principal method of counterfeiting old glass in England is to break off tiny chips with a tool made in the shape of a pygmy geologist's hammer. The rough surface that is left tells the expert anything he needs to know, even if the light is not good enough for him to use his eyes confidently.

It is a constant source of wonderment to antiquarians how fragile vessels of glass manage to escape destruction during a life of centuries and tens of centuries. One dealer in New York received within the year two old tear cups from an Assyrian tomb. Long before the last of the Egyptian pyramids were built, those iridescent vessels had been used by courtiers to catch the tears of some bibulous old monarch crying about the economic woes of his overtaxed subjects.

Tear cups are rare, but tons of English goblets and candelabra enter America by way of New York every year, and the tourists who buy those candelabra under the impression that they are antique are the ones who are cheated the most. They will pay $500 for one that they think is old. If the dealer can persuade them it belonged to someone of distinction, the price goes up. As new glass they would be worth not more than $150.

On all these fakes the prisms are chipped and worn—not from age, but from hammer blows.

There was an architect who returned from a long stay in France bringing back with him a stained-glass window which he declared to be antique.

"That panel in the center is old cylinder glass," said the appraiser who looked at it. "The rest of it is not more than two or three years old. It is dutiable."

"May I bring in an expert?" asked the architect, glaring belligerently.

"Certainly."

When the expert arrived he took one look at the front, then squatted on his haunches in the rear of the window.

"That panel in the center is old cylinder glass ——"

"That'll do," surrendered the architect. "I know when I'm licked."

The business of selling modern jewelry to Americans who are persuaded it is easy to smuggle, in spite of high rewards paid to informers, is so profitable that the sale of antique jewelry is considerably smaller than in the other fields of antiques. Nevertheless every ship that docks in New York brings some pieces that have been made within the past 100 years but which were sold as of an earlier date of origin. India, Egypt and Italy are the chief sources of this kind of fake antiques.

A little old lady landed in New York after staying in a *pension* in Rome for six months. She had a pearl chain which she informed the customs officers was at least 200 years old.

International Shawls

"I bought it," she told them, "for $800. I really could not afford it, but I thought that with no duty to pay ——" She smiled.

"I'm sorry," said the appraiser, who talked with her at the pier. "It is only about thirty years old."

"But he was a Russian exile who lived at the *pension*," she protested. "His family was quite old and aristocratic."

"Madam," explained the appraiser, "most of the people who are selling antique jewelry in Europe nowadays pose as exiled Russians of noble birth. I'm sorry, too, that pearls quite as good as these could be purchased in New York for half the sum you paid."

From India there arrives an intermittent stream of gold jewelry supposedly antique, but betrayed by the lack of "pateen." India is known to be a reservoir of hidden jewelry centuries old, but tourists get few chances to buy it. What they get is handsome enough in many cases, but the workmanship, especially the enchasing, is frequently as shoddy as that on the trinkets sold by high-pitch men at country fairs.

The factories in Italy for the production of bronzes having the appearance of great age have a companion industry in the establishments there which specialize in the production of fabrics in a simulated condition of decay. France also has some of these mills, and the dealers they serve cater to Americans. Their workmen are skilled in the production of damasks and velvets which follow the patterns of genuine antiques even to the length of imitating defects. These mills have facilities for weaving textiles so that the pile is higher in places, suggesting wear. About two-thirds of the fabrics supposedly antique which are imported by tourists landing at New York are, in the phrase of an expert, wrong.

A couple of young women from the Middle West came out of Spain a few months ago triumphant in the possession of several silk shawls. They had sought the advice of an American official before starting out to shop for their shawls. He had recommended a dealer. The dealer, however, found them hard to please. They insisted they did not want to buy Spanish shawls that had been made in China.

"Give me but a moment," implored the dealer. "There is an old noblewoman not far from here. Her family and mine have been closely allied for generations."

Then he dashed from the shop, calling out to them to see that thieves did not enter in his absence. In such circumstances they felt obliged to wait. Presently he returned escorting an old woman who bore on her arm several wrinkled shawls of rich colors. The old woman spoke proudly of the years

(Continued on Page 90)

ONE YEAR OF OWNER MADE PROOF

The Locomobile Junior Eight, after twelve months of actual owner tests, has proven its greatness beyond all expectations. It has justified the great name it bears.

From every section of the country—the plains of Texas, the mountains of California, the hills of New England, and the traffic of exclusive Fifth Avenue, owners tell us of the wonderful performance of this sensational car.

Eight cylinders in line, with one of the most powerful motors for its displacement ever built. The Junior Eight has speed and stamina, acceleration, quick brake action and on account of its ease of handling in traffic it has universal appeal to women drivers.

Locomobile quality throughout, unbelievable as it may seem when the price is considered.

Touring $1785; Roadster $2150; Coupe $2265; Brougham $2285; Sedan $2285; f. o. b. Factory

LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC, Bridgeport, Conn.

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States

MODEL 48 — *Series 10*
$7,400 *to* $12,000
with custom built bodies

THE BEST BUILT CAR IN AMERICA

Locomobile

MODEL NINETY
$5,500 *to* $7,500
with custom built bodies

A Lunch "Put Up" by Mother Nature.

Here's a lunch prepared by Mother Nature—peanuts—Planters Salted Peanuts!

Small parcels, but she's packed each one full of nourishment and made them delicious too.

Rich, golden-brown morsels! They contain more nourishment per pound than meat or milk or bread. There's a square meal in the handy glassine bag. Wholesome, digestible, nutritious. That's why they are called "The Nickel Lunch". Carry them with you, pack them in the school lunch, make them a daily habit. They contain vegetable oils that the body needs.

The Planters process keeps them crisp, fresh, irresistible always. 5c everywhere.

They are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.,
Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia
Canadian Factory: Toronto.

Here are the official Government figures on the relative value of foods expressed in calories per ounce

	Calories
PEANUTS	110
[illegible] Steak	60
[illegible] Bacon	15
[illegible]	10
[illegible]	55
[illegible] Bread	75
Potatoes	18

Planters

PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 88)

they had adorned her ancestresses. She hinted that Cortés once had admired a black one that was aflame with an embroidery of tiger lilies—or perhaps it was the wearer he had admired.

"They are quite satisfactory," the girls agreed.

The old lady threatened to swoon. She did weep. In machine-gun Spanish she protested she would sooner sell a grandchild. Nevertheless she was induced to part with them in return for $600 in gold.

The pride of the American girls in their shawls was positively swollen after they had appeared in them at the captain's dinner the night before their ship landed. The appraiser who looked at the shawls, after being summoned by a customs man on the pier, grunted.

"They are of a weave not even far enough back to create a reasonable doubt," he told them.

Sniffing contemptuously, they mentioned the name and rank of the American official who had sent them to the dealer who had arranged the purchase.

"I'm sorry, ladies," he said, "but I'd be willing to bet two months' pay your shawls have been made within the past twenty years."

"Absurd—perfectly absurd!" agreed the girls, ignoring him for a moment to look at each other doubtfully.

"Not only that," went on the appraiser, "but I'll prove to you they were made in China."

The girls went West without their shawls. They did not have enough money to pay the duty. Their fathers attended to that a few weeks later.

Most of the women tourists have at least a few scraps of lace for which they have paid more than they can afford. Generally they know its history. Either it was once a ruffle on an unmentionable garment of Catharine de Medici or else it was a handkerchief border that once dabbed at the nose of Marie Antoinette. No matter how new the lace or how strong the coffee which was used to discolor it, the story of its origin is always interesting.

Good Enough to Fool an Expert

The fabric experts have many ways of fixing the date of production of the materials that come under their eyes. Lace making, for example, was revolutionized in 1820 by the invention of the bobbinet. Satin, as it is made today, was unknown 100 years ago. The weighting of silk is such a modern practice that quite simple tests render ineligible most of the silks that are presented by tourists as candidates for free entry. Even so, the most conscientious, the shrewdest of experts can be fooled—and they are the first to say so.

A group of experts were looking at a lot of Chinese pottery that had been landed at New York. It was not even suggested by the importer that it was antique. The appraisers were simply checking up with his invoices.

"There's a fine piece of Ming," explained one of these Oriental experts.

"Where?" The importer was alert in an instant.

"Here in this box."

"Nonsense!" said the importer scornfully, his interest cooling immediately. "I bought it at the pottery where it was made for four dollars. It's not two months old. But you are right about its looking more like a piece of Ming than the real thing."

They studied that youthful vase with the absorbing attention that only connoisseurs may give to such an object, and finally agreed that it had been made by a faithful copyist, some genius among the living swarms of China who has inherited the skill from one of those long-dead artisans who made some of the pieces now guarded in the world's museums.

The great repository of Chinese art up to the time of the Boxer uprising was the Imperial Museum in Peking. The tourists who return from China laden with antiques are almost all persuaded that they have in their collection at least one priceless piece from the Peking Museum. The stuff that supposedly has been stolen from that institution would fill twenty museums.

Not Old; Just Dirty

One couple who returned from China by way of the Suez Canal had an embroidered coat which they were almost afraid to speak about in tones above a whisper.

"See there," the husband indicated for the appraiser. "The five-clawed dragon! Only royalty could wear it. Death was the portion of any with less than royal blood who dared to display that symbol. It is hundreds and hundreds of years old."

"That isn't old," ruled the appraiser. "It's just dirty."

"Why, I bought it from a ——"

"You bought it from a mandarin; I understand." The appraiser tried to speak soothingly.

"Why, how did you know?" The wife was amazed.

"Missus," explained the appraiser, "I hear that story three or four times a month. Another one is about the old Chinaman whose shop was up a dirty little alley in Peking. He brings out a vase wrapped in silk after looking carefully outside his door to see that he is not observed. Then with a final 'sh-h-h' he whispers that it was taken as loot from Peking's Imperial Museum."

The couple looked more chagrined than ever, but they admitted a moment later that they, too, had bought just such a vase.

"Peachblow!" they said in unison as they unwrapped it.

"If it was peachblow," said the expert, "I'd cheerfully trade you my house and lot, my automobile and my own collection of Chinese rugs—and think I had a bargain. But it is not peachblow. I'd feel cheated if I had paid more than two dollars for it."

"We gave $500," confessed the tourists.

But they had got more than a vase for their money, because they had received in addition that which most tourist purchasers of fake antiques really buy. What they buy is fiction.

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For half a century, old Steinway Hall was one of the musical centers of New York. Hundreds of celebrities in the world of music have been welcomed at old Steinway Hall, both as artists and as friends of the Steinway family.

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Wealthy amateurs, the great pianists, and the most celebrated figures in the world of music buy the Steinway for other reasons than economy. But no matter for what reason it is purchased, it returns a lifetime of satisfaction. The owner of a Steinway never regrets its purchase; never wants, and need never buy, another piano.

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Tell us what work you are doing, in wood, metal, stone, ivory, rubber, leather, cloth, fibre, or other materials. We will tell you how to saw it better and easier. Disston issues many free books to aid saw users.

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DISSTON

THE HIGH COST OF KEEPING ALIVE

(Continued from Page 39)

advice. They know just what's the matter with you and who can cure it. Not depending for reputation or a livelihood upon medical knowledge, they give advice, which is worth exactly what it costs—nothing.

If you follow it in this instance you may make a ten-strike, but the chances are that you have begun a course on an uncharted sea of specialists. And the cost! Mostly to find out from each doctor what is not the matter, and to be cast adrift, to come to port again in the next man's office.

Obviously this method is all wrong. But it would be interesting to know how many people go about it in just this way. It would be much more practicable and much less expensive to consult a general practitioner first and have him direct you to the proper specialist, if any is needed at all.

More and more the specialties in medicine and surgery are being subdivided, until now even the throat has two or three kinds of specialists, and the expert in one of these specialties will not encroach upon the territory of the others.

Also, the increasing tendency on the part of people in rural communities to consult physicians in the nearest city is working harm in another way. Many such localities are without doctors because they will not support them. In fact, outside of the large cities there are far fewer physicians in proportion to the population now than there were ten or fifteen years ago.

Nearly every graduate of a medical college wants to practice in the city. And nine out of every ten, speaking most conservatively, are ambitious to become specialists. Just how this is to be remedied I cannot say, except that the local doctor must be supported loyally if he is to stay in a small town or in the country and not starve.

The cost of doctoring has increased quite legitimately in the country as well as in the cities. To say nothing of higher ordinary expenses, the rural doctor needs a car even more than the city physician. Old Dobbin and the saddlebags have gone, the buckboard has departed. With higher prices for living, and higher standards, it ought not to be expected that a medical man will charge the same price for a visit that his predecessor did.

The Business Side of Medicine

In the larger cities people are much more scattered than they were thirty or forty years ago. They come to town for business and shopping, but they live in the suburbs. This requires that a physician, to hold his practice, must have an office somewhere near the center of population, where his patients can consult him for ailments which do not confine them to bed. As the average person is not willing to remain in the house until actually compelled to do so by illness, often he keeps on working or playing when he should be at home. The symptoms may be the beginning of an acute disease, but more often it is the forewarning of a chronic condition, to discover which requires a good deal of skill and the help of modern laboratory methods.

Even the most trivial group of symptoms—that is, apparently trivial to the patient—may portend something grave to follow if not corrected in time. It is by no means the most serious condition that makes the most noise. In fact, quite the contrary is usually the case.

The application of this fact to the matter in hand, the question of doctor bills, is that much of our consulting with physicians is done in their offices and much of it is for the serious conditions. At least for the purpose of knowing whether anything serious is wrong or not.

Many doctors now devote themselves largely to office practice. The immediate result of this is an increase in their running expenses. A city office means an additional cost of no inconsiderable amount, which must be met either by an increase in fees or by more patients.

More patients, however, to the already busy man mean less time to devote to each. And this would never do. The conscientious physician desires to spend more time, not less, on each case. He must give the very best that is in him and bring to bear all possible resources of science to discover and cure disease. If he does this and is not to starve, he must charge more and see fewer patients.

One thing about doctors that did not seem to occur to anyone a generation ago: Come to think of it, they are much like other people and, like other people, they need rest; not an occasional rest, but regular rest and relaxation. If they don't get it they are not as good doctors as they would be otherwise—not able to devote themselves so assiduously to their work.

The business side of medicine is gradually developing. This is as it should be, and it in no way interferes with or lowers the high ideals of a great profession. Whether his office consists of two rooms at home or of an expensive suite in an office building, where he can work with less distraction and with better facility, and which his patients can reach within least time and with least discomfort, the doctor must reckon his expenses and charge accordingly. And the greater his reputation, the more serious cases he sees, the more office force he needs.

A Doctor's Lean Years

It takes more time, more money and more education to be a doctor now than it did, say, forty years ago. In those days a young man, with or without a preliminary education, could serve an apprenticeship in his preceptor's office, drive his buggy, make pills and potions, hear occasional desultory discussions of cases, casually study the books in his preceptor's library, and then go to a medical school two terms of six or seven months each. After graduation he was turned out to practice upon a helpless public.

There were great physicians in those days, but they were fewer, and they had it in them individually to be great in spite of limited opportunities. They studied hard and found out for themselves. And, perhaps, because of this they were more original in thought and less dependent upon others in reaching conclusions.

A student of medicine today must have had not only a high-school education but at least two years in college to his credit. He must attend medical school four years of nine or ten months each, and after that spend at least one year in a hospital. This makes a minimum of seven years before he can begin to earn a cent after deciding upon medicine as a profession. And he must spend a thousand dollars a year, more or less; the cost depending upon whether he goes to a medical school in a large or a small city.

After he has been thus thoroughly equipped, the average young doctor during the first five years will make what a laborer earns, and during the first ten years his average earnings will be less than those of a plasterer or a bricklayer. And he must keep up appearances, for they are his show window, his only means of advertising, except that which is done by the G.P's. G.P. is medical slang for grateful patient. Keeping up appearances does not imply extravagant living, but keeping himself and the members of his family decently clad, his home and his offices properly furnished, his children able to mingle unashamed with those of the neighbors.

It can be easily understood why the doctor who has passed through these lean

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A ten-ball tin of Tao Tea will last this same family for ten days, and its usual store price is under thirty cents.

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STOP WASTING TEA— USE TAO TEA BALLS

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years is anxiously looking forward to the fatter ones of a specialty, when he will see fewer patients at greater fees and when he will have a little time for the ordinary recreations of life.

He will now require, to fit himself for a specialty, more study at home or abroad. Unless he is fortunate enough to have some unearned wealth, he must have saved enough to keep his family going while he is earning nothing. He is much like one who has to keep his watch going while it is being repaired. But having accomplished this rather paradoxical and difficult undertaking, he comes back, rents larger offices in a central location at a greater expense and begins again in the new field. He must employ a neatly dressed office girl. Also, he should have a nurse. Many specialists have younger men as assistants and not a few have a laboratory for chemical and microscopic examinations and an X-ray outfit as well, but these accessories come later.

Compared with what he gives, the fee of an expert in medicine is not usually so high as that of an expert in any other line, certainly not higher. Compared with a lawyer's fee, for an opinion on an important legal question which requires some research, even the highest-mentioned sum would be too modest for words.

Some years ago a surgeon operated upon a man for cancer. It was a very serious operation, requiring a great deal of skill. The patient is quite well, still, after a lapse of several years, so that the operation must have been thorough. This patient earned a modest salary, but he had an estate of about fifty thousand dollars which, at 6 per cent, would pay an annuity of three thousand. Still, he had a family to look out for and he could just about get along and pay his way.

For the operation and the month or six weeks of after care the surgeon charged five hundred dollars. Suppose this man's estate had been in such jeopardy that to save it had required the skill and a good deal of the time and attention of a lawyer of considerable ability. What proportion of it do you think the attorney would have considered a just and reasonable fee?

Suiting the Bill to the Pocketbook

Of course the amount would have depended upon the individual attorney, but you can guess that it would have been considerably more than five hundred dollars. In this case the estate was not in jeopardy, but the man's life was, and saving his life preserved him to the enjoyment of his estate, so that the cases are not without analogy.

A physician's charges for an ordinary sick call or an office consultation are fairly well fixed, according to his reputation and standing and according to the kind of practice he has, whether among the well-to-do or the comparatively poor. That is, he has a maximum fee for a certain kind of service. But this has to be reduced quite often to suit the means of the patient who cannot afford to pay the larger amount.

Needing a serious operation or a thorough examination, how is one with a moderate income or salary to go about getting it without mortgaging his future? Well, the business side of medicine has undergone a radical change; why should this be entirely one-sided? You notice that doctor bills come in pretty regularly now; they are not allowed to run six months or a year and the total amount guessed at or reckoned according to sentiment.

It is neither improper nor undignified to ask what the charges for an operation or examination will be, stating your financial condition. A conscientious doctor or surgeon will welcome such a statement from you and will fix his fee accordingly. This procedure is becoming more and more the custom in large cities.

There is no reason in the world why one of moderate means should be compelled by diffidence or pride to buy medical or surgical treatment without first knowing what it is going to cost. He doesn't purchase clothes or food or a house and lot that way.

Right here is where the general practitioner used to step in to protect the interests of his patients, and he would do so at the present time if the opportunity offered, by telling the specialist just how much the patient can pay without his being financially crippled.

When it comes to special treatment and examinations, those of modest incomes are at a disadvantage as compared with the rich or the very poor. The rich can get what they need without regard to price, and the poor, entering the hospital through the dispensary door, can have any kind of care for a nominal fee or no fee at all.

But occasionally the disadvantage is against the doctor. Once I asked a surgeon friend how he fixed his fees for operations.

"Of course," he said, "you know as well as I do that I can't charge the same to everyone for the same kind of operation. Often I have to judge by the appearance of the patient. If he is poorly dressed and takes a low-priced room in the hospital, I make the bill to suit the pocketbook."

One day later, meeting him in the hospital, I said, "I hear you operated last month on Mrs. Smith-Jones. That ought to pay your office expenses for some time to come."

Catering to His Patients

"Wait a moment!" with deep feeling. "That woman came to my office dressed like a scullery maid. As she doesn't live here in town, I couldn't get a line on her. She chose the cheapest room in the hospital and she asked me to name a price for the operation beforehand. I did, at a very low figure. As soon as possible after the operation, she moved into one of the largest rooms, and until she left the hospital she had two private nurses."

Just on the fringe of what may be considered ethical in the medical profession is a certain class of physicians. You will find them almost exclusively in the large cities. That is, you will find them if you want to find them. These are the ones who charge all the tariff will bear, and they attract those who estimate the value either of merchandise or medicine at its cost. The higher the price the more they want it. Recently a hard-headed business man received a bill for ten thousand dollars for an operation. He promptly sent it back with comment to the effect: "Wherefore?" It was returned to him, magically reduced to three thousand, without explanation.

The surgeon, as it happens, is an intimate friend of a physician of the type I am trying to portray. One day, while the two were at lunch together, the latter asked the surgeon what he intended to charge for the operation.

"I haven't thought much about it yet, but I think twenty-five hundred or three thousand."

"Don't do it. Make it ten thousand. He'll stand for it."

But he did not stand for it.

This physician is a topnotcher among the large-fee fraternity, who—thank heaven—are few as compared with the great number of hard-working, conscientious doctors—conscientious both as to their work and their charges.

His offices are located in a large and expensive office building and he caters to the wealthy. There is a flunky in uniform at the door and within are several maids in white caps, also two or three nurses. There are many little rooms in the apartment, in each of which he can put his patients with attendants, among whom he goes, his gentle but authoritative presence spreading soothing balm. You can have everything done for you while you wait, all kinds of examinations.

But, for all of this catering you pay, although you will not find it or the flunky or the maids itemized in the bill.

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In adopting the now famous Brown Shaping Lasts, this organization introduced a principle of foot conservation which, if followed throughout the formative period of childhood, assures shapely, well-muscled, sturdy feet.
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Output 45,000 Pairs per Day
for Boys

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There are fads in doctors as in dress, dogs and restaurants. It gives one class to mention, just offhand in casual conversation, "Doctor Blank told me today that I must watch my calories." Your auditor will glance at you quickly and will enviously place you among those who are getting on financially.

Now, this kind of man may deliver, medically speaking, sterling and not pewter, but you pay extra for the frills. If you like them, must have them, all right. But if they mean nothing to you, if you do not need scenery and stage properties with your medicine, you are stuck.

Entirely beyond the pale of the medical profession are the fakers. In this class are those physicians who have gone wrong since they received their licenses because they have some moral obliquity and also because they have not succeeded in regular, legitimate practice. In the majority of cases they are hired as stool pigeons, at a low salary, by shrewd men who own the business.

This kind of fakery has been pretty well exposed in magazines and books, but people are still buying patent medicines and going to quacks. Also, as far as I can learn, those who run such places are not in the business for the sake of their health or that of the public.

Good advice to be given to a family which desires to have the best possible medical service at a reasonable cost would be something like this:

First get a good general practitioner, preferably one within easy reach, if possible. It does not make any difference whether he is young, middle-aged or old, if his mind is not infantile or senile. The prime requisites are intelligence and earnestness. If he possesses these qualities, he will keep sufficiently up-to-date with his professional knowledge. He will know enough to realize when he needs expert advice and assistance, and who is best qualified to give it. He will not be so certain of himself that he will not consult in serious cases. And he will not want a consultation for every trivial ailment.

If you have such a physician in the family, stick to him.

If you have to consult a physician or a surgeon who does not know about your financial circumstances, be frank with him. This will have no effect one way or the other upon the quality of treatment you get at his hands.

Don't go to a high-priced medical man merely because he is expensive. You wouldn't rent a house that way, or buy clothes. There is no absolute standard of prices for medical knowledge and experience, and in the nature of things there cannot be. Some doctors charge more than others for the same service, because their personal and professional expenses are greater; some because they are much in demand and they do not wish to do more than they can attend to well and still have a little time occasionally for rest and recreation; and a few charge more because, being a sort of cult with a certain class, they can get it. In this respect they do not differ from those in other professions.

But above all, don't go shopping among the specialists without a guide, or, perhaps, when you have finished and gone home, like the old woman in the fable, you will not be able to see your furniture.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON

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After a little delay, she had it, and greatly it refreshed her.

She came back to the compartment to find that Signora Rigutti was wearing the sable coat!

Katharine was dumfounded; she stared at the Italian with eyes open to their widest with amazement. Signora Rigutti met her gaze with a wholly blank face. Katharine filled with an immense indignation. She had grown fonder of the coat than she had supposed. It seemed to her a veritable outrage that this bepowdered and horribly scented stranger should be wearing it.

She drew herself up and said sharply, "Take off that coat, please!"

Signora Rigutti gazed at her with blank eyes in a blank face and said, "*Non capisco.*"

Those two words, meaning "I don't understand," were about all the Italian that Katharine knew and certainly all she used. She cried, "You do understand! Take off that coat at once!"

"*Non capisco,*" said Signora Rigutti blankly.

Katharine fairly clamored at her. Signora Rigutti registered a growing astonishment; then of a sudden she rose and called the conductor, an Italian conductor who had just taken over the train from his French confrere. She appeared to ask him what Katharine wanted. Katharine told him what she wanted; he told Signora Rigutti. Signora Rigutti went up into the air.

All animation, she registered amazement and more amazement, excited indignation and more excited indignation; she protested, she grew eloquent, she poured forth a flood of talk, meaningless to Katharine. Her hands moved as fast as her tongue; she writhed and wriggled and waggled her shoulders—that she, the wife of the well-known deputy, Leonardo Rigutti, should be accused of theft! That she should be accused of stealing her own coat! The coat her poor aunt who had just died in Paris had bequeathed to her! That she should be accused by this foreign woman!

The impressed conductor turned to Katharine and gruffly told her that she was making a mistake; that the lady was the wife of a distinguished Italian politician and incapable of stealing coats; that if the coat lying beside her rug was not her coat, someone from lower down the train, or from the platform, must have taken her coat and left it in its place.

Katharine protested that it was not her coat, that Signora Rigutti was wearing her coat; he must take it from her. The excited talk of Signora Rigutti had stopped three passing passengers at the door of the compartment. There was now a group of them, French and Italians. Signora Rigutti, resolved to have public opinion on her side, appealed to them; she told them of the insane and dastardly accusation; she wept a little at the thought of the feelings of her poor aunt, who had just died in Paris, had she dreamed that her favorite niece would be accused of stealing the coat she had bequeathed to her.

The solidarity of the Latin races became manifest. French and Italians alike raised their voices high in indignant horror; they reproached Katharine, they abused her, they execrated her.

Katharine was, beyond words, distressed; she felt sick; she was frightened nearly to death. But she was no coward; the blood of the men who tamed the wilderness ran in her veins. Her terror did not weaken one jot her resolve rather to die than let this hateful woman get away with her coat. She spoke to no one except the one important person, the conductor, and to him she said only one thing, and she said it whenever the hubbub sank low enough to make it possible for her voice to be heard:

"I want this woman handed over to the police at Turin."

Then the train started. For some way into the tunnel the hubbub continued, and Katharine went on repeating her pregnant words. Then, tired of standing, the passengers went to their compartments; the conductor went to his duties. Katharine and Signora Rigutti sat in their corners, glowering at each other. Katharine did a sensible thing: she opened another flask of coffee and forced herself to eat a quail in aspic and

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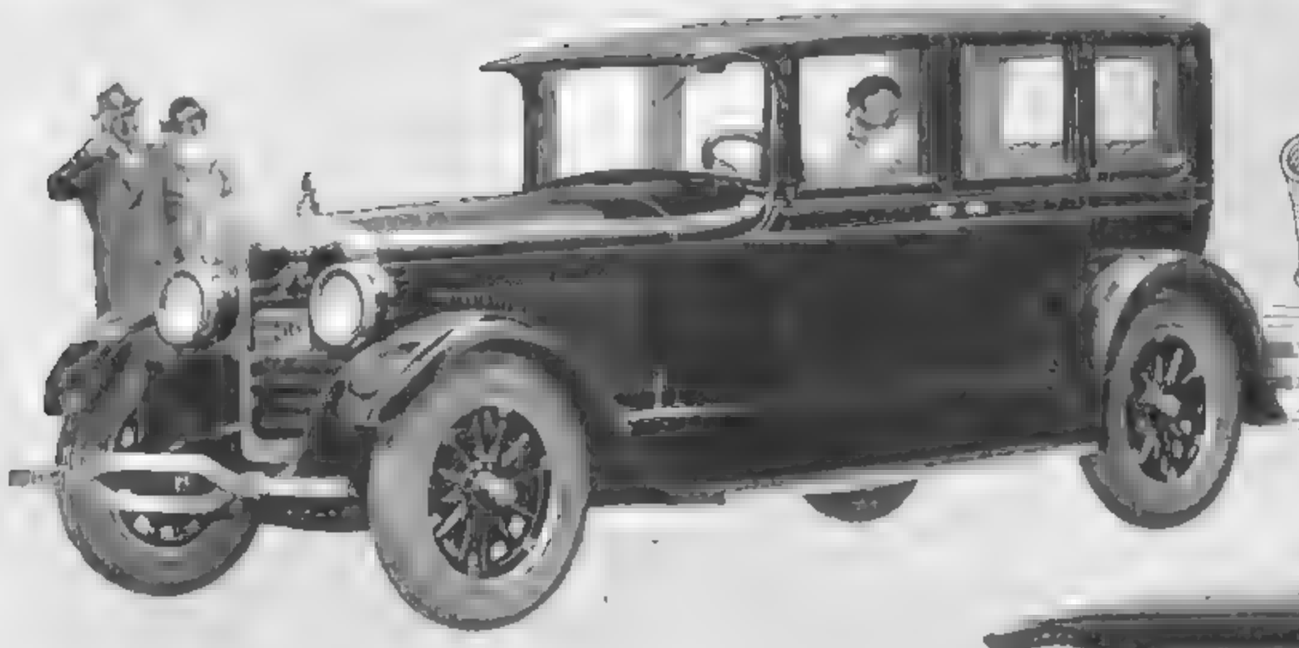

The Powerful Six~72

Prices $1895 to $2695 [f. o. b. factory]

The Remarkable Six~80

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Now there's a PEERLESS *for every one*

THREE beautiful, dependable models make the Peerless line complete. Each is a real Peerless. Each is a remarkable car value. Each is vibrationless.

If you want a compact but roomy six cylinder car of wonderful driving qualities, at an unprecedented price, there's the new Peerless Six-80.

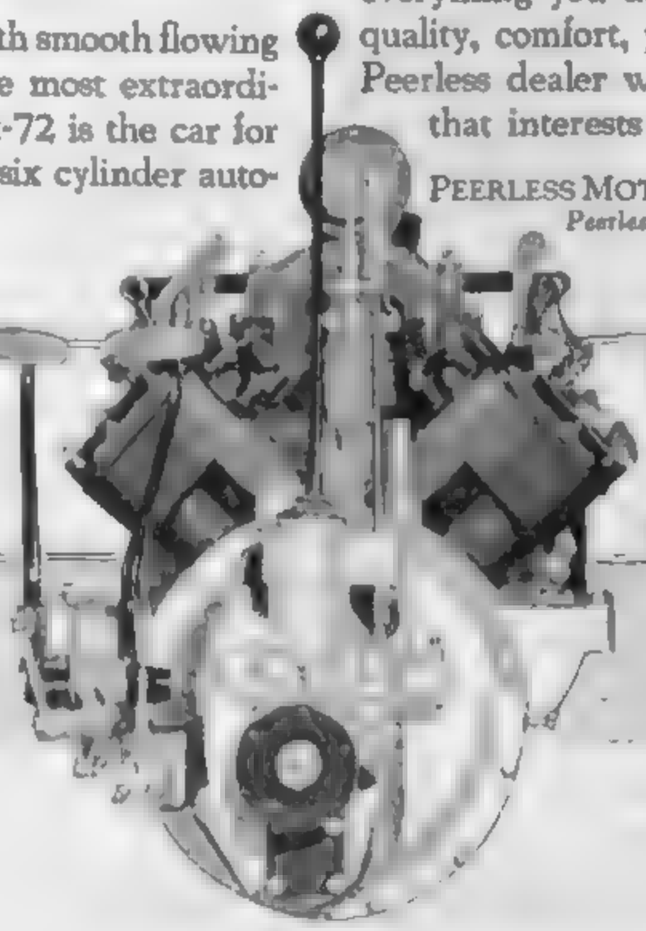
If you prefer a larger six—one with smooth flowing power in abundance to meet the most extraordinary demands—the Peerless Six-72 is the car for you. Its owners call it the "best six cylinder automobile in the world."

If the advantages of the 90° V-type 8 cylinder motor have long appealed to you, you will want the new Peerless Eight-69. In distinction and in sheer luxury of motoring this car is unsurpassed.

Any one of these three fine cars will give you everything you desire in an automobile—beauty, quality, comfort, power and the right price. The Peerless dealer will gladly let you try the model that interests you most. Phone him.

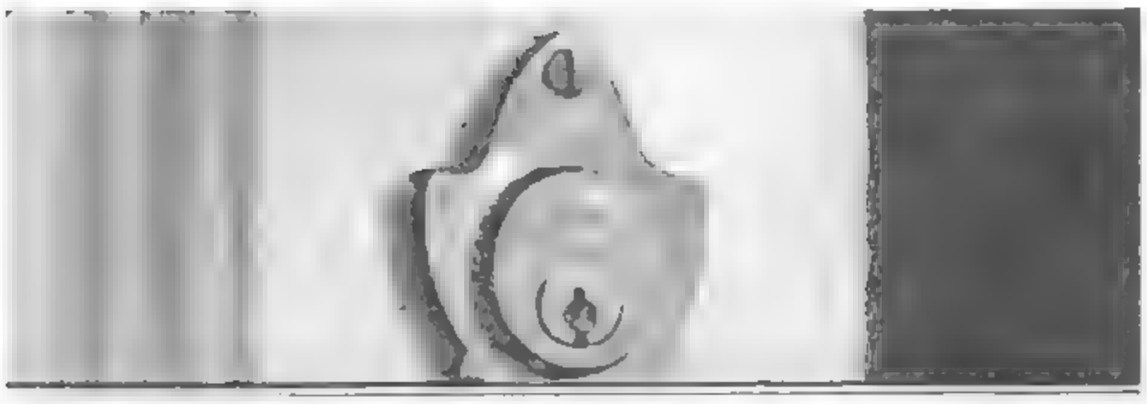
PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORP., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Peerless has ALWAYS been a good car



The Equipoised V-type 8-69

Peerless was one of the originators of the V-type Eight. And in smoothness, power and all-'round excellence this Peerless V-type Eight-69 is unsurpassed.



Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

If you believe in good locks for good doors memorize these five words now: Corbin Hardware is Good Hardware.

And that applies to every hardware need. Locks staunchly built, faultlessly designed. Hinges that smoothly swing. Door Checks to quiet unruly doors. Window Hardware that works well and looks well. Whatever you build, whenever you build, you can have Good Hardware—Corbin, if you wish. And you'll never regret it if you do.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

New York Chicago Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 96)

some biscuits. She would need all her strength.

It disconcerted the already rather shaken Signora Rigutti. When, relying on her husband's influence with the police, she had let her insensate greed for the sable coat have its way, she had expected the soft Katharine to make but a small fuss and crumple up in the face of the popular incredulity with which it would be received. She had not foreseen that, terrified and shaken as she was, Katharine would keep to the point, and that point the police. And now, though her hands were shaking and she still looked scared to death, she was taking measures to revive herself to her full strength. As she glowered at her dourly, Signora Rigutti asked herself, with a growing disquiet, had she or had she not bitten off more than she could chew?

Toward the end of the tunnel the train seemed to be going more slowly, and when it did come out of it the whistle was splitting the quiet air with long-drawn-out shriek after shriek that rang echoing and reëchoing among the foothills. Then, with a hideous grinding of braked wheels along the metals, the train came to a stop at the little station of Bardonnechia, with its ghostly group of little houses that looked as if they were trying to bury themselves under the earth and snow.

Like most of the other passengers, Signora Rigutti stepped to the window, opened it and looked out. The stoppage had, to all seeming, to do with the engine. The driver and stoker climbed down from it and busied themselves with something underneath it; the station master stood over them, watching.

The other impulse came to Signora Rigutti, an impulse to get away at once from this persistent, disappointing American. Reason supported the impulse; she could get away from Bardonnechia somehow or other to some small town where she could hire a car to carry her to her uncle at Pinerolo. From there she could telephone to her husband to induce the required lethargy in the police, and the job would be done. She watched the engine driver and stoker. In about six minutes they seemed to have done their work and climbed back into the cab of the engine. The whistle shrieked.

Signora Rigutti took one step backward, caught up her suitcase, took one step forward, opened the door as the train jerked forward, and jumped clumsily from the footboard to the platform. Katharine, not unprepared, acted almost as quickly. She slipped her rug over her left arm, sprang to the door, which Signora Rigutti was thoughtfully shutting, threw her weight against it, forced it open, stepped onto the footboard, jumped to the platform, stumbled, staggered, came down on her hands and knees, and picked herself up.

Signora Rigutti spat several protests at the saints and several expletives at Katharine. Then it flashed on her that Katharine had played into her hands, had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. These country officials would be ten times easier to deal with than those of Turin; before her husband's name they would be as wax. Her daughter's dowry was safe!

Startled by the sudden arrival of two strange ladies at his unfrequented village, the station master, a portly, round-faced, squinting man who plainly never brushed his uniform, came running up.

Signora Rigutti made as if to throw herself into his arms and demanded that the wife of one of Italy's most illustrious deputies should be protected against this foreign madwoman.

Katharine, who had wrapped her rug tightly round her against the bitter morning air, said, "This woman has stolen my coat. I want to hand her over to the police."

Signora Rigutti became vociferous. The accusation was monstrous! A delusion! She, the wife of Leonardo Rigutti, steal coats? She was the last person to steal coats! She would hand this madwoman over to the police!

The startled station master looked yet more startled; but her words gave him the meaning of Katharine's sentence. He looked from one to the other of them. Here was an affair of importance! Properly handled, it might mean promotion. In spite of the bitter cold, he took off his hat to scratch his head. He looked at them again, more closely. The wife of the Deputy Leonardo Rigutti was, indeed, an imposing woman—magnificent. But this foreign woman, looking at him with those steady gray eyes——

His startled air gave place to an expression of extreme uneasiness; he looked harried. He had all the small Italian official's superstitious dread of politicians and their mysterious far-reaching influence. A false step in this affair might easily lose him his job. The safest course—the only course was to get rid of all responsibility in the matter without delay. He put on his hat, and bowing low, with his arms outspread, he protested in apologetic accents that the matter was not for him to handle, but for the syndic.

"Lead me to the syndic!" said Signora Rigutti in melodramatic accents and with a splendid air.

The station master waved his hand toward the village, said "Come along," led them out of the station and up the street. His head was a little bowed, apologetically. On his right, Signora Rigutti rather strode along with the flashing eyes and intense air of a queen on the screen. On his left, Katharine walked quietly, trying to look confident, to show as little as might be of her fear and loathing and distress, resolved not to let the coat and its wearer out of her sight unless she were violently torn from them.

At the sight of these strange and unexpected visitors walking up the street, doors opened and the villagers came hurrying out of the houses, clamorous in a burning curiosity. The station master answered no questions; drawing himself up to his full height, he walked along, frowning, dignified, mysterious, silent. The air of Signora Rigutti became yet more melodramatic. The villagers, behind them and in front, conversed vociferously, staring, speculating. The procession passed out of the village, round the end of the low foothill beyond it, and came to a fair-sized house, the house of a man of substance, that stood back from the road; it came to a halt at the door of that house; the station master knocked, a loud important knock.

No one made haste to open; the station master knocked again. There came the sound of a heavy footfall in the hall; the door opened and a fine figure of a man of fifty, tall, large, broad and thick, with a square, powerful face, a large, broad-bridged nose, twinkling, roving black eyes, full, very red lips, a mustache of an inconceivable bristliness, ending in spikes, and bristly black hair, turning gray, the Syndic Bartolomeo Briccherasio, stood on the threshold. He looked round the excited group with a growing surprise, and as he greeted the station master in a rich and sonorous voice, his eyes came to rest on the two strange ladies and opened wide.

The station master returned the greeting, introduced Signora Rigutti, and, with many interruptions from her, began to tell the syndic about the sudden descent of these two strange ladies on Bardonnechia and the matter at issue between them.

The station master was no way on in his story when the eyes of the syndic ceased to twinkle and grew grave, moving from Signora Rigutti to Katharine and back again, studying, weighing the pair of them; good steady eyes, and shrewd, Katharine thought them; and she met their searching gaze easily and with a faint sense of being on safer ground. The station master ended; Signora Rigutti began. The syndic stepped aside, with a wave of his hand invited them to enter, and ushered them, along with the station master, into the room, half office, half parlor, on the left. Katharine looked quickly round it and saw—astonishing, comforting sight—hanging over the

(Continued on Page 100)

Letting light come through—

With infinite pains—hands numbed with cold—the Eskimo woman has made the ice window in her hut to let through as much sunlight as possible.

The "inside frost" of the New Line of MAZDA lamps was developed through research in the Laboratories of General Electric. It breaks up the hard brilliance of the incandescent filament, but "lets the light come through."

The results of the world-wide search for new ideas on incandescent lighting maintained by the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are given exclusively through MAZDA Service to those lamp manufacturers entitled to place the symbol MAZDA on their lamps. The MAZDA mark is the public's assurance of a product which the science and research of all the world have helped to bring to its highest efficiency.

The inside frost "lets through" practically as much light as a clear lamp. This achievement, sought almost since the invention of incandescent lighting, together with greatly increased strength, makes the New Line of MAZDA Lamps one of the greatest products of MAZDA Service.

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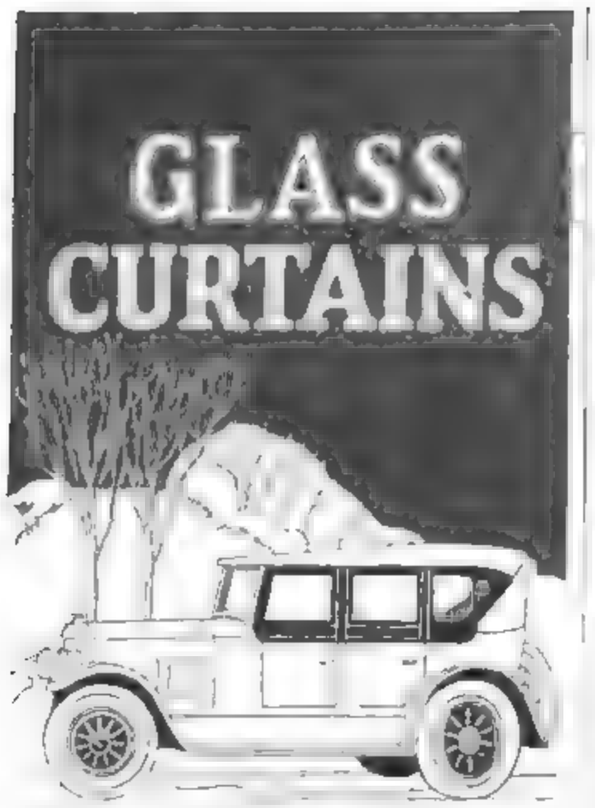


For Open Cars

At last glass curtains for open cars have been perfected and patented.

These curtains are known as "Glassmobile."

They can be put on or taken off easier and quicker than celluloid curtains and *without* tools.

They are carried *flat* in a shallow container, requiring about the same storage space as old-style curtains. They—

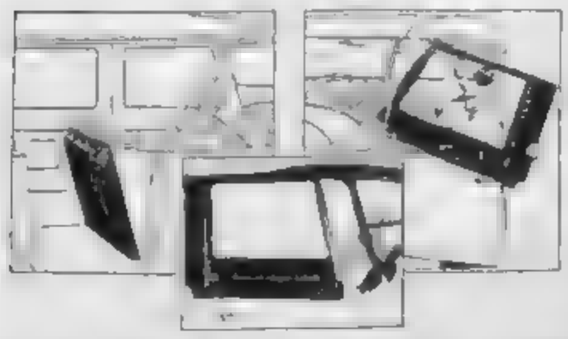
—open with the doors.
—weigh only slightly more than an ordinary set of curtains.
—provide perfect ventilation without the use of sliding glass panels.
—cannot warp, sag or rattle.
—are free from breakage.

Glassmobile is entirely different from enclosures in that it is a spring, summer, fall and winter replacement for celluloid—no other curtains necessary. It gives the open car sedan comforts at all seasons.

It enables you to satisfactorily combine open car economy, roadability, power and "pep" with sedan comfort and convenience.

It is inexpensive, handsome and durable.

Available for all makes and models of open cars.



1—The entire set of Glassmobile panels is carried flat in a shallow container when not in use; instantly and easily available whenever needed.

2—Anyone can easily put on or take off a set of Glassmobile panels in four minutes or less without tools, and from inside of the car when necessary.

3—Scientifically ventilated without sliding glass panels.

There is a Glassmobile Dealer near you
Mail the coupon for his address.

Glassmobile Company
125 Peterboro, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: I am willing to have you prove to me that I can get all-year sedan comfort and convenience at one-third less cost.

Name

Street

City

State

DEALERS—Glassmobile is endorsed by the largest manufacturers of cars; write for details of our Sales Contract.

GLASSMOBILE

(Continued from Page 98)

mantelpiece an engraved portrait of President McKinley.

Bartolomeo Briccherasio waved them to chairs, sat down at the head of the table, took from a drawer in it a blotting pad and paper, with an official heading, and a fountain pen. Once more he studied the two women gravely, then called on Signora Rigutti for her account of the matter. She now had it so pat that she told it with extraordinary speed and even swifter gestures, repeating the fact that she was the wife of Leonardo Rigutti as often as she could insert it in her narrative. Again she shed a few tears for the wounded feelings of her poor dead aunt. Bartolomeo kept checking her to make a note. When she came to the end of her tale, he gazed at her with an odd intensity for perhaps ten seconds; his eyes looked to Katharine to turn dim, as if a veil had fallen over them. Then he turned to Katharine, and in real, honest American, with none of that finicking English accent of which she had been hearing so much, asked her what she had to say about the matter.

In his youth the wanderlust had driven Bartolomeo Briccherasio across the ocean to Denver, to become a waiter. Later, maturing, he had settled down as the owner of a café in that city, made his pile, and at fifty returned to become a landed proprietor in his native Piedmont.

Rarely in her life had Katharine heard a more pleasing sound than those few words of honest American. Reënforced by the portrait of President McKinley, they gave her a sense of security that brightened her eyes and flushed her cheeks; she could speak and be understood.

Quickly and clearly she told Bartolomeo the story of the coat, from its purchase in Paris to its loss at Modane. He did not check her to take a single note. Twice Signora Rigutti jerked forward on her chair and opened her mouth to speak, but checked herself as she called to mind the fact that she had pretended to know no English. Katharine came to the end of her story, uninterrupted.

Then, pointing at the large and elaborate black, waggling, funereal erection on the head of Signora Rigutti, she added, "How could a woman with a hat like that have a sable coat? I want to hand her over to the police."

Bartolomeo's quick eyes perceived the discrepancy; he frowned.

Signora Rigutti, furious at the insult to her hat, said to him in raging accents, "A pretty parcel of lies she's told you, I'll swear!"

Bartolomeo leaned back in his chair and appeared to plunge into profound thought. He had no shadow of doubt in his mind that both the women were speaking the truth—Signora Rigutti when she said that she was the wife of Leonardo Rigutti; Katharine when she said that the coat was hers. But how was he going to return her coat to this little American without making an enemy of the deputy? He liked the little American; she recalled to his mind a more spacious life. Besides, he was a just man. But Leonardo Rigutti—he was powerful and dangerous. Bartolomeo's frown became a scowl as he pondered the problem.

The two women looked at him with an equal confidence—Signora Rigutti trusting in the weight of her husband's position, Katharine in the justice of her cause. Presently his brow grew a little smoother; something like a mischievous gleam sparkled in his eyes and was gone. He rose, bade the station master see that neither woman escaped, and went out of the room. He walked down the passage to the kitchen, from which came an astonishing hubbub. As he expected, he found half the village in the kitchen, the rest clustered on the threshold of the back door or leaning in at the window talking, all at once, to his good-looking family. With the roaring of a bull of Bashan, he sent his neighbors scuttling out of the back door and slammed it on their heels. Then for rather more than five minutes he was busy.

Then he went back to his parlor-office and said to Signora Rigutti in cold, official accents, "Take off that coat. I must examine it."

Signora Rigutti hesitated; but there was that in his manner and tone and eye which compelled obedience. Her heart sank a little at parting with it, but she took it off and handed it to him almost meekly. He opened the door and bade her and Katharine step out into the hall and wait there. Katharine sat down on the bench beside the parlor door; Signora Rigutti paced up and down, muttering to herself at an astonishing speed, and glowering at Katharine. The feeling that she had bitten off more than she could chew was coming back to her.

Presently the door of the parlor opened and Bartolomeo shouted in a terrible voice, "Enter!"

Jarred, they jumped as one woman to that terrible voice and went into the room, frightened by his tone and even more frightened by his appearance. He seemed to have grown larger and turned blacker; his eyes were blazing; his hair was bristlier, his mustache spikier. Katharine's teeth chattered.

Their eyes flew to the coat on the table. The bottom of the lining had been ripped open; protruding from the hole was the end of a little blue-paper packet. Two similar blue-paper packets lay on the table; one of them had been opened; it contained a white powder.

Bartolomeo turned the key in the lock, took it out with a flourish, thrust it into his pocket, strode to the end of the table, turned and, scowling, faced the two women, set a large forefinger on the unopened packet, fairly bellowed:

"Cocaine! Whose is the coat?"

Katharine gazed at him and the coat and the blue-paper packets with unaffected but obviously genuine interest. Signora Rigutti opened her mouth slowly, and quietly grew livid. She knew all about cocaine smuggling and the penalties; that cocaine smuggling, deputy's wife or no deputy's wife, the authorities would not stand; they dare not, so excited was public opinion about it. She was on the verge of smashing up her husband's career and herself with it.

"Cocaine smuggling! The lowest penalty is three years' imprisonment! Whose is the coat?" bellowed Bartolomeo.

Signora Rigutti swallowed hard and took the floor. Stammering, in a high-pitched, faint and shaky voice, she began:

"It is the c-c-coat of the ac-c-c-cursed American! Where would my aunt get the money to buy a sable coat like that?"

"But you said the coat was yours—you swore it at least ten times!" Bartolomeo shouted.

"It was never my coat! How could it be?" cried Signora Rigutti shrilly. "It was a joke—just a little joke. I took it to tease this wretched American—a despicable creature. I am a good Italian, I am; and I hate these foreigners. Yes, *corpo di Bacco!* I hate them! It seemed to me amusing to frighten this one about her miserable coat. I did frighten her; she is still frightened; I am still amused." She laughed, or rather croaked, an appalling laugh. "I am modern—I have a sense of humor—immense. I—I learned it from my husband."

She paused and again swallowed hard; then of a sudden her face turned black, as a new aspect of the matter struck her. Again a queen on the screen, she flung out an accusing arm with pointing finger toward Katharine and fairly howled:

"And all the while this abominable creature, this dirty thief, this vile American, was plotting to trick me, plotting to ruin me and my distinguished husband for smuggling cocaine! It is abominable! An outrage!" She paused to pant and went on: "It shows you! I always say it—always; you never know what kind of people you come into contact with when you're traveling in France. Always I keep telling my daughter that she must never travel in France till she has a husband to look after her. And a pretty fool he'll be when she does get one!" She turned from Bartolomeo to Katharine and appeared to be on the point of spitting at her: "A horrible creature, this! A swindling cocaine smuggler! I hope the judge gives her the maximum!"

She paused for lack of breath. Bartolomeo waved a hand to silence her and said, in English, to Katharine:

"Do you still say that this coat—this coat with cocaine hidden in it—is yours? The penalty for cocaine smuggling is three years' imprisonment at least."

"Of course the coat's mine," said Katharine. "And as for the cocaine, it must have been in it when Wilbur bought it."

Signora Rigutti laughed shrilly; there was no longer any need to pretend an ignorance of English.

She cried shrilly, "A pretty story! You won't fool any of our judges with that!"

Bartolomeo turned on her sharply; he said in a grave and very unpleasant voice that her joke had been very, very silly and very, very dangerous; that but for this matter of the cocaine, this American would have been able to prosecute her for theft; that no judge in Italy would have understood her sense of humor; that it would have strained her husband's influence to the breaking point to get her out of the mess. He enlarged on the theme; he had her trembling. Then his accents softened; he became suave; he added that fortunately he, Bartolomeo, knew what a sense of humor was and understood her action. He proposed to say nothing about it—not a word. But would it not be better for her to remove herself from the affair without delay? He could manage the business without her evidence—that of the station master would suffice. Indeed, were she once in the box, the advocate for the defense would make such capital out of the sense of humor which had led her to appropriate the coat as to damage the case for the prosecution; moreover not one person in ten would believe that it had been a joke at all. And then—the newspapers! What a scandal! It would damage her husband's career, perhaps irreparably. But in the course of the next ten minutes a slow train from Modane to Turin would stop at the station. Had she not better get away?

Trembling, Signora Rigutti had listened to the lecture meekly. At once she accepted the suggestion, though she tried not to show her eagerness. Her one thought was to get away. She had lost the coat; she had no desire to have anything more to do with it; certainly not to appear in a criminal case concerning it, even as a witness. She had run a foolish risk, a very foolish risk, she saw now, and had had a great escape. Bartolomeo bade the station master escort her to the station and put her on the train. With courtesy verging on the gallant he bowed her out of the room, he bowed her out of the front door.

Her last words to him were, "A man of discretion can always rely on the good offices of Leonardo Rigutti."

He thanked her warmly. Then he smiled wickedly at her retreating back, flung out his hand in a gesture of scorn, shut the door and returned to the office to find Katharine standing at the window.

She turned and said indignantly, "You're letting that woman go!"

Bartolomeo smiled upon her a large, benignant smile, shrugged his shoulders, bowed with outspread arms in an immense gesture of apology, and said:

"Sure I'm lettin' her go, lady. Eet ees best. You don't crave to spend months goin' to law in Italy. An' ze dame was only funnin'—yes, she said eet. She sure took your coat just for a joke—she said eet. An' she 'ave a sense of humor, she caught eet from her 'usban'—she say zat. We just love funnin', we Italians—yes, in Italy. I am a jokare myself—sometimes—a little." He paused, put a large forefinger into his mouth, moistened the tip of it, dipped it in the white powder in the opened packet, licked the powder off with an air of lively gratification, and with a magnificent wave of his arm said, "Sugare!"

HEINZ KETCHUP IS ALL KETCHUP

When you open a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup and pour it on your food, notice how slowly it comes out of the bottle.

That's because Heinz ketchup is *all ketchup*—just the tomatoes and their own juice, thoroughly cooked, deliciously spiced, and sweetened with real granulated sugar.

When we cook the tomatoes—those big, sound, luscious tomatoes raised from seeds developed by us and grown under our supervision—the water is cooked out of them. Otherwise it would thin down the rich tomato substance and reduce the flavor.

Real tomato flavor, nourishing goodness, and garden freshness, *undiluted*. That's what you get in Heinz Tomato Ketchup.

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS · · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

ONWARD AND UPWARD LED

(Continued from Page 50)

"Correct," Jerry assented, tinkering away and adding steadily to his pile of greasy bolts and nuts. "McCabe's the other part of it; and your housing's bent and your axle is broken, to start with. If there's nothing else but that and the fender, you might get your car tomorrow morning. You bet I'll do my best for you."

"Perdition!" remarked Mr. Blennerhasset equably. "That means another day in this confounded town, just as I was joyfully getting out of it—unless ——" He looked at his watch.

Jerry had a fairly good eye for watches, and this one was worth a week of any dip's time following it on the mere chance of a snatch.

"How would you like to bring it to me? It's no more than a twelve-hour drive if you average twenty miles, and you could come back here on the night train or the next morning. I remember you talked about starting in business for yourself. Well, there's a glittering opportunity for the right kind of an energetic, polite and literary young mechanic right in my town. Neat, fairly large building that seems to be well equipped, good location and going for a song. Hey?"

"Are you talking about Pendleton?" Jerry asked, between hammer strokes.

"Pendleton? Tush, man! Bolsover. Nice little eleven-thousand town that's coming up like a flower. Six miles from the car barns where I dropped you, and I'm two miles out of the town. Bolsover the Beautiful."

"You'll have to speak to the boss about me driving your car there," said Jerry. "As to the other, I don't know. A long, long way from New York, and while that song stuff sounds good, my singing voice ain't so good yet. I couldn't reach the high notes, see?"

"That might be arranged. We'll talk it over when you come up, and now I'll speak to the boss." He bustled off and in a minute or two bustled back, followed by the foreman. "All right; I'll expect you to have the car at my door tomorrow evening sometime," he said to Jerry. "Anybody in Bolsover will tell you where my place is, and you'll find a road map in the pocket with some other things that I'll leave in your charge." To the foreman he said curtly, "Get that bag of mine out of the car, please. How long will that taxi be?"

"Won't be a minute, sir," replied the foreman, and as he spoke it came in with a rush and whisked Mr. Blennerhasset and his bag away. The foreman turned to Jerry, his face a-grin. "One of these damn-the-expense fellers," he remarked. "You don't often see 'em that way at his age. Don't kill yourself on that little job, Jerry—and, come to think of it, it ain't so little as I thought. I got a hunch the universal is out of kelter and I wouldn't wonder if you could find a few others things if you tried."

Jerry sat up.

"I would," he said, almost belligerently. "Get this: That old bird is a friend of mine, and there ain't a thing wrong with his car but the axle, and that's going to be fixed today if I'm on the job. I don't know what you figure on soaking him for the new axle and the work and my time on the trip, but I'll take it as a favor if you make it halfway reasonable, see? The idea is that any friend of mine gets treated right any place I'm working."

The foreman was somewhat taken aback at this outburst, and, not unnaturally, peeved.

"You ain't fixing the charges in this shop, I guess," he said. "You must be getting too big for your breeches."

"If you think so, I can get me a new pair," Jerry told him. "You're the boss."

The other took thought

"Well, as long as you don't get the idea that you are, it's all right," he said. "Certainly your friend will be treated right. I was just kidding about the universal. Go ahead and rush it through."

"Chee! I must be good," thought Jerry after he had gone. "Not fired! He may be right about the breeches, at that. The Bolsover brand might fit me better."

He had spoken pessimistically about the Bolsover brand, betraying little of the interest that he had felt; but the proposal had fired his imagination. Suppose there was a good opening and that he could sing the Blennerhasset arrangement of the song, and Bessie would consent to live in a hick burg! How about a nice little house—all of it, with a yard and flowers and a front porch and friends and birds, not too far from the garage—Jerry's Innovation Garage, whose motto was a square deal for one and all and four quarts to every gallon of gas? J. McCabe, prominent citizen of Bolsover! J. McCabe, Bolsover's young and deservedly popular mayor! Mayor McCabe, of Bolsover, and Mrs. McCabe, society leader and clubwoman, Miss Bessie McCabe and J. McCabe, Jr., are at the Pazaza for a few days before starting on a tour of Europe ——

Soft, fleecy clouds, rose-tinted and tipped with gold, floated around Jerry's head as he went to his lunch. They enveloped him all through his consumption of pork-and with a side of fried bacon and apple pie, and grew more roseate and golden as he drew on his cigarette on his way back to the work he was to rush through. Then, at a touch, they were dispelled and his firmament darkened, overspread with threatening masses of Cimmerian gloom. The touch had fallen upon his shoulder, and it and the toucher were so obviously professional that Jerry's first impulse—instantly checked—was to duck and run.

"You're wanted up at the station, McCabe," said the agent of Nemesis. "The captain craves a nice cozy little talk with you."

It was with no hope of evading the invitation that Jerry explained that it was some other McCabe that the captain wanted, that he hadn't the pleasure of the captain's acquaintance, that he was not an interesting conversationalist, and so on. It was rather the tradition of cast-iron—or brass—nerve observed on such occasions by the élite of the underworld that he was following. Sick fear might seize a guy, despair might agonize him, but he must keep his nerve and his wits, smile, hold his head up and show himself confidently equal to the occasion. To some extent this secures the respect, or at least the good will, of the bull that makes the pinch. In this instance it got the indulgence of a telephone booth from which—the bull at his elbow—Jerry called the garage and explained that he was unavoidably detained for an hour or two before he returned to finish up the Blennerhasset job.

"Sure!" assented the officer reassuringly. "You'll be all through ten minutes after the captain sees you and you can get right back to work. You don't need to worry."

"I'm not worrying," said Jerry cheerfully. "Only I hate to lose the time. How about a taxi? I'll pay for it."

"It ain't far, but suit yourself. As long as you don't make no bad breaks."

Jerry knew better than to make any, and so in a few minutes they were at the station, where Jerry was conducted past the sergeant's desk to a room at the right of it, at the door of which his conductor knocked. In a moment the door was opened by a burly bird in blue serge, who stared owlishly through horn-rimmed spectacles, first at the bull and then at Jerry.

"Here he is," said the bull. "Don't want me, do you?"

"Not now, but have that strap handy and stick around," replied the owl; and to Jerry, "Come in, you." Ignoring Jerry's smile of recognition, he placed a great hand between the young man's shoulders and pushed him ungently toward a desk, where a portly red-faced man in an unbuttoned uniform sat, swung around in his swivel chair, facing him expectantly. "Here he is, cap."

"What's his name, did you say?" inquired the captain, regarding Jerry thoughtfully.

"McCabe, captain," said Jerry pleasantly. "I was told you wanted to see me and I hurried right over with your messenger, although I wasn't hardly dressed for calling. But if you'll excuse me, I don't like the manners of your door man. He ain't been well trained."

"You'll have to overlook it, Mr. McCabe," said the captain gravely. "Boyer, you hear what the gentleman says. You've got to be more polite to visitors, so you have."

"I'll politely wring his rotten neck before I'm through with him," said Boyer savagely. He lowered his bulk into a chair near the desk, struck a match and lit the stub of an evil-smelling cigar. "Now you jailbird," he continued, "you answer the captain's questions, and tell the truth for once in your miserable life, if you don't want it choked out of you. If I had my way ——"

He stopped, at the captain's uplifted hand and slight frown.

"Be easy, my dear man, be easy," said the captain. "Mr. McCabe is going to answer my questions like a gentleman and help us all he can. I see that with half an eye. But to talk of jailbirds—tut-tut!"

He took a slip of paper from an open drawer and examined it.

"Nothing about jail here," he said. "There was the reform school, sure; but what's that? Byes will be byes. Boyer, I'm surprised at you."

Abruptly he dropped his wheedling tone and his voice rang sharply:

"McCabe, who was with you on that White Plains job last week?"

"Captain, I never so much as heard of any White Plains job, and I haven't been out of town in months, and that's the solemn, honest truth. I'm working hard and I don't hardly get time to look at a paper when I'm through work."

"Where's Dan Shipley—Dumb-Bell Dan?"

"I don't know, captain, and what's more, I don't want to know. I've lost interest in Dan."

"Steve Burgen—Whistling Steve—when and where did you see him last?"

"Listen, captain," said Jerry, "you've got me wrong. I don't know anything about any of those guys. I got through with 'em. I'm on the strait and narrow path now, if you get me—honest sweat for what I get—and you couldn't drag me off with a tractor. You check me up and you'll find that's right. I wasn't never in White Plains in my life."

"Didn't you say he was there, Boyer?"

"He certainly was," replied the owl. "There's half a dozen'll swear to it."

No use! Jerry couldn't stand it.

"You're a dirty liar!" he snarled. "I can prove it if it comes to a show-down too. You try to frame me, you chair-warming chimpanzee and ——"

Fat as he seemed, Boyer had bone and muscle, and he was surprisingly quick and expert. In an instant he was out of his chair and Jerry was jammed down into it, with an arm through its back rungs gripped at the wrist. "You'll get a little chair-warming now," said Boyer, adding a characteristic characterization, and panting with the sudden exertion. Jerry writhed to escape his breath and a turn on his wrist wrung the beginning of a cry from him.

"Am I a liar?" asked Boyer. He had relaxed for an instant and now began slowly, slowly to twist.

"Yes"

"Am I a liar?"

"Yes."

The captain sat, watching with a mild, slightly abstracted interest the slip of paper between his fingers.

"Am I a liar?"

The pain was excruciating. The breadth of a hair more and the bone must snap. Or a guy might have the luck to faint. This time the vehemence of the answer rose to a scream—"Yes!"

"That's enough," the captain interposed. "You play too rough, Boyer. I don't hold with this third-degree business. Anyway, if a person is forced to be harsh—forced—there's better ways. Leave him sit where he is." He consulted the paper again while Jerry pulled himself together. Then he said argumentatively, "McCabe, as an honest, hard-working young man, how did it happen that you were mixed up in that Holcombe burglary in August, 1919?"

Jerry, white-lipped and nursing his wrist, forced a smile. "A mistake of those dicks, captain," he answered. "They tried to hang it on to me; but they couldn't. Ain't that so? I left the court without a stain on my character, as they don't ever tell a man."

"A thrifle spotty," commented the captain, his eyes on the paper. "Here's an arrest —— No, you were discharged; but two years later there was the Wertheimer robbery. You and your pal, Dan—yes. You got off by the skin of your teeth. Arrested again at Far Rockaway—h'm!—I'll say you've been lucky."

"Because I happened to be selling cookbooks there the day before."

Boyer broke in:

"Cap, them three was at White Plains and they turned the trick—him and Whistling Steve and the Dumb-Bell. The butler's description fits to a pimple, and the clerk at the drug store will swear to them and the number of the car this bird drove and Steve hired. You leave him to me and I'll get it out of him."

Jerry looked at him through half-closed eyelids.

"You're a liar," he said with cold deliberation.

"Boyer," said the captain, "you step out and smoke another of them rendering-plant zephyrs while I go into executive session with Mr. McCabe. I know the little devil of old. You ain't friendly, and Jerry only talks freely to his friends. Is not that so, Jerry, me bye?"

Jerry stared at him, and continued to stare after the owl had sullenly departed. The captain smiled broadly and very softly sang the tag of an old song, popular in its day—"'Are you there, Moriar-i-ty?'"

"Chee!" cried Jerry. "It's Paddy from Cork!"

"Right," chuckled the captain. "Your old frind, Paddy from Cork, and y'r father's before ye. He was a divil, too, the little tarrier! I mind it took three of us to get him to the station one night, and him no bigger than a pint cup. I hit him a crack on the skull that would have croaked most men, but all he got out of it was a good night's rest and a thrifle of a headache when we lined him up for his fine in the morning. But he niver bore no grudge, knowing it was my duty as an officer of the law. And you'll mind, maybe, that I thried to keep you from the rayform school in my testimony to the coort. 'He's wild, but there's not a taste of harm in him, wid proper handling, Your Honor,' I says. Do you mind that?"

"Sure," answered Jerry, glowing. "And us kids never had it in for you like we did for Eberhart. We sang that song at you and called you Paddy from Cork just for sport. I don't remember much about my father—nor my mother either."

"He was mule-headed at times; but he could see rayson too," said the captain. "And that brings me back to business. Now, Jerry, as your friend, I want you to come clean about White Plains, and I'll

(Continued on Page 107)

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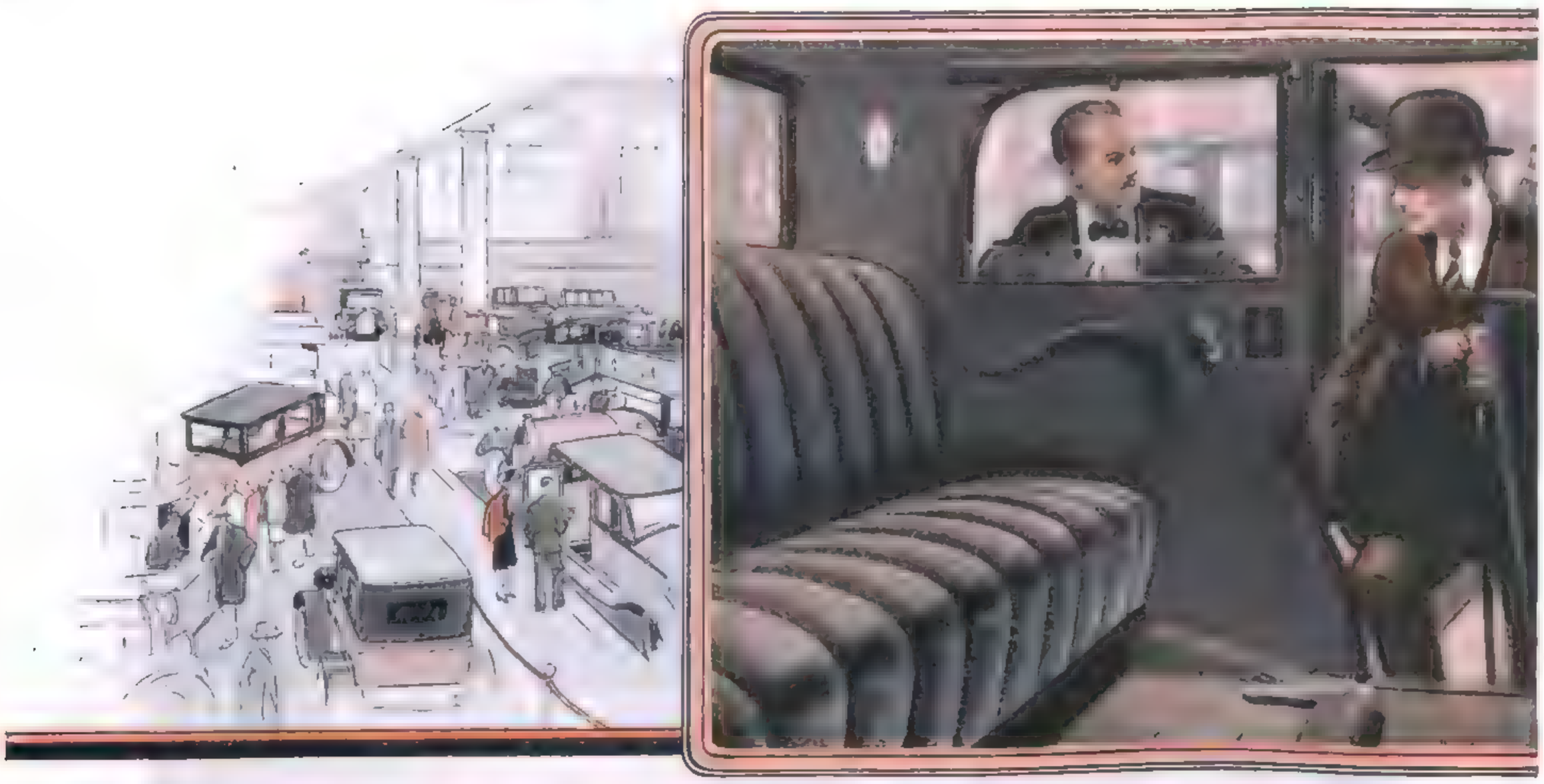

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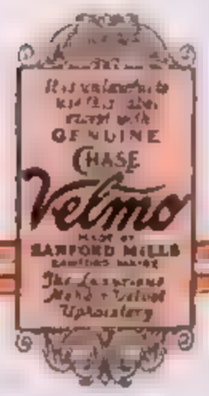

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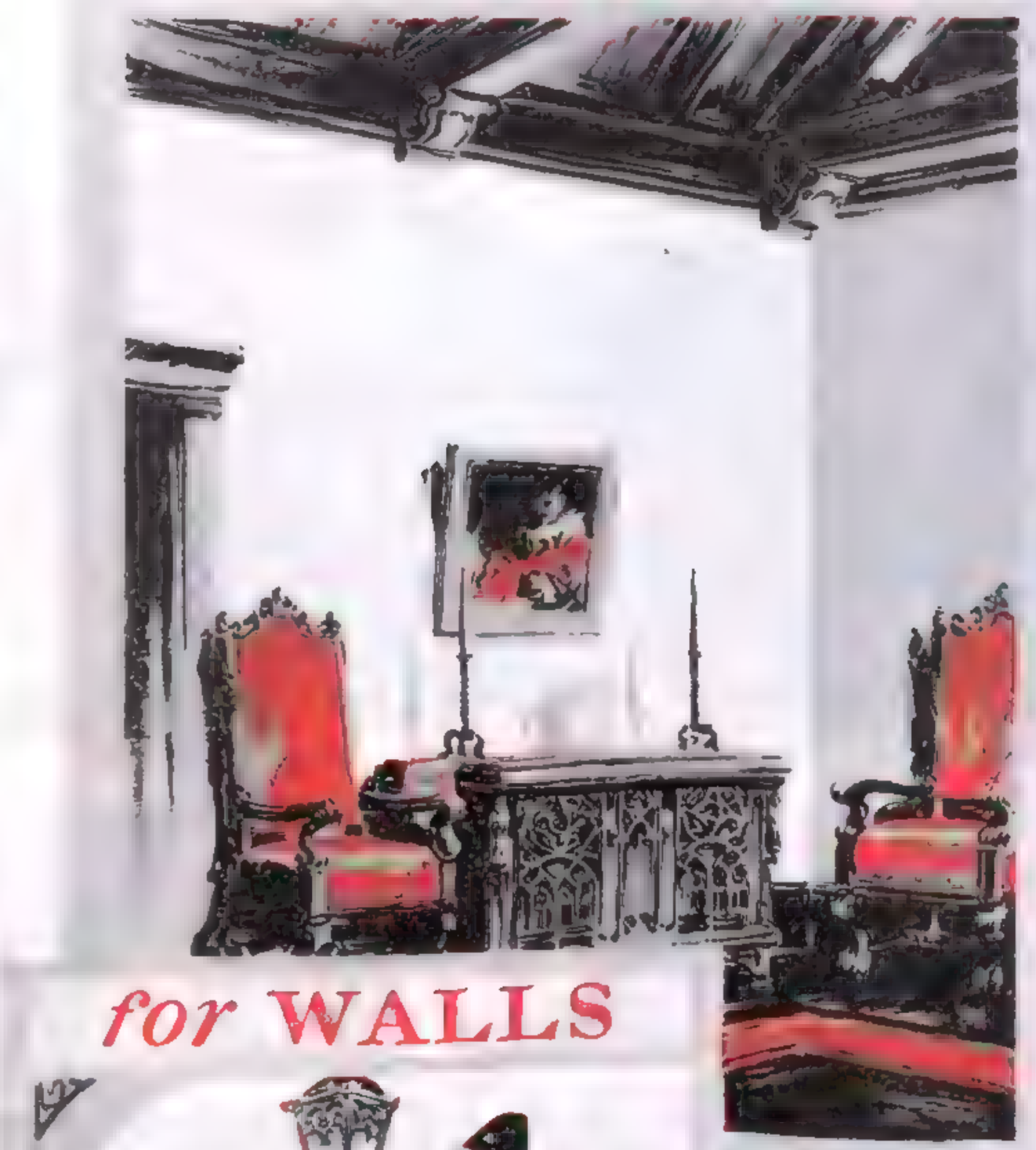

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PLASTERS - WALL BOARDS - ROOFINGS

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see that you come by no harm. You got my word on it."

"Captain, I don't know a thing about it," said Jerry convincingly. "That big slob is trying to frame me. That's on the level."

The captain's gravity returned and he drummed his thick fingers on his desk for a moment or two.

"We'll let it go then," he said. "I take your word you're running straight and trying to be a good citizen. A good citizen, Jerry, is on the side of law and order and against crooks. He'll help the police. Now, granting you're clear of this job, you can still help me with the dope on the gang. It's your duty. I want Steve Burgen, I want Dan Shipley, I want Gabe Spinetti, I want Blue-Nose Gorley. I want 'em, and, by Christopher, I'm going to have 'em!" He brought his fist down on the desk with a thump, his genial air gone with his brogue, his eyes blazing in a face that was set like a rock in menace. "Get that? I want to know their hangouts—all of 'em; I want to know their fences—all of 'em; I want to know their pals—all of 'em; and I want to know the women they're soft on. You can tell me, and it's your duty to tell me and—you—are—going—to—tell me."

"I'm sorry, captain, but I can't," said Jerry, quaking inwardly, but steady of eye.

"You can't?" Then Paddy from Cork spoke again. "You'll not have to appear in coort, and anything you tell me will be bechune you and me, and I'll see that you're niver bothered again. Now ——"

He pulled a pad of paper toward him and dipped a pen in the ink.

"Listen, captain," said Jerry, and now his voice shook and he wiped sweat from his forehead with a grimy hand. "I can't see it your way, that's all. I'm through with that gang, like I told you, but I couldn't no more do what you're asking than—than you could yourself. I know what you can do to me—frame me and send me up—and I wouldn't blame you if you thought it was your duty; but you can twist my arm off and beat my head in and send me up for a lifer, and I wouldn't give you a word."

"We'll see," said the captain grimly, and pressed a buzzer. The door opened, and as the owl appeared he rose from his chair and put on his cap. "Get Sam in and see what you can do with this lad," he said. "I'm going out and I'll leave him to you."

The owl disappeared and the captain buttoned his coat and pulled down the roll top of his desk. Then he walked over to Jerry and shook his fist under his nose.

"So you won't say a word?"

Jerry's black eyes met his brazenly and his lips twisted in a mirthless smile.

"No—Paddy," he answered; and here the owl returned with another man.

"I won't need you, after all," the captain told these two. He caught Jerry by the arm and roughly hoisted him from the chair. "Come with me," he said, and led the dazed young man out of the room, past the sergeant's desk and out through the street door to the top of the steps running to the sidewalk, and there he released him. "I'm turning you loose," he said. "Good-by and good luck to you, you young mule. Keep straight and you'll be all right. I guess you will, at that." He held out his hand.

Jerry quit work an hour early that afternoon, having, with Claude's able assistance, completed the repairs on the Blennerhasset car. He told the sympathetic foreman that his arm required seeing to—which was true. Nevertheless, he refused to consider the suggestion that Claude might drive the car back to its owner, while he, Jerry, took a day off to rest the arm and recover from the other effects of the fall.

"No, I'm a fair-to-middling one-arm driver, and I'll be making my start long before there's any traffic to speak of," said Jerry. "Don't forget to speak to the night man, because I don't want to wait till you get around in the morning. Now I got to beat it."

He wasted no fraction of a second of the hour in getting to the hotel, and in spite of his disabled arm, dressed with such speed that he gained nearly a quarter of an hour more. It takes time to think; but if one sets one's mind on a definite and immediate course of action, the thing is to keep it set, allowing no digressions, until that course is run. From the hotel that course ran along upper Broadway to Bessie, and it had been so laid almost from the moment that Capt. Patrick Moriarty had turned his broad back on a badly shaken young man at the top of the station steps.

So in his haste and preoccupation Jerry failed to notice Red-Head, who was sticking around in the hotel office, according to agreement, when he left; and, as it happened, she failed to notice him in his hurried exit. Straight along his course went Jerry, oblivious of everything else; not even considering what he would say when Bessie and he came face to face. One thing only he knew—that the long-deferred coming clean was imminent, with the showdown to follow. Either of these was too tremendous for thought.

There was no need for it. If he was unprepared, Bessie was not. She started, as he came into the restaurant, for he was earlier, far, than she had expected; but she was ready for him, and at her first look hope in Jerry's bosom raised her pinions for flight. The hand that had fallen on his shoulder a few hours before shocked him immeasurably less than the benumbing violence of contempt and anger expressed in those widely opened gray eyes of hers. Where was Jerry's impudence now? Where the nerve of brass and triple steel that the question chamber of the station had not broken? "Considering what he would say?" Though he had spoken with the tongues of angels, his speech would have fallen on deaf ears and soon have faltered and stammered into silence.

"Bessie, don't—don't believe all you hear." He did manage that.

"You dare!" she cried. "You dare come here and speak to me, you—you thief! Get out of this place this minute! Come in here again, come anywhere near me, ever, and I'll have you arrested. Daring to speak to a decent girl!"

Mindful even then of the proprieties, she spoke in a low voice; but its very suppression only intensified its bitterness.

"That fat polecat, Boyer, has lied to you about me," Jerry muttered. "You'll be sorry when I tell you ——"

"You'll tell me nothing. I wouldn't believe you on oath, you worthless crook! Mr. Boyer is a gentleman"—here there was the breath of a pause—"and I'm going to marry him. Now you go or I'll call Mat." She raised her voice for the first time. "Get out of here or I'll call the police!"

Jerry laughed. It was a horrible sound and created a real sensation. But there was only one thing to do—what the little lady said; walk to the door, head up, but turning there to show such a ghastly face to the two or three men who had started up that they drew back, fearful of a desperate maniac. Then to raise one's hat politely and vanish.

It has been said by naturalists—or Nature fakers—that the instinct of a hurt creature of the wild is to seek its den, hole or burrow, there to heal or die. It is certainly an instinct of humanity to do this, as any newspaper one picks up is likely to testify. Four walls, a pair of suspenders—at a pinch—and a handy hook, nail or beam, for instance. Or merely a period of seclusion, long or short, according to the severity of the hurt, and subject to interruption.

It must have been this instinct that guided Jerry to his hole in the Buena Vista, for straight as he went, he had no definite objective whatever. Incapable of thought, he was simply a welter of emotions. Blank despair, poignant jealousy, the very passion and fury of anger assailed him in turn, each leaving him only to give place to another and returning with augmented force. The sun of his universe was extinguished, his little world tumbled into a chaos in which he was whirled hither and thither, gasping and sobbing, struggling blindly, clutching at emptiness for a stable place and a moment's respite from the tumult.

Usually, all this seething, bubbling and foaming of the devil's own brew will atill sufficiently to allow a last purpose to form. Jerry had not got to that point when he suddenly became conscious of another hand on his shoulder—a light and gentle hand though. It was stirring him—but weakly, and a voice, pleading, compassionate, tender and anxious was speaking. What did it mean? How ——

"Oh, don't, don't grieve so! Tell me what it is. Oh, what—what is it?" He lost it for an instant; but it came again: "You are in trouble. I know, I know; but don't—please! Oh, what shall I do?"

Jerry started up from the bed, on which he had thrown himself upon entering the room. It was dark. Out of the darkness the voice had spoken. The touch he no longer felt. He stretched out a hand, but it encountered nothing; then, mechanically he switched on the light at his bedside, and there stood little Red-Head, withdrawn a pace or two as he sat up and stared at her, wild-eyed.

"I—I saw you go by in the office a little while ago," she faltered. "I knew something was wrong—had happened, and—and I came up. Your door wasn't quite closed. . . . I waited —— Oh, don't look so! What is the matter? Couldn't you tell me?"

Jerry tried hard to understand what she was saying, but gave it up and let his head fall. Again he felt her touch on his shoulder. It helped somehow, and he felt he was getting a grip on himself. Soothing! When, after some minutes, she moved as if to leave him, he caught at her hand and held it so tightly that it hurt. But she bore that patiently, looking down with pitying eyes on the bowed head with its disordered hair. Now and then a sort of spasm shook him; but he was getting a grip on himself, for presently he looked up and released her.

"Hello, kid!" he said.

"Hello!" she returned, with a brave attempt at a smile.

"Know where the strait and narrow path leads to? I'll tell you, so you'll know." He paused a moment, his brows knitted and his eyes fixed on her but seeming not to see her. "It leads straight to hell."

"Oh, that's nonsense," said Ellen. "You aren't going to talk nonsense, are you?"

"No, I'm not," replied Jerry thickly. "I want to tell you what I am. Come clean—see? I'm a crook—a low-down crook. I break into houses and banks and stores and steal. I'm a thief—I was, anyway."

"You said you wouldn't talk nonsense."

"Educated in the reform school. Graduated a dip. Nearly got my degree today—the third. A boob, though, because I've been going straight. Honest toil. Can you beat it?"

"That's fine of you," said Red-Head warmly. "You're going to go that way always too."

"Listen, you're a decent girl, aren't you?"

"I hope so." She flushed a little at the question.

"Then I've got my nerve, daring to speak to you. Aren't you going to have me arrested for it? A thief, remember; and once a thief, always a thief "

"That's worse nonsense than anything you've said yet. If you were what you say, it doesn't count against what you are now."

"Mustn't speak to a decent girl though."

"Here's one that you may speak to. Stop that now. You're a decent man, and there are few enough of them. If she told you that—the girl you told me about last night, she's a fool—a stupid fool. Is that your trouble—what you are grieving for? I thought so. Oh, you poor, foolish fellow, you're grieving for nothing—for less than nothing. And you love her, don't you? Oh, dear, it's a queer world! Would it make you feel any better to tell a friend about it? Then tell me. Only as much as you feel like telling. If I could have talked about my own little troubles to somebody who cared, they would have been easier for me to bear, I know. But to be alone! Do you know how sorry I am for you, how grateful I am to you and how—— Do you understand that?"

He would have been a fool indeed, and worse crazed than he was, had he failed to understand a little of that; so he told her, and in all his life he had never told a human being so much, or so much more than he had any idea that he told. And more than once during that long relation her eyes brimmed with tears, and more than once her hand stole out and touched his in sympathy, and when he had finished the telling the thought came to him of Christian when "his burthen loosed from off his shoulders and fell from off his back."

"How about you? Did you land that job?"

She nodded and smiled.

"Yes, and I'll keep that money now and give it to you on pay day. Oh, how kind you've been to me! And who would have been so but you?"

"Kid, you don't know what you have done for me this night. And if I don't see you again ——"

"What do you mean? Why shouldn't you?"

"I'm leaving town with that car as soon as I get my trunk packed. Maybe I'll come back, and maybe not. Probably not. I'm not leaving much—besides the trunk." He laughed bitterly.

"No," said Red-Head in a low voice, "not much, perhaps; but something too." Looking at her, Jerry realized that was true. Something rather valuable; something that he was badly in need of—then. He took the hand she extended. "It's good-by then," she said. "I'm sorry you are going, but it's the best thing to do perhaps. Don't think too hardly of girls though. I believe that some day you will find one who will make you forget what you are suffering now. And will you mind if I tell you to remember the advice that you gave me—which I needed? You can make anything of yourself that you choose. I'd be happy to know that you had chosen well. I must go now; it's getting late."

But Jerry kept her hand.

"Listen," said he, "I don't want to let you go, Ellen. You come with me. That's a good deal to ask, considering what I am and what I've told you, but I'm asking it. We'll get married at Bolsover or on the road somewhere, and if we don't like Bolsover, we'll go somewhere else—together. I want you and ——"

She was shaking her head.

"No," she said; "it's too much to ask. Not on account of what you are, for you are good enough for any girl. But do you think I'd marry a man in love with another woman? You don't want me; you want a—a poultice. I'm going now. You must let me go. Good luck—and write."

She was gone. Jerry sighed. He could almost have wept, and in this near-lachrymose mood he remained for some minutes. Then he started up with a hearty execration and threw open the lid of his trunk.

Two months had passed since Joe Siegel, the Bolsover painter, had burnished the gold edging of the final E on the sign of the Innovation Garage and, rubbing the agate on his prismatic pants, stood back and admired the classiest thing of its kind in town. It now hung on a bracket of iron that Orlando Defenbaugh, the Bolsover blacksmith, regarded as the chef-d'œuvre of his craftsmanship, over the stuccoed front of the remodeled building that was Hogan Brothers' general store before it moved over into the brick. Blue-and-gold lettering on a cream ground—the blue the color of some highly favored people's eyes, if you happen to think of it. Some sign! And some garage! The guy that had it must have been mighty unpopular to fail to make it a

(Continued on Page 108)

Libby's

58 separate kitchens have been built in the world's garden spots to pack the foods bearing this name

Insist on LIBBY'S *when you buy these foods*

Fruits, Vegetables	*Pickles, Condiments*	*Canned Meats*
Sliced Pineapple	Catchup	Cooked Corned Beef
Crushed Pineapple	Chili Sauce	Roast Beef
Peaches, Pears	Mustard	Vienna Sausage
Apricots	Queen Olives (Spanish)	Beef Steak and Onions
Cherries, Royal Anne	Stuffed Olives (Spanish)	Hamburger Steak
Cherries, Maraschino	Olive Oil (Spanish)	Veal Loaf
Fruits for Salad	Ripe Olives (California)	Chili Con Carne
Plums, Apples	Sweet Pickles	Corned Beef Hash
Apple Butter	Sour Pickles	Lunch Tongue
Jellies, Jams	Sweet Mixed Pickles	Ox Tongue
Strawberries	Sweet Mustard Pickles	Genuine Deviled Ham
Raspberries	Dill Pickles	Potted Meat
Loganberries	Sweet Relish	Boneless Chicken
Blackberries	Sweet Cauliflower	Potted Chicken
Prunes, figs	Sweet Onions	Sliced Dried Beef
Asparagus	Chow Chow	Sliced Bacon
Spinach	*Milk*	Mince Meat
Pork and Beans	Evaporated Milk	Plum Pudding
Tomatoes	Condensed Milk	Mexican Tamales
Sweet Potatoes	*Salmon*	Bouillon Cubes
Sauer Kraut	Red Alaska Salmon	Beef Extract
Tomato Soup		

Write for our free recipe booklet called "Libby's Luscious Fruits", and for personal help on recipes, menus, entertaining, etc. Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent, Dept. 501, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

In far-away Hawaii stands another great Libby Kitchen—right in the heart of the world's most famous pineapple plantations. There the finest fruit is gathered full-ripe and packed *at once* to preserve every bit of its fresh, matchless flavor

(Continued from Page 107)

mint, with no competition to speak of. But if you got the idea that you could scamp your work on a job when you finally took a notion to get it out of the way, and acted like you were doing a favor to charge a man two or three prices for it, and just naturally insulted your customers every time you had a white-mule hang-over—customers like Mr. Blennerhasset, who owned the paper mill and most of the First National Bank stock -you were lucky to get out with any kind of a song for your equity.

Put it the other way, and if you've got a man like Mr. Blennerhasset backing you and pulling for you with the country club and throwing you all the mill's truck work, there's no reason why you shouldn't do pretty darned well, especially if you are a square-shooting guy and no robber and treat Billy Meigs just the same when he comes in for a patch on an old tube as if he was one of these big bugs with a five-hundred-acre place up in the hills with a stone wall around it, and if you can kid back when kidded. You won't have no reason to complain that you and your two men haven't got enough work to keep you good and busy all the time.

Watch J. McCabe, prop., as he comes down the street from Mrs. Nagle's, where he has been boarding since he hit town. His laundry came back last night and he is wearing a clean suit of khaki overalls open at the collar to show a neat batwing. That suit will be grimy enough before night, but it's something to start fresh and clean on a fresh and clean spring morning. But watch him. There's Henry Suderman. Henry's stopping him. Now it's Frank Angar, and now Chris Lambert. Here come Carrie Doremus and Mabel Groot. They'll never let him walk right by them. What did I tell you? Nick Dobson's passing the time of day with him now. See Nick grin! Everet Turner's hailing him across the street. It's a wonder that boy ever gets to his work. Hello, Jerry!

Jerry stops for a moment before opening up, to look at his bright red gas stand. That's where you get your four quarts for every gallon—all but what stays in the hose, which you can't very well help. Then he pauses again to take a slant at the new, glistening, hundred-and-thirty-six wheel base, compression-lubricating, super-velours-upholstered Transcon sedan behind the plate glass of the establishment of which he is the prop.—and also the stay. Don't tell me that he is unhappy!

And now arrives Luther Trest, one of the help, and not far behind him comes Al Beadle, the other. Ten minutes before time, and what do you know about that for wage slaves! Jerry kids them for tardiness and they go in and get to work, humping themselves, as need is. After supper Jerry comes down again, to take care of any emergency job that might come in, and do a little desk work. As usual, he unlocks a drawer and takes out a little sheaf of letters which he peruses carefully, although he should know them all by heart. The letters are typewritten, so that, looking over his shoulder, one may easily read the passages that seem to interest him particularly. This from Number One:

"I was very glad to hear from you, for I was foolish enough to worry until your letter came. I didn't mean to say anything unkind when I left you that night, although it may have sounded snippy. But it was the truth, really, and by this time I am sure you know it."

Yes, at the time Jerry received that letter he had been sure that it was the truth. He had wanted comfort and sympathy—a poultice to draw poison, but no more. He had no heart for a woman, now that it had been broken by the one in the world. Kindness and worth! Ah, the memory of those stinted kindnesses that had meant so much to him! And he would have won her but for Boyer—"sister's friend." Some day he would have sister's friend where he ardently wanted him, and then —— Here Jerry's imagination had busied itself cruelly and bloodily until he had restrained it. First, he would have to work to become more than an impotent fugitive. These had been his first reactions to that first letter.

This from Number Two:

"No, I don't mind you calling me Red-Head, but I am glad you didn't say Sorrel-Top. When you let that R. H. slip out, the night you took me to dinner, I think I liked it. With nicknames, it depends on the person who calls you by them, doesn't it—whether you like her or him. Yes, I am glad to be your friend, and always will be."

In the third letter Jerry lingers on this:

"It is splendid to hear that everything is going so well, with such good prospects. I am more glad than I can say that you told Mr. Blennerhasset. It was brave and honest of you to do that, Jerry. Mr. Blennerhasset is a dear and I would like to hug him. Still, I think that anybody would be stupid not to trust you. . . . I like my job pretty well. My boss is quite nice to me."

Even before that letter came, Jerry's brain storms had decreased in frequency and violence. Then, as he began to make excuses for Bessie's perfidy, his vain regrets became pleasantly melancholy rather than acute, and there was little pep in his imaginary tortures of Boyer. He told Red-Head about it.

She answered:

"No, I don't think you are feather-headed and fickle. You are beginning to find out that you were in love with what you thought she was, instead of with her; but I may be prejudiced because she hurt you so badly. But a man doesn't look very deeply. Still, you weren't quite honest with her, Jerry. If you had told her—as you told me—it might have been different. But you were afraid of losing her. You cared too much, didn't you? But I'd be the last to blame anybody for yielding to a strong temptation. I had one once that I might have given up to—if a friend hadn't helped me. Do you know who that friend was, Jerry? . . . I forgot to answer your question. My boss is a woman, and she isn't too nice."

Head Rock Between Pennington Gap and St. Charles, Virginia

Square shooting, Jerry called it.

"Look as deep as you like, you'll not find anything wrong with little Red-Head; and as for looks ——" Red-Head's face came to his mind, gay and animated in spite of its thinness and pallor, her blue eyes dancing with fun. He saw it in another aspect—beautiful with pity and with tears of pity in those eyes of blue—for Jerry. He contrasted it with Bessie's face, so composed, so regular in its contours; and again, as he remembered it, distorted with anger, her gray eyes flashing scorn—of Jerry. Small wonder that as the days passed, the one face faded and the other became more and more vivid until the wish to see it formed and grew apace.

See what he is reading now:

"I suppose I ought to pretend that I'm not sure and ask you to give me time to consider; but the truth is, Jerry dear, that I do care for you a lot. I must have loved you almost from the first time I saw you. Perhaps the way to my heart was the same as they say the way to a man's is; but you found it very quickly. I know that, because my heart hurt so when you told me about your wonderful girl, and when you asked me if I would come with you I wanted to shout, 'Yes, to the end of the world!' But, you see, I didn't think you wanted me. Are you sure, dear—very, very sure—sure as I am? Tell me again that you are. Don't make the mistake of thinking I'm an angel. I've got a rotten temper, for one thing—and other things. I hate people too—some people, although I try not to. But, darling Jerry, it can't be for months and months yet. You see I haven't a thing ——"

The telephone bell rings sharply, and reluctantly but still smiling, Jerry lays down his letters and picks up the receiver.

"The Innovation Garage. . . . Why, hello, Mr. Blennerhasset! I didn't know you were back. Can I run up and see you for a few minutes tomorrow sometime? . . . Yes, sir, I've heard. . . . This morning. . . . The tidings from the Earless of Mar is that she will arrive on the 11:08 the day after tomorrow—A.M. . . . That was thirty-eight hours, seven minutes and five seconds the last time I figured it. Ye-ah, too bad, isn't it? . . . Why, thank you kindly for the offer and appreciating it, but I guess I'll have to take time to meet her myself. You see, there's a law about the bridegroom being present as well as the bride. . . ! What's that? . . . Yes, all ready. Jim Peabody has had the floors scrubbed and the windows cleaned and Mrs. Nagle is seeing to the rest. . . . Yes, I've fixed it up with the reverend. Only a couple of people besides you and Mrs. Blennerhasset. . . . Say, Mr. Blennerhasset—what I mean —— Chee! I can't say it! Listen, if you ever want my right leg, or anything like that, just bring along your saw. I won't need to take ether, at that. . . . Yes, sir, and thanks. G'by."

After a moment or two he takes up the remaining letter, and the reading of a telegram signed "Red-Head" finishes his desk work for the night.

Leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, he smiles happily at the calendar. His lips are moving now, quoting poetry:

"'His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.'"

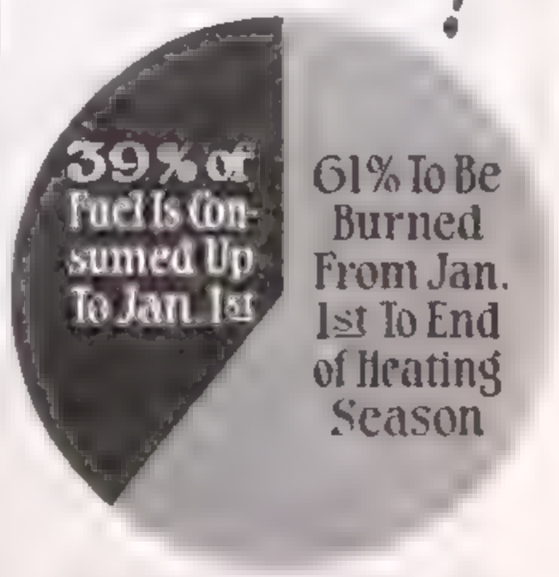
"'Fetters and warder for the Graeme!'" The Graeme looked at his watch and made a rapid mental calculation.

"Chee, but I'm the lucky guy!"

(THE END)

More than Half the Heating Season

STILL AHEAD!

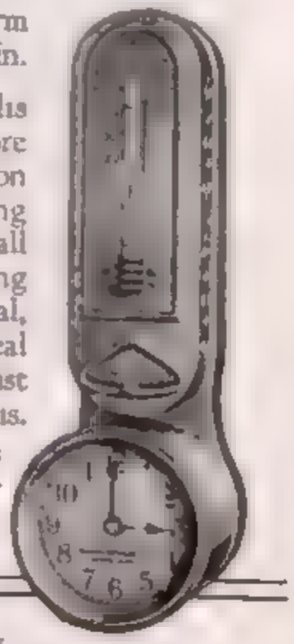


Above percentages are averages covering several large cities from coast to coast. Taken from Government statistics over a 33-year period.

January and February with their stinging cold—March with its biting winds—April with its chilly rains—four big heating months! Can you afford to waste fuel when so much of the heating season is still ahead? Decide, today, to install

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR for COAL—GAS—OIL

It will keep down your heating cost and give you real heating comfort. No more wide fluctuations of temperature. There is never more than a variation of one degree with the Minneapolis. When buying a heat regulator, don't get only half of one. Be sure to choose a clock thermostat. The Minneapolis clock has an important function. It lowers the temperature at night and raises it in the morning before you arise, providing cool rooms to sleep in and warm rooms to dress in.



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Mail the coupon for free booklet.

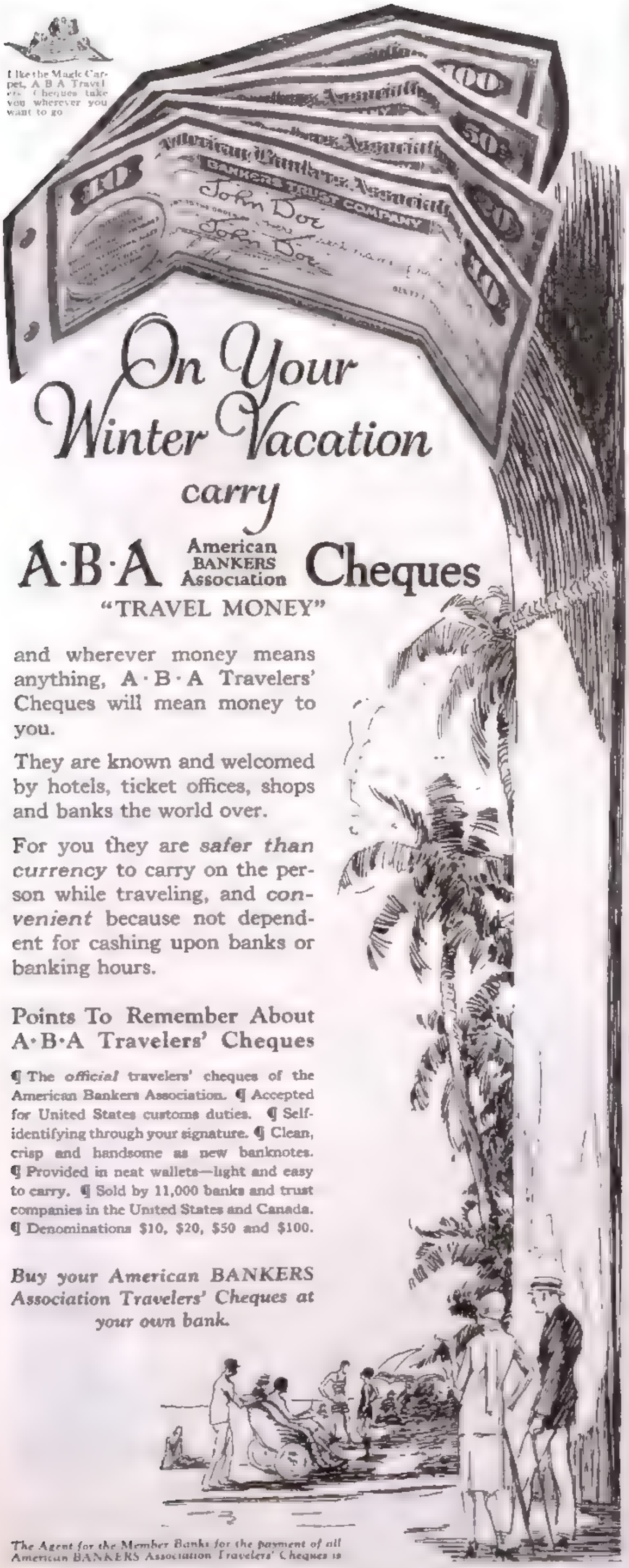
Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co., Est. 1885
2803 Fourth Ave. So.,—Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant", and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.

Coal — Oil — Gas — District Steam —

Name

Address



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SABAKAKI—AND OTHERS

(Continued from Page 35)

least of these was to synchronize our various arrivals, for it goes without saying that a day's march for men and one for motor car and motortruck were three very different things. Also our Wakoma were to go only so far before returning to M'tone's dominions; and after they left us we were to get on with our small nucleus from Nairobi, and with eleven Wakoma, fired with ambition to make the plunge into the world by accompanying us to that great metropolis. We were sending rapid *safaris* ahead, relaying, camping to wait while we sent rapid *safaris* back, paying off a few men here and a few men there, trying to make a time schedule to fit a dwindling *potio* supply. Oh, lots of things! And as nothing in Africa ever goes quite as it is planned, we had permutations and combinations of pleasing chance to keep us busy and amused. That was my job, as *safari* manager.

The crux of the whole matter was, naturally, weight. We got rid of everything but the minimum of desirables. From our last permanent camp on the Grumenti River, I sent on everything I possibly could, men as well as stores. For the last week we had only N'dolo, Asani, Suleimani—who had to ride on account of his leopard injuries—and Sabakaki. Our outfit was supposed to be reduced to an absolute minimum for the reason that it must all be carried on the light truck. During this week the foot *safari* was supposed to get far enough ahead so that we would catch it up at the proper time and place.

Sabakaki's Impedimenta

Even thus we had about all the truck could reasonably handle over a trackless country. It does not take many things to make up twelve hundred pounds, when in that weight one has to include three men, spare tires, four five-gallon cans of water and the gasoline necessary for the distance. And then, when we came to load up, Sabakaki began to produce personal effects. A native boy is supposed to get along—and does so—on what he can include in a small blanket roll. Sabakaki had two wooden chop boxes, he had a huge native basket full of junk, he possessed a large bed roll and a miscellaneous variety of single articles, ranging from a teakettle to a home-made woven coop of chickens. Heaven knows where he had got it all. Some he had brought in from his various trips to Nairobi; some he had traded for or gambled for. I remember golf stockings, three caps, a pair of woman's stockings and a pair of dancing pumps. It was uncanny. This was uncivilized, unexplored, equatorial Africa. In the aggregate, his personal possessions bulked much greater than those of any one of us white men.

Of course we cursed and threatened to leave behind the whole mess; and of course we ended by getting the confounded stuff aboard somehow. It was a tremendous nuisance; but it would have been worse than cruelty to animals to have done otherwise. And all the way out it continued to be a nuisance. Like all native stuff, it was possessed of slippery and tottery devils. No sling or hitch would confine it. We were always tying it on or picking it up or removing it, to the accompaniment of language, because what we happened to want for the moment was invariably underneath it. And when Art had occasion to open one of the long tool boxes in search of some article, he found that box stuffed to the top with strips of imperfectly dried meat which Sabakaki modestly admitted to be his.

All in all, we were considerably fed up with Sabakaki's possessions by the time we had wearily but thankfully drawn up by the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi. A bath and a rest would have been grateful, but the job was not yet quite over. With some difficulty we loosened the lashings, stiff with mud and dust. The truck's burden was unloaded and segregated. Our effects were carried to our rooms. N'dolo and Asani and Suleimani lugged off their neat little piles. The camp equipment was reloaded in the truck to await later transportation to a godown. On the veranda remained only Sabakaki's extraordinary and inordinate collection. Cap in hand, he approached.

"*Bwana*," said he, "since I have so many things to take to my house, do not you think you should buy a ricksha to take them there?"

When the smoke had cleared away, Sabakaki picked himself out of the super-emphasis of my negative.

"*N'dio, bwana*," he agreed wholeheartedly and cordially with what I had said.

We will now resume the original manuscript as written in camp.

Forgetting to fill the water cans for the car was for some reason or other Sabakaki's besetting sin. It was a serious one, for a flivver might as well be without wheels as without water in this climate; better, for then at least the engine is safe. So frequently did this happen that finally his punishment became so dire that it branded itself even on Sabakaki's somewhat problematical soul. Nevertheless, one afternoon when we were on a remote *safari*, I took the car out without the filled water can aboard. It did not matter; I was going only two or three miles and then look for lions afoot. Also I was in a hurry, so I did not bother to call Sabakaki to remedy the omission, but hopped in with N'dolo and started out.

We left the car as per intention and made a long round afoot. When nearly back to the car again I shot a very fine impalla Leaving N'dolo to cut it up, I walked down to bring up the transport. On the way I met some lions and fired three shots more. These must have been audible for a considerable distance. Just as we had finished taking in the impalla and were about to tackle the lion-skinning job, one of us happened to look up, to discern a lone human figure on the sky line of a very high hill. It was carrying a five-gallon can on its head and was proceeding at a desperate and weary dogtrot. We looked at each other in blank amazement, for the direction was opposite to that of camp.

A Master of Ineptitude

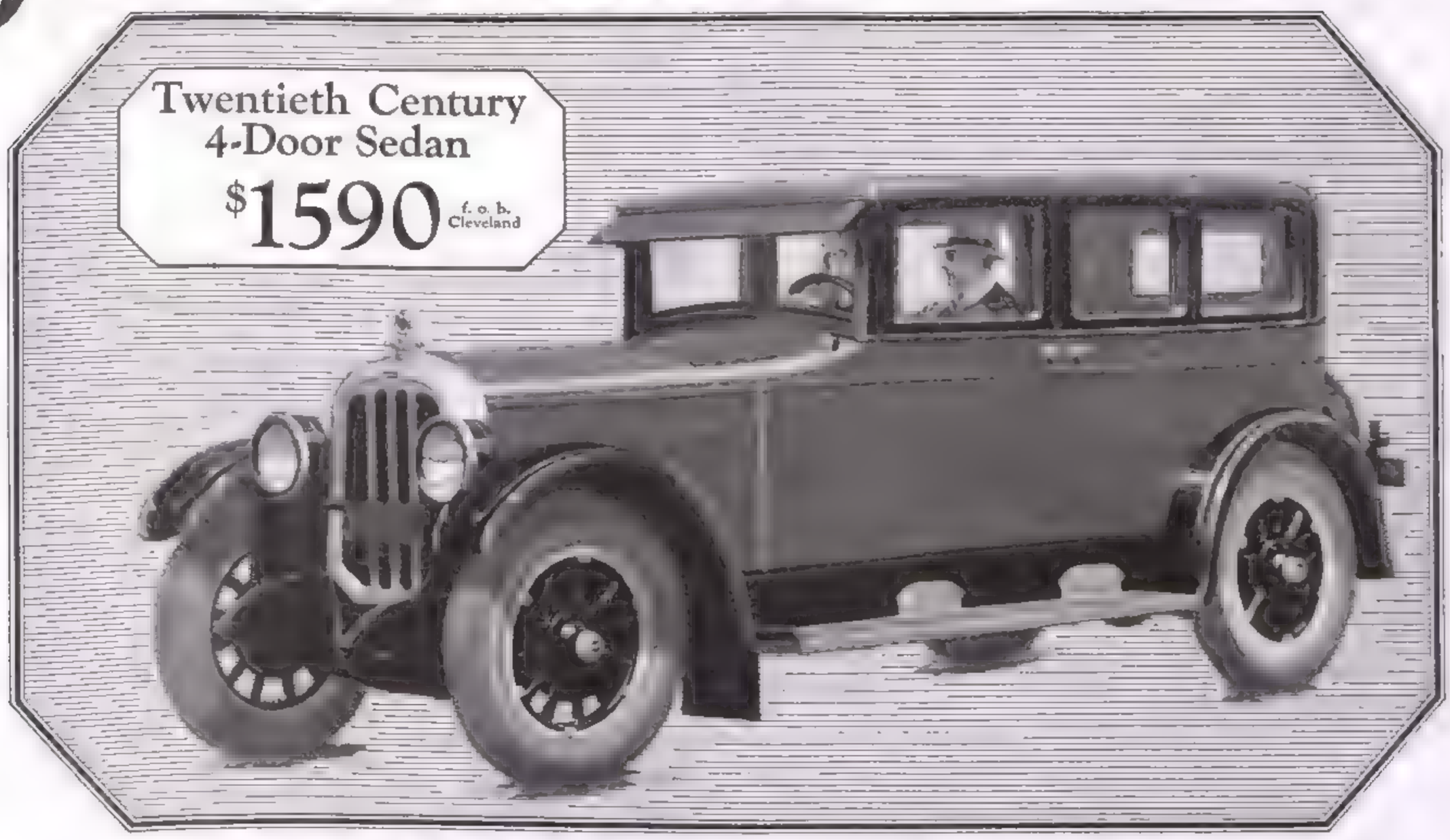
The figure neared and proved to be Sabakaki, absolutely and completely all in. Soon after we had left he discovered his dereliction, had filled a can and had embarked on the gallant but quixotic enterprise of catching a motor car out for an unknown jaunt in the middle of Africa. My shots had at last guided him. He staggered up to the car without a word—he had no breath for words—feebly unscrewed the radiator cap and made a noble effort to lift the can to supply water that did not in the least lack. But he was too weak. It was heroic, especially with those shoes. Even the saturnine N'dolo had to grin. As for me, what could I do but forgive him—and give him a ride back?

At times his inspirations for the wrong thing rose to great height. As when, out of eighteen cans, he picked with unerring instinct the one lone one that contained kerosene for our lanterns and poured it into the cars, to the great detriment of our running power, the prospective darkening of our evenings and a ten-shilling fine for himself. Or when he slumbered peacefully for three hours instead of taking the car to meet us at a designated point, so we had to walk back; in payment for which he himself carried all those shoes a good twelve miles to camp. Punishment-fit-the-crime stuff.

But at one thing Sabakaki was a past master—and that was looking out for Sabakaki. When on *safari* the first thing he would like to do would be to pick out

(Continued on Page 112)

for 1926



and Years to Come

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It is real Progress for a car to develop modern body-building in the ideal way it is developed in the new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan.

It is real Progress to build a smarter, richer 4-door Sedan and to price it, as Chandler does, *less than a 2-door coach.*

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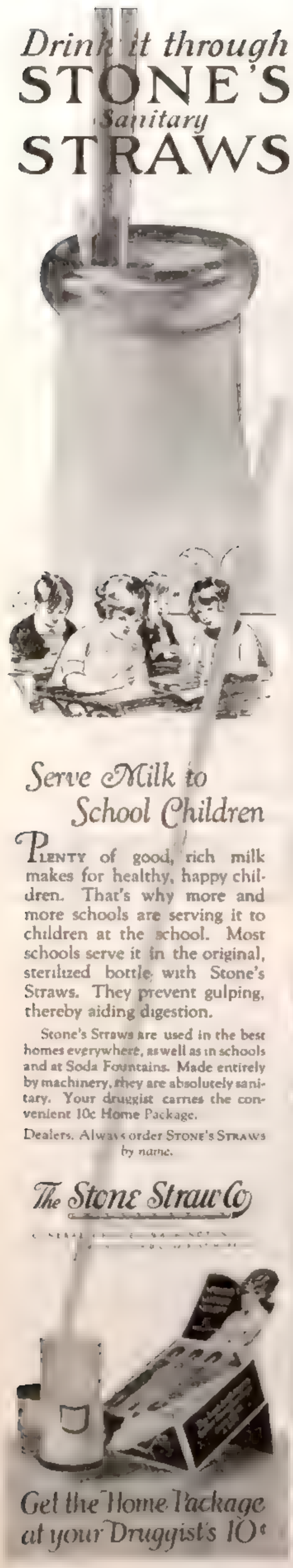
Spread all current automobile announcements out on the dining room table together—and see how much actual evidence of progress you can lay alongside of the Progress of Chandler.

The new Chandler you buy in 1926 is styled to be stylish *for years to come.*

What's more—it is built to endure *for years to come!*

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND. Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CHANDLER



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Dealers. Always order STONE'S STRAWS by name.

The Stone Straw Co

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

(Continued from Page 110)

the properest building spot and erect himself a house. Mischievously we often kept him busy about other matters until the choicest sites had been taken; but that at once savored of cruelty and made for inefficiency in our affairs with which he had to do.

He worked with a divided mind and all the distraction of a schoolboy mowing the lawn before he could join his companions at the swimming hole. And it was worth while to see him build the house, planting a circle of limber switches, bending and tying them to a common center at the top, thatching neatly with grass. He did it almost as quickly as an ordinary man could pitch a tent. And when meat was going, Sabakaki somehow managed to sequestrate a choice morsel from the common store and hang it in a private place of his own.

Nothing edible came amiss to him, but pig aroused his real enthusiasm. Then his face beamed almost greasily in anticipation, and he sufficiently forgot himself to shake our hands in both his, gurgling thanks as though we had shot the thing for him alone. When we killed a rhinoceros he was almost frantic. It looked something like a big pig. After cutting off more than any one man could possibly get away with in a month of Sundays, he returned again and again to the carcass in quest of some especial and just-thought-of titbit until I had to call a halt. He even took some of the two-inch rubberlike skin, announcing that he intended to eat that too. A week later I remembered this boast and asked N'dolo whether he had made good.

"Yes," replied N'dolo, "he ate it."

"E-e-e!" I expressed my astonishment properly. "How long did he cook it?"

"Two days," N'dolo informed me.

Bad Tobacco

It took us some time to discover the cause for the worst of Sabakaki's lapses of memory and duty. Then we found that he was a hemp smoker. He consumed it in a queer bulbous sort of pipe made out of a small gourd. It did not seem to dope him, save perhaps in its after effects. On the contrary, he became effervescently joyful and talkative. I am no custodian of Sabakaki's morals, and heaven knows anyone who could carry around those shoes had not as yet suffered any marked physical deterioration.

But at last, when Sabakaki had gone off with the truck forgetting wholly to do most of the things he should have done, I took N'dolo and made a raid on his personal effects. We found nearly a half bushel of the hemp. It was not prepared in any way, but looked like very coarse dried clover, stuff that one would see in a haymow. I was going off on *safari* myself, so left word for Sabakaki that I had the hemp, and that I would give it back to him when we finally parted company at Nairobi.

Nothing was said when I returned, so I concluded that Sabakaki had accepted the situation and wanted to let sleeping dogs lie. I was relieved at this, for I feared it might have been sufficiently habit-forming to have made real trouble. Then one evening he appeared in the ceremonious fashion that prefaced personal communication.

"Yes, what is it?" I asked him.

"My tobacco, *bwana*"—the dope was known as Sabakaki's tobacco.

"You can't have it," I broke in firmly. "When you get to Nairobi you'll get it back; not a day before. It is bad tobacco. First your head will go; then your stomach will go; then you will die."

"I did not come to ask you for it," replied this astonishing person. "I came to thank you, *bwana*, for taking it away. I came to ask you not to give it back. I want you to throw it away. I know it is bad tobacco."

He went on in his voluble fashion to make me a long and florid speech expressing his alleged gratitude. The use of the word "alleged" may be uncalled for; I hope so. But I cannot avoid an obvious thought. Shortly Sabakaki will leave our employment; he will want his *barua*—the letter of approval without which another job is very doubtful; the hemp is hopelessly gone anyway. How clever is Sabakaki? I have never known.

The attitude of the other natives toward Sabakaki's tobacco is very interesting. They do not in the least blame him or look down on him for using it. But they apparently are not tempted to touch it themselves. It is *m'baya*, they say—bad. In the same way they lay off excessive drinking. One might naturally suppose that such primitive minds would not look beyond the pleasure of the moment, would not have thought far enough to realize the desirability of or to exercise what is, in a hard life of few pleasures, a very real self-restraint. But so it is.

N'dolo is our next most prominent character, but from quite opposite reasons. I have said somewhat of him before. He was with me in 1913 as donkey boy, and I am very fond of him as a person. He is now our headman, and a good one. His brain works like that of a white man in its direct incisiveness and its ability to meet unexpected and complicated emergency with expedient. He is also the only native I ever knew with our kind of a sense of humor. So companionable is he that I forget his youth was savagery. It is only in his moments of relaxation that this peeps out, and only in times of really serious work that he voices it. Thus one may occasionally see him surrounded by an admiring, grinning, applauding circle of the men he ordinarily holds under a strict and staccato discipline, a spear in his hand, capering about in some savage Wakoma dance.

He told me once in confidence that at home, where he had a lion skin and a headdress of ostrich feathers and wildebeest tails, he could do it right. I certainly should like to see him. Then N'dolo has a song which he sings at the top of his lungs, but only at very especial junctures. It is sweetly melodious, with a wild minor tang. Art is our musician, but he has not been able to transcribe it. It lasts as long as the matter in hand. N'dolo alone is the judge of its due occasion. We have been able to determine empirically that he considers either one fine lion or not less than three inferior lions worth it; also certain junctures in the building of a house.

N'dolo, Master of All Trades

Like any man of intelligence anywhere, N'dolo could take on any job and do it well. He acted as gun bearer for me, in addition to his other duties, after Suleimani had been mauled by the leopard; and he was a good one. His eyesight was none too good for details, but he caught unfailingly anything unusual in the landscape. What he saw in the distance might be either a hyena or a lion, as far as he could tell; but always he discerned that there was something there. Nothing, absolutely nothing, escaped his notice, however it might elude his positive identification.

As for knowing where to be in critical junctures, and how to hold the spare gun and all the rest of it, he was miles ahead of the average run of modern gun bearers. Except in very few cases, they are not what they used to be before the Nairobi *safari* sportsman pervaded that land in his numbers.

N'dolo could do expert field taxidermy. Indeed, he was in his glory when we supplied him with some delicate piece of work to do, such as taking the skin off a small bird. Then he would thrust aside N'thitu, the official skinner, and somewhat histrionically take over the job. At such times he loved an audience.

N'dolo was the man to send on the diplomatic missions of trading for *potio*, of recruiting. We always took him with us when we went exploring into new country. N'dolo was invaluable, and abundantly earned the highest wages paid in camp, a magnificent stipend equivalent to about thirty dollars a month.

N'dolo was also of a free and independent spirit. That is to say, if he disbelieved in my ideas, or even in the wisdom of some one of my orders, he did not hesitate to negative them very flatly. This was in no sense insubordination, nor even impertinence. I never knew a more loyal man in carrying out plans or in backing one to the limit. Thus early in the game I had a bright idea. One of our most worrisome necessities was a never-failing supply of meal for the men's rations—*potio*.

This we procured from M'tone's people, the Wakoma. N'dolo would go over into the Ikoma country accompanied by two men to carry his tent and equipment. When on *safari* with us N'dolo lived rough and simple; but a visit to M'tone's dominions demanded a certain amount of splendor and display.

Once there, he would send out word of his presence. Then the slow processes of native trade would begin. People would bring in the meal according to their possession of it, sometimes as little as a bowlful at a time.

When enough had been accumulated N'dolo would send a messenger back to Nyumbo to state that he was ready, and that I should send over so many men and so many gunny sacks to transport the stuff to camp.

Keeping the Men on the Job

It was a slow and cumbersome process. Sometimes N'dolo was gone on this errand for as long as ten days at a time. It struck me that the way we ran it made it still more cumbersome. Here were the men waiting at Nyumbo and eating *potio* that had been carried there from Ikoma. Why should they not accompany N'dolo in the first instance? It did not matter, as far as I could see, whether the men waited at Nyumbo or Ikoma; they had to wait idly anyway; and in the latter case the *potio* they consumed would be obtained right at the source of supply, without having to be carried anywhere. So I told N'dolo to take his men with him.

"I shall not do that," he refused calmly.

"It is better to eat *potio* that has not been carried," I insisted. "You will take the men with you."

"*Hapana*," he negatived coolly. "I shall not do so."

This was early in the game, before I had become well acquainted with N'dolo's methods. Ordinarily, if any native had met my direct orders in this fashion I should have considered it plain impertinence; should have repeated the order with a *bassi* that would have finished the matter, and the thing would have been settled. If I had done that, N'dolo would have done as I said without comment. But I had an inkling of his quality and stretched a point of native discipline to ask why.

"Here, *bwana*," said he, "the men are in camp and together and you have your eye on them. But the country of the Wakoma is large and the people many, and their women are very attractive. If the men went with me, at the end of the week, when I wanted them to carry loads, I could not find them. It would take me another week to get them together again."

"Do not they scatter when I send them over?" I asked.

"No, *bwana*, they are there only over one night; and I sit up and watch them."

There was no standard load of *potio*, as in Nairobi, so N'dolo established his own standard in the shape of the ubiquitous gasoline tin, the *n'debbe*. For one *n'debbe* of meal he paid two shillings. In case the amount brought in by any one man or family was not sufficient to fill a tin, that person had to club together with someone else to make up the measure. The Wakoma had use for only a limited amount of cash, and sometimes N'dolo's messenger brought me word that other mediums of exchange were desired.

"N'dolo says to send him five wildebeest tails." "N'dolo says to send him the dried

(Continued on Page 114)

Adds Years To Gears

Whiz
Gear Grease

More than one million five hundred thousand pounds sold every month - there's a reason

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Gear Grease
is one of the 98
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Quality Products

made to give better performance and longer service and to preserve and improve the appearance of automobiles.

The R. M. Hollingshead Co.
General Office and Factories
Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Branches in 42 Principal Cities

Sold Everywhere—Ask Your Dealer

(Continued from Page 112)

meat of two wildebeest and three topis."

"N'dolo says he wants two fresh Tommies."

And then I had to take the Springfield and some men and fare forth on the veldt. Roughly speaking, a wildebeest tail would purchase about thirty pounds of *pofio;* the dried meat of a wildebeest was worth four *n'debbes.*

Generally, when N'dolo went on these purchasing expeditions, he carried with him a present for M'tone. That sovereign's good will was necessary to our successful commercial transactions. A necklace, a knife, a pendant, some meat, a horse blanket pin were examples of our munificence. The thing he appreciated most was what we could send him least often, for our own supply was limited. That was a bottle of kerosene. M'tone possessed a lamp of which he was very proud, but for which he had no oil. When he did get any he placed that lamp in the darkest corner of his palace and burned it continuously until it was empty. The idea was not illumination, but splendor.

I never saw N'dolo completely defeated but once. He was a noted wild-honey man, both because of his skill in discovering bee trees and for his deftness in handling the prickly situation in getting the honey out. He made, I believe, considerable use of the quaint honey birds, and never failed to leave a segment of comb to reward these little creatures for leading him.

Led on by the Honey Bird

You all know about the honey bird, or at least you all know the reports travelers give of him, and probably you have disbelieved them. But they are true. I have myself followed honey birds. The honey bird falls in with your line of march, twittering vigorously at you to attract attention to himself. If you turn in his direction he flutters on to another tree twenty or thirty yards away, where again he remains, still vociferous, until you have caught up. In this manner, tree by tree, he will lead you on until you have reached the hive. Then he perches near by until your departure permits him to come forward for his reward.

If when you first meet him you pay no attention but go on about your own business, he will follow you, sometimes for quite long distances, entreating you vigorously and persistently, after the manner of a Port Said guide or street peddler. He hates to give you up. When he finally leaves you in disgust he utters a final burst, which I am certain can be nothing less than his opinion of such an unenterprising, pigheaded, unbelieving, unsporting dud.

Well, at our camp on the Grumeti, by aid of a honey bird, N'dolo had located a hive. It was in the usual hole, but that unfortunately was situated about sixty feet up in a tremendous jungle tree. The latter would have been quite unclimbable had it not been for the long looped vines. These, however, offered an excellent sort of single ladder, for they were stuck thickly with heavy bosses or nuts which afforded good foot and hand holds, provided one had a thick skin and was reasonably cautious. For these nubs, though not precisely sharp, were angled and cornered. Climbing on them was a gingerly matter, like walking barefoot on pebbles.

When I arrived on the spot the tree was festooned with men, N'dolo, very bossy, at the top, and then below him clinging like monkeys, boys in an unbroken string to the ground, where squatted a number more tending a small fire. The idea was a sort of bucket brigade to earth by means of which what N'dolo required could be passed from hand to hand. All was cheerful activity.

"*Shoka!*" N'dolo would howl.

"*Shoka! Shoka! Shoka!*" the cry would be repeated from one to the other; and from the low group would rise hand by hand the requested ax.

N'dolo was full of glory and importance. He was doing his celebrated stuff, and he had lots of slaves and an appreciative and adoring audience. I sat down with my pipe to enjoy the show. First he called for fire in the shape of smoking grass. This he thrust into the main opening. Then, cautiously, he pecked out a tiny hole lower down near where percussion had informed him the bottom of the natural hollow must be. The instant his hatchet had bitten through he thrust into that opening also a smudge which, by command, Assistant Number One held ready just below him. While this was supposed to be taking effect, N'dolo squatted like a huge baboon and held forth at length on the proper way to get out honey according to the gospel of N'dolo. After an interval he announced that now all was ready, and called for the receptacles. A miscellaneous collection of cooking pots, tin cans and gourds made way to the top via the bucket brigade. N'dolo dramatically removed the grass from the larger opening and thrust in his arm, explaining at the same time that now the bees would all be stupefied.

He broke off his discourse in a wild yell and began hastily to attempt to descend the tree. Unfortunately the man below him on the vine was in the way and did not instantly get the idea. So N'dolo kicked him on the top of the head. N'dolo's own head, from where I sat, looked to be surrounded by a cloudy nimbus. By inference I gathered that this was composed of bees that had not been instructed in the conventions of this game. The man below acquired a similar nimbus and a desire to descend, but was in turn prevented by the man beneath him. I could see the slow progress of the idea downward. The tail of that human serpent was trying in vain to telescope itself on the bewildered head which did not as yet understand what was expected of it, which was to get out of there as fast as possible and leave the way clear. Even when the lowermost got the notion they did not move fast enough to suit those above. They had not the incentive, and those angular bosses against their bare feet discouraged rapid motion. They had the walk-do-not-run idea rather too firmly in mind. The result was what might be called a traffic congestion.

The Sultan's Bicycle Rides

A rattling shower of tin cans, cooking pots, gourds, hand axes, and the like, added to the occasion. The situation was, however, accelerated by the fact that in rapid succession and in regular sequence one after the other, from top downward, each man acquired his buzzing nimbus. When that happened he added his urgence for speed, especially as he needed both hands to hang on by, so that departure thence was his only possible defense. About that time the advance guard of the bees reached the foot of the tree, so the honey bird and I, concluding that no more profit remained in that episode, went away betimes.

Our next most important human, as you have gathered, was M'tone.

M'tone was a real sultan. He had nine wives, innumerable children and a bicycle. The latter at this time he had owned for some months, but had not as yet mastered. He progressed only by aid of anxious and perspiring six-foot warriors upholding him on either side, against whom he alternately sagged his not inconsiderable weight. It is to be hoped that these worthies obtained some satisfaction from the honor of their position to compensate for the fact that at the end of a bout they had very little skin left on their shins. M'tone was persistent and kept everlastingly at it. Nor did he perform in private. He insisted that his attempts should be attended by the whole nine of the wives and all the children. Whenever he came a royal cropper he hopped to his feet—he was a remarkably agile sultan—and darted from one member to the other of his large family, slapping each face vigorously in turn, even down to the smallest infant in arms. The sight of a unanimously weeping family seemed to restore his equanimity and he would try again.

M'tone possessed a slave who could write Swahili, and therefore he loved to send us delegations carrying epistles on all sorts of subjects, but generally on the desirability of our shooting him some meat. He was a great beggar in that respect. He must have had a dash of Frederick the Great in his composition, for his emissaries were invariably fine tall men, more than six feet in height. They must have been of quite a different caste from the Wakoma who worked for us, and from most of the other visitors to our city. The latter were only of medium height and build. The bodyguard were decked in the height of savage fashion, and carried heavy bows and closed quivers full of poisoned arrows.

Putting on Kingly Airs

The epistles were couched in noble terms. Here is a translation of one of them:

"*To My Friend, the Bwana Mkubwa of Sironera:* Very great salaams and then again salaams. I have received your letter. I am sending men and beg that you will kill meat. I am old and unable to eat my food without meat. Kill me either a kongoni or a wildebeest or a topi or a zebra. I am writing this letter that you may kill meat. *Bassi.*

"YOUR SULTAN M'TONE OF IKOMA."

As his men had brought as a present a live sheep, we naturally wondered why he had not solved his gastronomic problems with mutton; but ours not to reason why. We sent him a wildebeest.

The only time he never asked for anything was when I was mauled by the leopard. This time the six tall and gorgeous bowmen came escorting a youth of about sixteen. The latter had a green felt hat, an embroidered waistcoat over a white gown and real tan shoes. They led another sheep. The letter read:

"*To My Friend, the Bwana Mkubwa of Sironera:* Very great salaams and again very great salaams. I send this letter because I get word by my men that you have been caught by a leopard. I am very sorry for this. I would come to see you, but I am very busy. I am now building a new village. I am, however, sending my son in my place. I send one sheep as a present. That is all. *Bassi.* Again very great salaams, my friend.

"YOUR SULTAN OF IKOMA."

We felt that our status as brother potentates had been fully recognized when one day some travelers came out to Nyumbo and presented us with a document which after the usual preliminaries said: "These men have been down to the Bolodetti looking for game for me. Please allow them free passage through your territory." On the strength of this guaranty we gave them our royal permission to pass.

I was somewhat puzzled just at the start as to how, under the handicap of possessing no royal title in my own right, to put on enough dog in my replies. Finally I hit on signing my letters "*Mimi,* White" I, White.

Sort of I-the-king stuff.

These big fellows of the King's Guard are by no means to be despised in their ability to cast a shaft. Doc took them on in flight shooting on one occasion. He went into the contest rather overconfident, having from past experience and experiment little faith in the power of aboriginal weapons as compared to a properly made English long bow. The average Indian bow, for example, casts little more than 125 yards; the most powerful savage weapon he had hitherto had dealings with went about 200. Therefore he was somewhat surprised and a little alarmed for the white man's prestige when in the first trial M'tone's prize archer outshot him by a number of yards. The distance was 243 paces, which was surprising for savage archery. If the Wakoma had known enough to have elevated his shaft to the full forty-five degrees, he would have done much better; but this craft was beyond him. Also to his credit it should be recorded that he used his regular hunting shaft, while Doc was availing himself of all modern improvements by shooting a flight arrow, a very light missile with feathers trimmed down to a minimum against the wind resistance. Doc, now very much on his mettle, produced his heaviest bow for a second trial. This time the savage made 238 yards and Doc some ten paces farther. So honor was satisfied and it seemed a good time to quit.

As this delegation was an official one, bearing one of M'tone's marvelous Swahili letters, we bestowed on them rich gifts—namely and to wit, one broad-head apiece, one toy-balloon squawker, one yellow camera-film box and six inches of red ribbon of the sort tied around candy boxes. They departed squawking their squawkers, much impressed by the white men's wealth and generosity, if not so much by his commanding preëminence with the bow.

One of our most interesting visiting characters was a courtierlike person called Tembone. He was dressed in a red tarboosh and a long robe. The immaculate whiteness of the latter made it perfectly evident that he had carried it during his journey and had assumed it only at the very outskirts of Nyumbo. His manner was suave, cordial and insinuating, wreathed in smiles. An extremely small boy followed him, carrying some wild honey in a tin and a woven basket full of yams. These were a propitiatory present to us. He himself carried merely a bow and a quiver of arrows. In our own archery tackle he was greatly interested, and he knew a good deal about it; his examination was technical.

Nor was he unlearned, for he instantly remarked, "A long time ago the white men shot with a bow like this; then he put his bow crosswise on a gun; and now he shoots a gun."

In the usual match for distance Doc took his customary advantage of the untutored savage with his flight arrow, and outshot him. Tembone was urbane, not to say flattering, in defeat. He shook Doc cordially by the hand.

"It is like a bullet," said he. Also he was much interested in the lion efforts. By way of comment he said, "The arrow is good when the lion is not fierce. When the lion is fierce, then the gun is better. It would be better for you to put some poison on the arrow, and then climb a tree. By then the lion will be dead."

We were altogether charmed by Tembone. And, of course, like most versatile and fascinating people, he was a rogue; a poacher and a would-be usurper of the throne of our brother potentate M'tone. I think he hoped for our political support.

Characters in Our Kingdom

In our maximum population of fifty-eight—not counting the chickens—there are many more outstanding characters with whom I should like to make you acquainted. In fact, they are almost all outstanding characters in one way or another; such as the chap who requested to borrow a twelve-inch file with the intent, he explained, to make himself *maredadi* with it by filing his front teeth to sharp points—which he did! But space forbids. I am very fond of them. They have many fine qualities in stress and in fair weather, and no more than the faults to which flesh is ordinarily heir. Their good points differ from our own, as do their deficiencies. It takes time and a little insight to become accustomed to that. Not the least of the engaging qualities is that they perform their labor in play spirit and to song. Sometimes the most despairfully aggravating is their firm belief that "sufficient unto the day" is a mighty good text. Though at times that may be a virtue too. It enables them, I am convinced, to carry a whole case of gasoline twenty miles a day. They do not, as we would, think how tired it is going to make them, how heavy it is going to become. Their only thought in the matter is that this very present instant they can uphold.

(Continued on Page 119)

Even in Winter ~ *this oil* made exclusively for FORDS *gives you 8 definite economies*

DO YOU dread the thought of driving your Ford this winter? Are you looking forward to a dismal siege of hard starting, radiator boiling, motor troubles and repair bills?

Forget your past experiences. Make up your mind that *this winter* your Ford shall give you mid-summer performance and operating economy. And it will, if you use Veedol Forzol, the economy oil for Fords.

The cause of winter troubles

Poor lubrication is the direct cause of most winter motor troubles. When the thermometer drops, the oil in the crankcase congeals. That makes it difficult for the starter to turn your motor over. Until the motor becomes warm, the thickened oil cannot splash freely to the motor and transmission bands. It fails to form a proper protective film over the close fitting pistons and bearings. These vital parts are exposed to friction and rapidly mounting heat.

Under the continued strain of hard driving over rutty or snow-packed roads, ordinary oil fails utterly. It thins out as the oil film breaks. The circulating water can no longer keep the motor cool. The radiator begins to boil and steam. Power suddenly drops off. Sooner or later, a bearing burns out or a piston seizes.

Made for Fords exclusively

But Veedol Forzol, the economy oil made for Fords exclusively, was designed to lubricate your Ford perfectly, in winter as in mid-summer. It flows freely at low temperatures. That makes starting easier and saves your battery. The instant you start, the splash of the connecting rods and flywheel sends a protective film of Veedol Forzol to the transmission bands and to every vital part of the motor.

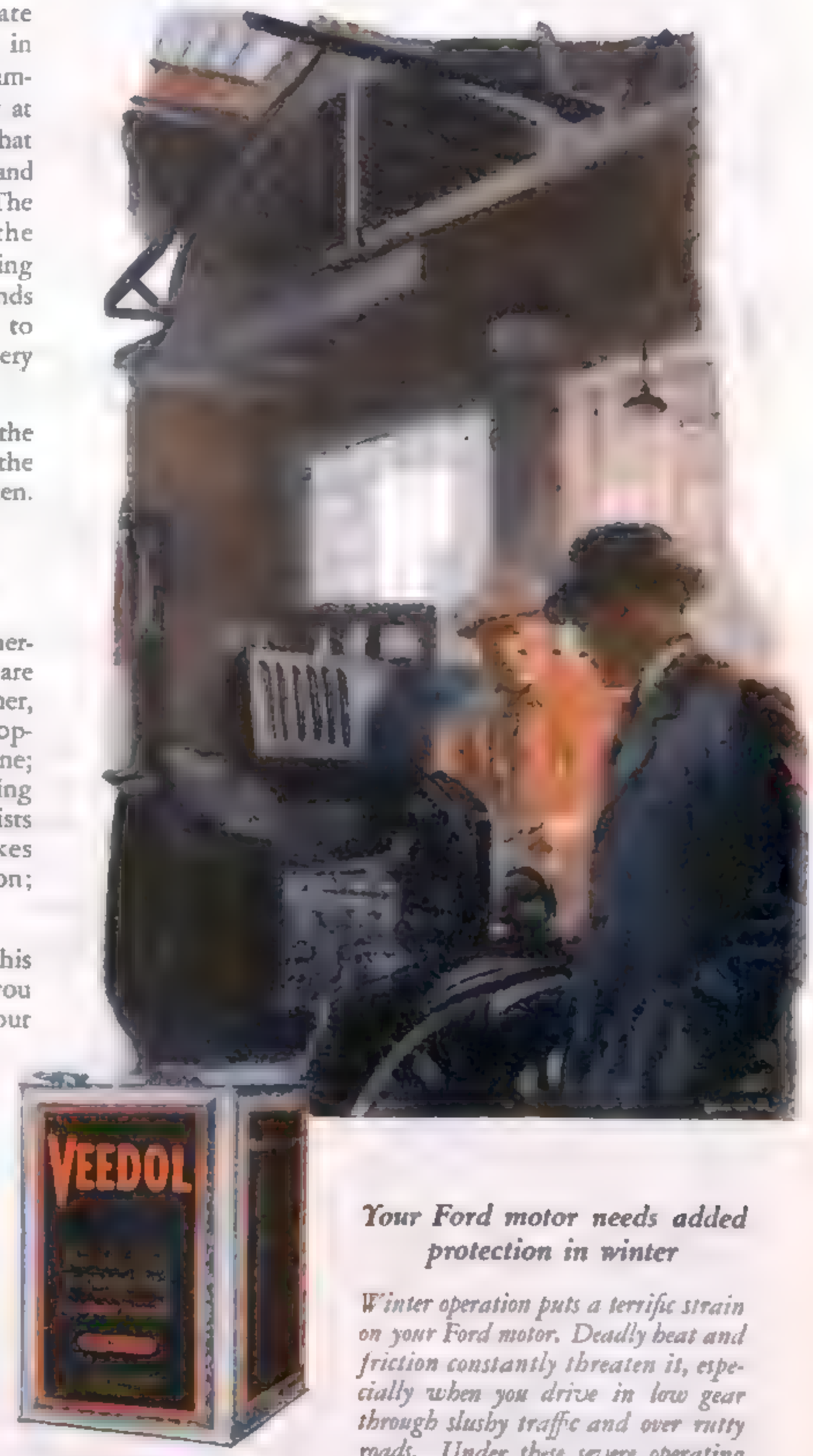
And, under the extra load, the added strain, of winter operation, the film remains steadfast and unbroken. Your motor is always protected.

Gives 8 definite economies

No matter how variable the thermometer, Veedol Forzol's results are always constant. Winter or summer, it gives 8 definite economies in operation: 10 to 25% saving in gasoline; eliminates chatter; 10 to 25% saving in oil; 10 to 25% less carbon; resists deadly heat and friction; makes coasting easier; resists fuel dilution; reduces repairs.

Use Veedol Forzol faithfully this winter and your Ford will give you faithful service. Today have your crankcase drained and refilled with exactly 4 quarts of Veedol Forzol. Thousands of dealers displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol signs will gladly do this for you.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.



Buy your winter supply of Veedol Forzol in a full weight sealed 5 gallon container. Drain and refill your crankcase faithfully after every 500 miles of operation, and you will rarely need to add oil by the quart.

Your Ford motor needs added protection in winter

Winter operation puts a terrific strain on your Ford motor. Deadly heat and friction constantly threaten it, especially when you drive in low gear through slushy traffic and over rutty roads. Under these severe operating conditions, only an oil of Veedol Forzol's quality can give you the added protection that will keep your motor free from trouble and repairs. If you use Veedol Forzol this winter, you will be rid of most of the winter driving troubles you have experienced in the past.

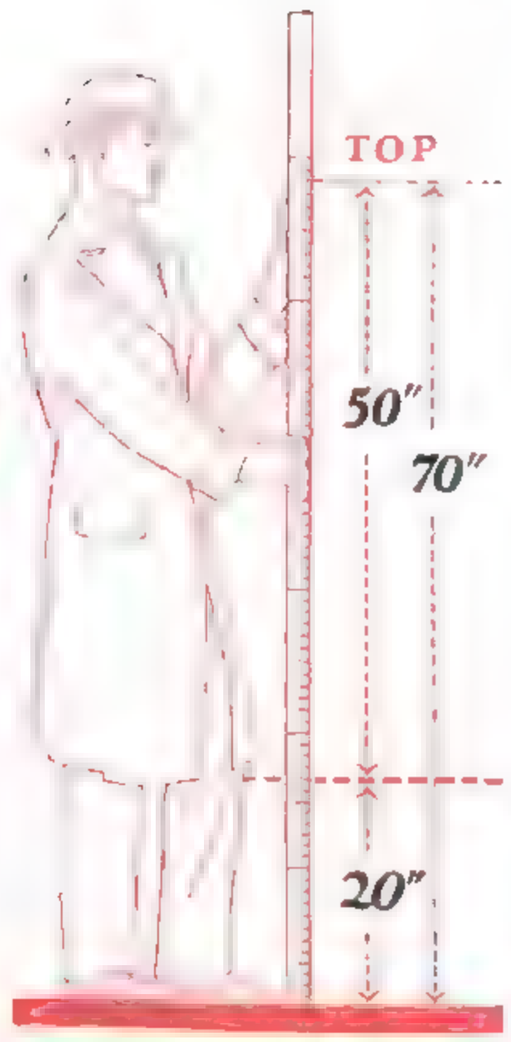
VEEDOL FORZOL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The economy oil for Fords

The NEW STUTZ vertical eight

STUTZ



"More than new—revolutionary!"

—say the leading technical writers of the automobile industry

THE really new and advanced thing, whether it be an automobile, a typewriter, or an electric light, is never announced with glittering generalities. Vague and specious pretension is ever the language of those who would make the old seem new, or the ordinary appear original.

The essential and actual newness of the New Stutz is presented, therefore, not by loud words, but by definite features; not by rare rhetoric, but by pioneering design; by facts rather than by claims.

A statement by the owners of the Stutz Motor Car Co.

Messrs. Charles M. Schwab, Eugene V. R. Thayer, Carl J. Schmidlapp are now the largest stockholders in the Stutz Motor Car Company of America, Inc.

Not only have they invested a large amount of their own money in this company, but they have contributed much of their time to the formation of its present organization.

It is their intention to maintain both their monetary and their personal interests therein.

With the men associated with them, it will be their earnest endeavor to make the Stutz Motor Car Company one of the leading automobile companies of America in stability and progressiveness.

Some of the features that make the New Stutz really new

THE NEW STUTZ is an automobile which, in its entirety, is distinctively different and notably advanced. The features that make it so have never before been combined in a single car. One or two have already become standard in certain expensive foreign cars; all have been thoroughly proved before their incorporation in this car.

SAFETY—The New Stutz has been planned primarily to provide maximum safety to its passengers, and protection to the car itself. Among the features that make it an unusually safe car are: Extreme low center of gravity, great stability, ease of control, high brake-efficiency, rapid acceleration, pressed steel running-board side-bumpers, safety-glass windshield, and narrow front corner-posts.

APPEARANCE—The last trace of horse-vehicle tradition now disappears from automobile design and a pure motor car form is evolved, with its every low-hung line eloquent of power, speed, comfort, beauty and smartness.

[illegible] OF STEERING—The New Stutz response to the steering-wheel is, figuratively, a deferential and alert "as you wish, sir." It never "talks back." The sensation of driving has a rare element of oneness between the driver and the car that is a constant delight.

EASY RIDING—Long, flat, low-rate, shock-compensated springs, combined with extremely low center of gravity, give the New Stutz a riding ease that eliminates all sideway and all impression of contact between the wheels and the road bed. This is a thoroughly new engineering principle impossible of application to conventional design.

ROADABILITY—The New Stutz has a remarkable quality of "road-adhesiveness." The result can be likened to a strong magnetic attraction exerted by the earth upon the car's wheels.

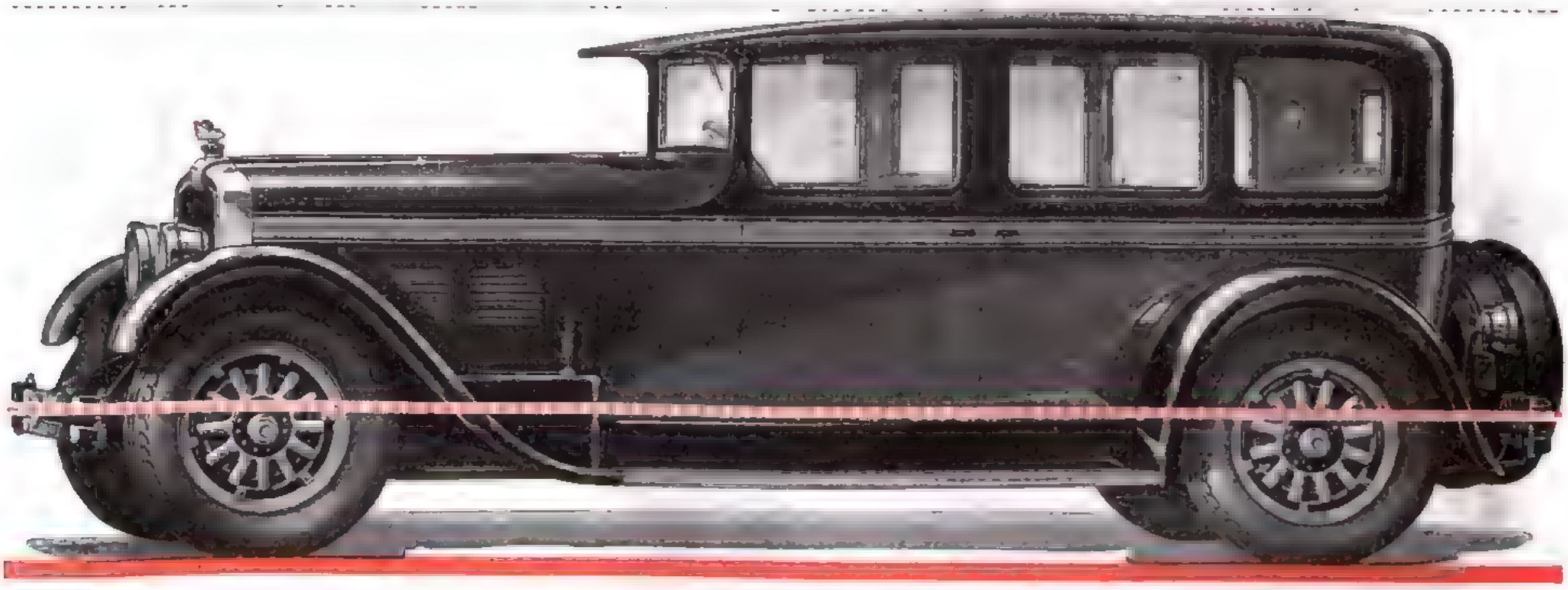
SMOOTH AND QUIET OPERATION—First, a motor from which vibration has been eliminated by an inherently balanced, rigid crankshaft with nine bearings, and in which the conventional noise-producing parts operating the valves are done away with by a simplified overhead camshaft design with only two contact points to each valve.

Second, a worm-drive rear axle which does not become noisy with use.

An added charm arises from the perfect co-ordination of the entire mechanism.

PERFORMANCE—The New Stutz performs so calmly and effortlessly that its great power and rare alertness can be realized only through actual driving. The motor develops over 90 H.P. A speed of over 75 miles per hour is available when desired, likewise, acceleration from 10 to 50 miles per hour in less than 15 seconds. Like "an iron hand in a velvet glove," the tremendous, eager energy of the car is exerted so smoothly and so graciously that the speedometer readings are at times truly incredible.

All New Stutz bodies designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York



Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing ample road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 h. p. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design, smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

LOWER CENTER OF GRAVITY— The floor of the car is five inches or more nearer the ground than in conventional chassis design. This is made possible, while maintaining ample road clearance and full headroom, by the worm-gear drive. The car rides with undisturbed poise and dignity. The passengers relax comfortably; long trips are made without fatigue. An unprecedented degree of safety and stability on the road is attained by this greatly lowered center of gravity. The car clings close to the ground. Curves are taken without nervousness.

WORM-DRIVE REAR AXLE— The adoption of this costly type of rear axle, in combination with a lowered center of gravity, represents its first appearance in any American passenger car, regardless of price. Yet, it is standard in the more expensive foreign chassis, and has been thoroughly proved by long use on thousands of motor vehicles.

This type of axle is incomparably quiet at all speeds, and remains noiseless after hundreds of thousands of miles. In fact, the worm-drive improves rather than deteriorates with use. The worm and gear are guaranteed by us for two years.

VERTICAL EIGHT MOTOR— This motor shows a performance unparalleled by any other stock motor under 290 cu. in. piston displacement. The camshaft, actuated by an exclusive form of automatic silent-drive, operates directly on the tappets of overhead valves. These function without either rocker-arms, push-rods, rollers, or other noise-producers. The crankshaft is very large, heavy, rigid; it is inherently balanced. It has nine bearings with a total bearing-surface of 120.5 sq. in., exceeding that of any other motor of its capacity. Vibration is non-existent. Fan mechanically actuated; no belt required.

NON-LEAKING, HYDROSTATIC BRAKES— These are four-wheel brakes of an entirely new design. There is nothing on them to adjust; they are inherently equalized. There are no working parts to get out of order. Each brake is divided into six shoes, which are uniformly actuated by an expanding circular tube, giving equalized braking pressure at every point on every wheel. Leakage is impossible, as there are no cylinders or pistons. The entire hydrostatic system is of continuous tubular construction, hermetically sealed. The lining will last several times as long as in brakes of conventional design, and the shoes can be readily replaced.

CHASSIS LUBRICATION SYSTEM— All working parts of the chassis are lubricated by an entirely new self-lubricating system, non-clogging, self-cleansing, troubleless and positive. Oil is fed to each moving part by means of local magazines, which contain enough oil for three months' supply, mechanically refilled directly from the motor when needed.

OIL RECTIFIER— A triple-duty rectifier keeps the crankcase oil at its original purity and consistency, eliminating all foreign matter, gasoline and water.

IGNITION— The Delco dual ignition operates two spark plugs in each cylinder from opposite points. The firing of the gasoline charge from two points lessens the actual burning time, increases the mixture turbulence and thereby delivers a greater explosive force against the piston-head. Knocking is eliminated, acceleration is improved, greater speeds are attainable, and longer and harder "pulls" may be negotiated.

FRAME— Most rigid frame on any car, with integral steel running boards (actually, side bumpers). Seven cross-members; double-drop, torsion-resisting construction.

LIGHTS— Twin-beam reflector headlights; steering column control. Combination tail, stop and backing light.

FINISH— Lacquer, three tones. Polished to a high lustre. Available in a number of attractive color combinations.

UPHOLSTERY— Rich and luxurious, employing fine, high-grade fabrics and genuine leathers of distinctive beauty.

LOCATION OF CONTROLS— Emergency brake and gear shift lever within a hand-span of the steering wheel. No obstruction to passage between controls and front seat.

INSTRUMENT BOARD— Speedometer, eight-day clock, ammeter, oil gauge, gasoline gauge and water-temperature indicator are all under one glass plate, indirectly illuminated. Board also carries windshield wiper control, ignition control, carburetor control and a combination cigar-and-pipe lighter, inspection and spot light.

BODIES— Six models. Designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York.

All models are equipped with bumpers, front and rear, Watson Stabilators and full-balloon cord tires. Hubbard Ventilating Eaves on all closed-body doors.

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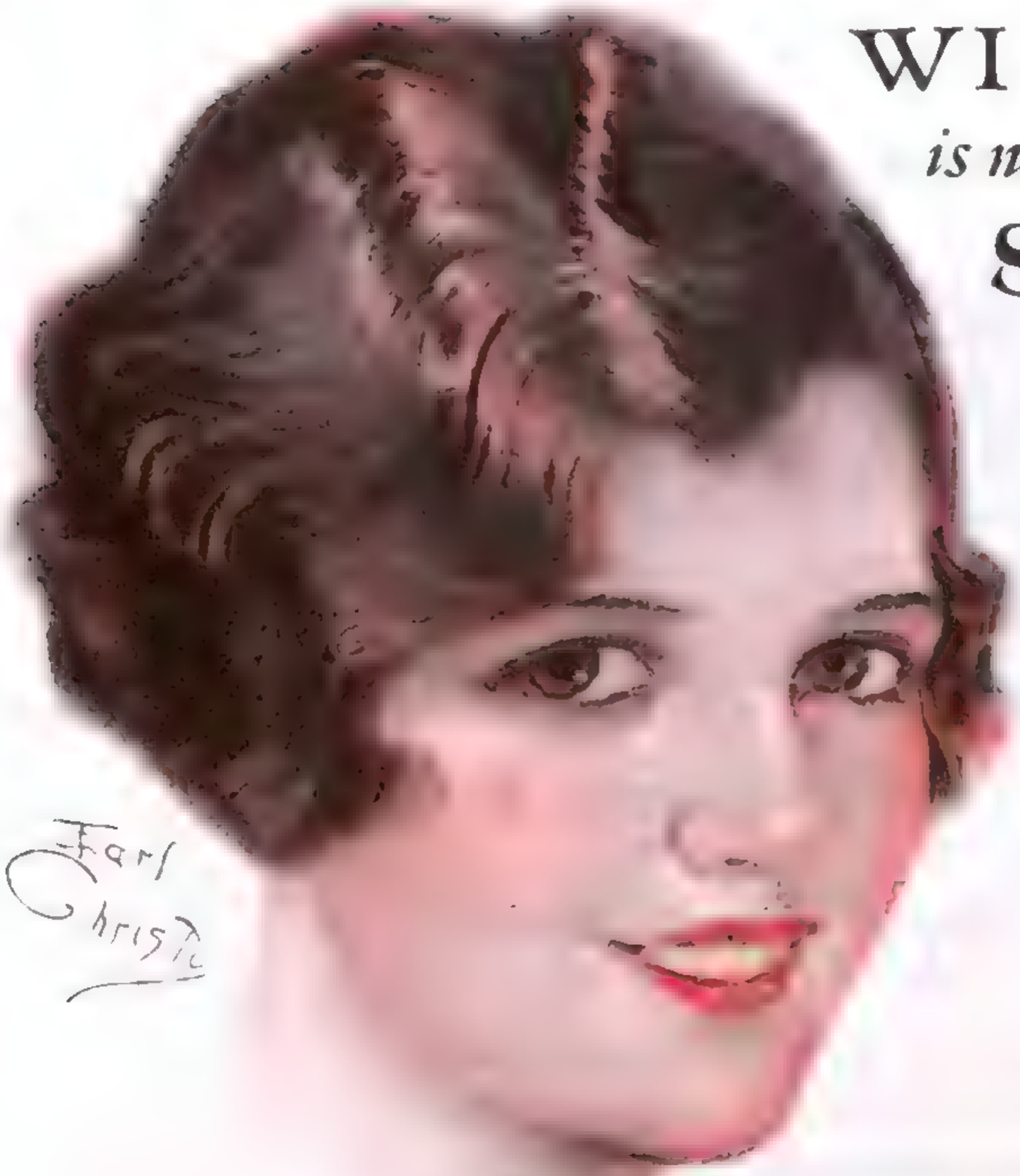

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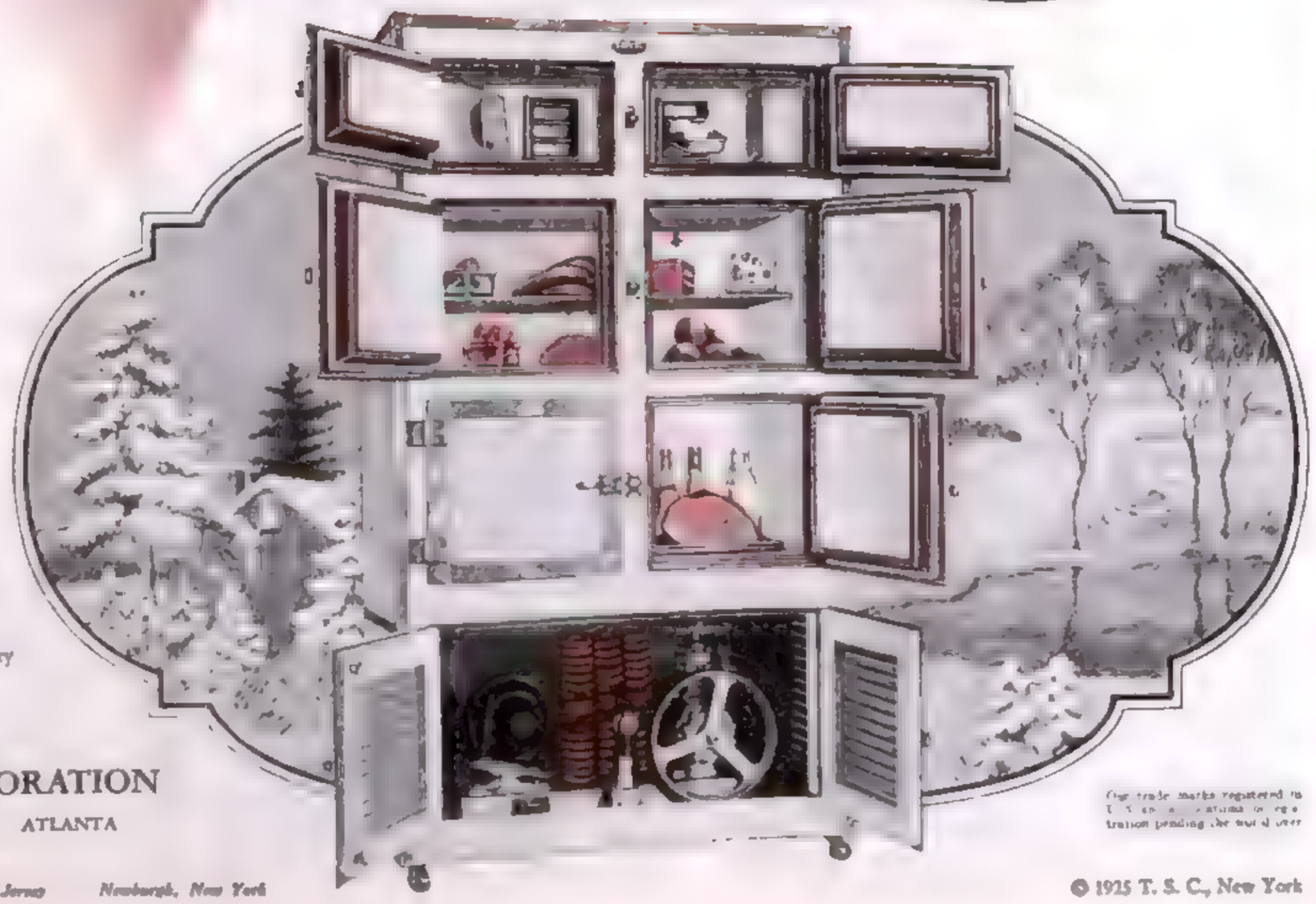

Standard SERVEL Units, complete with tank, ready for installation in any standard refrigerator, are priced at

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CHICAGO NEW YORK ATLANTA
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(Continued from Page 114)

One day Leslie started his still going with the purpose of distilling pure water for photographic development and put a man in charge. It is a small still and had to run all day in order to get the requisite amount. We saw with our own two eyes that the fire was kept going faithfully, yet the next day no water was forthcoming. Indignation and investigation.

"Yes," said the attendant, "I kept the fire going, but as I saw it leaked, I put no more water in it."

"Why the —— didn't you say so?" demanded Leslie. "Didn't you know that it would be found out today and that then there would be trouble?"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy; "but that, *bwana*, was entirely an affair of tomorrow."

We are also often visited from the outside world by files of unattached and unofficial savages who have traveled long distances to see the sights of the great city. They travel around with bows and arrows, gourds for water and pieces of skin for sleeping mats, but without other visible means of subsistence. From our men they get a dole of meat, linger a day, and vanish.

For a brief period we had attached to us a genuine wild man, whom we tamed as one would tame an animal. He was of the Wanderobos, a people without habitation or possessions, living on wild honey, roots and fruits and such game as they can kill with their tiny bows or by means of pits. They are very primitive and near to Nature. Like all wild animals, they are very shy. Rarely are they seen.

Wandering After the Wanderobos

We first came across traces of them when on a short *safari* to the south. Noting a huge outjutting rock high up on one of the peculiar giant bowlder kopjes, we investigated and found there a spacious airy cave, with vaulted ceiling, a flat floor and a wide natural platform in front, on which one could sit and look far abroad over the country. Evidently it had been occupied by human beings. Rushes strewed the floor, the ceiling showed traces of smoke, little hollows in the rock had been made in which to grind seeds, and on the walls were painted in red, black and yellow various pictures of shields. The patterns on these probably had a heraldic significance. It was a most pleasant place and we ate lunch there. But who the former inmates had been, or when they had dwelt there, we could not even guess.

Our next contact was a little nearer. Rattlety-banging along in the flivver, we noticed a wisp of smoke arising from a donga. We headed that way to investigate. While we were yet several hundred yards distant a half dozen little figures darted out of the bush and ran flapping away across a hill. They were too far to be seen plainly, but obviously they were in a hurry and obviously they were hung about with everything they owned. Hence the flapping. We investigated and found a pretty little natural arbor or bower in which reeds had been spread for a bed. Between the stones was the fire, and on it bubbled a pathetic little earthen pot full of meat. That was all. Evidently they had literally made off with everything but the kitchen stove, and that was too hot.

On the third occasion we landed them. Once more Art and I were off again on *safari*. He and I, with N'dolo, were scouting in the flivver. In the slope of a side hill we thought we saw some figures and headed across for a look-see. The figures disappeared, but as we were going by near the place N'dolo's quick eye caught sight of something and he gave our usual signal for a halt. Instantly, like birds that have been flushed, three men jumped from the grass, where they had been lying flat, belly down, and scuttled off. N'dolo presented our formidable .22 caliber rifle and commanded a halt. They stopped, influenced less, I think, by the rifle than by the tremendous speed of at least ten miles an hour of which we were evidently capable.

All three were small men, red-brown in color, of rather pleasing countenance, naked except for a single piece of cloth and some brass wire ornaments, and armed with bows and poisoned arrows. One of them talked a little Swahili in a painstaking slow manner. In an astonishing brief time we had fully persuaded them that our intentions were honorable and that both we and our contraptions were harmless to human life. When invited, the smallest actually dared climb in behind. He hung on pretty tight, but showed no sign of fear when we started off. The two others trotted briskly alongside. Once out of the thicket, I picked a fat wildebeest and shot it at something more than 200 yards. The whole herd swept away in a thick cloud of dust. The astonishment and admiration of the trio at finding the stricken beast prone and left behind was funny to see. We told them that the meat was theirs.

In the heat of that afternoon, lying on the cot in my tent, I became aware of figures outside patiently waiting. I discovered one was our little friend of the morning. With him were a very old man, two middle-aged men and a young fellow with oiled red clay decorations and a spear. As soon as he saw I was awake the little chap came forward.

"*Bwana*," said he, "I have brought my people. I have told them this is a good white man. This," he introduced us, "is our Old Man."

I shook hands with the Old Man and said something in a language he did not understand, to which he made reply in a language I did not understand.

"And these," he continued, "are our Elders."

The two middle-aged men and I exchanged courtesies.

"And this," he concluded with honest pride, "is our army."

I shook hands with the army. It was the first time I had ever shaken hands with a whole army at once.

When you stop to think of it, it had just a little element of pathos in it. This pitiful fragment of a people—fifteen souls, I found—had nevertheless its proper divisions, like the big and prosperous tribes; its Old Man, its Elder, its El Morani; and it had its tidy tiny pride in showing me that it possessed its proper organization.

The delegation went away, but N'dyika stayed with us that day and the next. I gave orders that he be fed. The next morning, as a matter of course, he took his place in the car and went with us on our hunt. From the top of a mountain he pointed out the places he knew and the places he did not know, and seemed perfectly honest about it.

The Friendly Little Wild Man

"I do not know that place; I could not help you there," he disclaimed.

To our delight, we found that his people were the artists who had drawn the wall pictures in the cave, and that they were also the ones who had run away so fast, leaving their breakfast on the fire.

"Why did you do that?" I asked.

"We did not then know the white man is good," he replied.

On our way home I had an idea.

"We go on *safari* tomorrow to the country of the cave," I told him. "If you will go with us I will give you food and wages and one shilling for each lion we kill with you. You can show us the lions and the water."

He considered this for a moment.

"I will ask my Elders," he replied. "I will return when the sun touches the hill." And instantly he jumped out of the car and disappeared.

We really did not expect to see him again—it is the way of such people—but at sunset he stood by the tent door.

"I have returned," he said simply, and pointed at the sun.

"And you will go?" I inquired.

"I asked my Elders and they said no. They told me that it is very far, and that we do not know the white man, and that the white man hunts the lion, which is a very bad animal."

"Then you do not go?"

"Yes, I go. I told them the white men are good people. I told them I would have meat and *potio* and money. And," he concluded with what I believe was the deciding factor, "I told them I would ride in the *moto* car."

We applauded his independence. That evening, to N'dolo's scandal, he came and squatted by our fire, which was of course against all discipline. But how should he know? He was just being friendly. He seemed to me less like a fellow human being than some friendly gentle little creature, confiding and appealing like a clean, soft-eyed, tamed wild animal. We had quite a talk, and he told me his affairs in his slow childlike Swahili. He had a wife; yes, and a child. It was a little girl. She was so high, and he arose with eager enthusiasm to show me. Then when a pause fell he hesitated, arose and said with a fine natural courtesy, "Now I will go lie down if you will tell me to." So I told him to.

He was with us five days and in that time he collected immense riches; nothing but what was wonderful to him and worth the treasuring. Bits of tin foil from films, empty brass cartridge cases, remnants of string, match boxes—anything and everything we discarded. He must have thought us immensely affluent and careless of our riches. These things shortly appeared made into ornaments for his person. One evening I gave him a string of bright beads worth perhaps fifteen cents. He was so overcome he could not thank us or even look at the splendid things as they lay in his hand. He turned away his head, and after a moment arose and glided silently away into the darkness.

Safari Sickness and Its Cure

And each day he went forth in the *moto* car and saw marvels he had never dreamed of, covering incredible distances by this miraculous means, sitting tight while we fought the dreaded lion. We killed five, and he duly received—on the spot—five bright new shillings. And then one morning he had vanished into thin air, and we never saw him again. I know he liked us and trusted us; I know he was deeply grateful. Only the accumulation of riches and experience grew too great for his capacity to hold. He was full and running over. He must show these things and tell these things or bust. He must confound these doubting Elders and dazzle the army. So, forgetting his promised wages, he sped away before he should awaken from this dream, so he could tell his big adventure while it was yet fresh to his tiny wife and his little girl "so high."

One of the events of the day in camp was always sick call. We are a pretty healthy community, I must say, until a *safari* is imminent, when there will be heavy loads to carry. Then it is alarming what epidemics will devastate our ranks, rendering us wholly unfit—in our own opinion—to bear a burden. Otherwise Doc has a rather slender practice. Occasionally, however, something does need attention, and then our medicine kit and Doc's skill are in requisition.

As for *safari* sickness—which much resembles school sickness—there are various remedies. N'dolo's cynical sarcasm is a pretty good tonic. My old method was to mix a tall tumbler of Epsom salts, quinine, Worcestershire sauce, tabasco and a dash of permanganate to turn the mess pink. This, diluted with sparklets water to about a pint and drunk off at one draught, usually planted a certain inhibition against coming back for more. But Leslie had a simple and more effective scheme. He had the patient before him together with a falsely sympathetic N'dolo.

"N'dolo," said he, "this is a very sick man. We must be very careful or he will die. It would be very bad for him if he were to eat any meat at all, and he must eat only a half ration of *potio* until he is entirely well and able to carry a load."

"Yes, *bwana*," said N'dolo, "I understand, and I will see to it."

You can bet he did. And you can safely add another bet that the speed of that cure was sure to be miraculous

One of our quaintest little visitors we called the Anxious Bird because of his worried, busy call. We did not know for a long time what he looked like. We first became aware of him when one night we made an open-air bivouac under what was evidently his home tree. It was after dark before we pitched camp, and he and his family had retired for the night. Only by accident did we know he was there. Art was whistling a tune which finally carried him into the lower registers. As he hit one low note, there instantly answered him a chorus of anxious "twee-twee-twees." We experimented, and found that only that particular note could arouse alarm. Whistle we high or whistle we low, we obtained no response. But instantly on the enunciation of that low C flat, the whole family broke out in its distressful complaining. And the answer never failed. No matter how long the interval we allowed to elapse—a half hour or more—the response was immediate. It was very amusing.

Then weeks later, when on *safari*, while sitting writing in an open grass hut, I was most pleasantly visited each afternoon by a very friendly small feathered creature. It was a little above warbler size, very trim and neat and bright eyes, with small perky manners. It came in quite boldly and confidently, alighted on the table, clung to the strap of my gun sling, looked over all my small possessions appraisingly, surveying me the while with a side-cast humorous eye as though it shared some secret joke with me. No sudden movement of mine seemed to disturb it in the least; and only when we appeared to have said all we had to say to each other did it flit out of the door to its other affairs. Then one afternoon the sudden imminent shadow of a hawk or kite glided across the sunshine of our conference. It was the jarring lower C flat note in the harmony of Nature, and instant to it came the response, "Twee-twee-twee!" And I found I had made the acquaintance of the Anxious Bird.

When Company Dropped In

Only once have we been in total disgrace before visitors, and these happened to be the only white men we saw in many months. They came in and were regaled with tea and later with lunch. One of the courses seemed to me so particularly good that I inquired about it.

"*Nyama gani hi?*"—what meat is this? I asked Asani.

"That, *bwana*, is boiled meat," was the reply I got.

This seemed sufficiently self-evident.

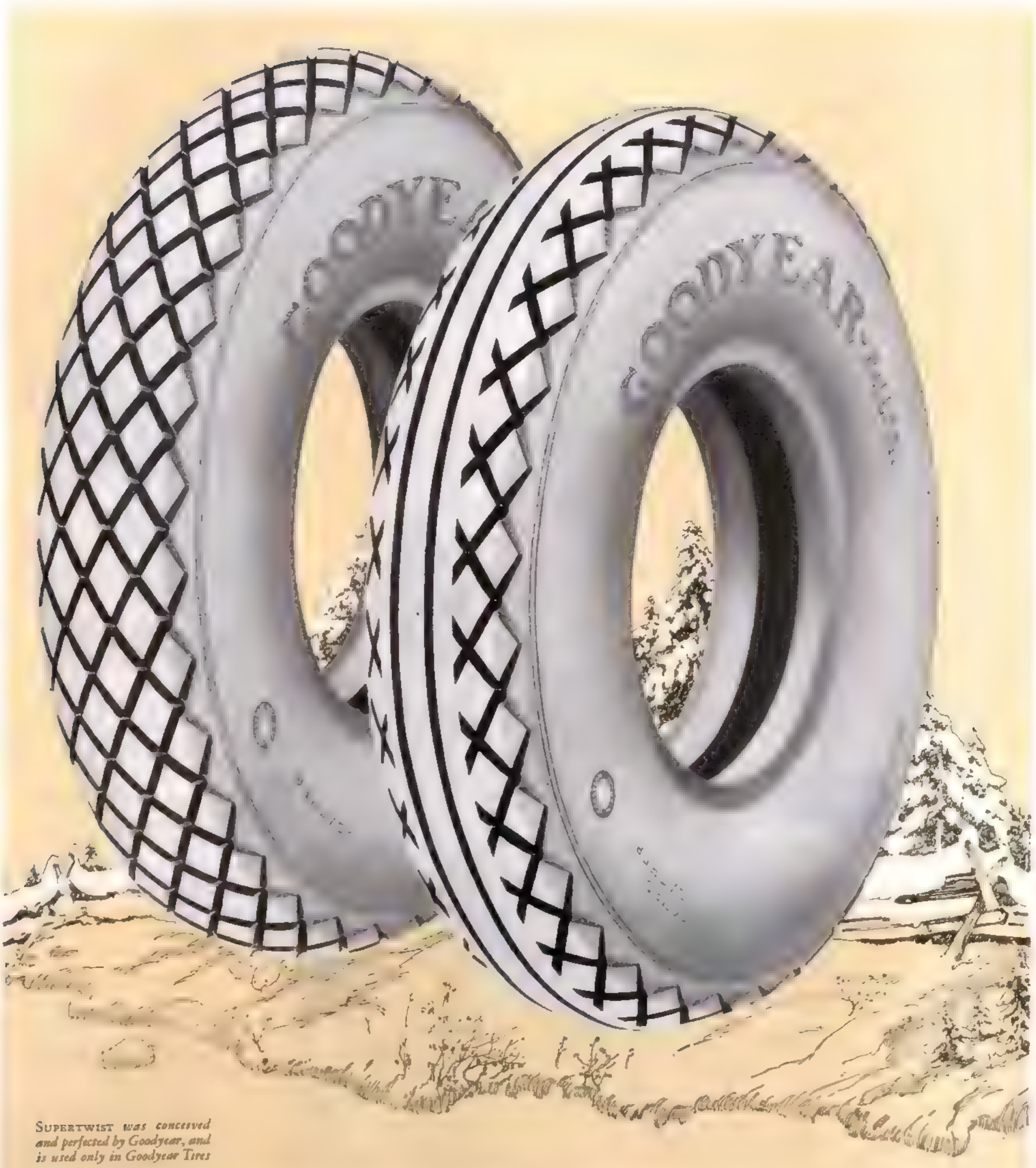
"Yes, but what kind of meat?" I insisted

Asani looked deeply distressed and I caught an imploring look in his eyes, which, however, I ignored. Seeing that I was obdurate, he glided around the table to my chair. He leaned over and whispered the horrid secret low in my ear.

"Nyumbo, *bwana*!" he breathed.

Think of it! All these months, dwelling by ourselves, we had always had in the larder haunches of Tommy, saddles of reedbuck, chops of impalla—all the succulent dainties of the veldt. And here on this one day of all days, when we had visitors to our state and magnificence, we were caught off base with nothing on hand but wildebeest! Was it not enough to break the heart of any boy who had his master's station at heart? I did not give him away not until he had withdrawn in sorrow and a faint hope that the contretemps had passed unnoticed. But we all agreed it was excellent meat.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.



SUPERTWIST *was conceived and perfected by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

GOODYEAR

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Who buys Goodyear Tires?

An important sidelight on SUPERTWIST

It is difficult, of course, to assign Goodyear sales precisely to any one great class of motor car users.

Yet this impressive fact is true: Goodyear popularity attains its peak intensity in those localities where road conditions are most severe.

That is to say, the percentage of Goodyear sales to the number of car owners swings steadily upward from the well-paved cities to the smaller towns and rural communities.

The reason would seem to be that under these sterner service conditions the relative weakness or strength of various tires is quickly and unmistakably revealed.

Goodyear's conspicuous predominance in those sections of America where roads impose heaviest tire hardship, has surely and steadily grown.

It has known a new force and impetus in recent motoring seasons, since the general distribution of the balloon tire.

Clearly this tighter hold upon the confidence of an informed and critical public proceeds from some pronounced and private merit in today's Goodyear Tires.

That exclusive merit is the now celebrated cord fabric SUPERTWIST, developed and perfected by Goodyear to solve the low-pressure tire's special needs.

The basic advantage of SUPERTWIST is its greater elasticity; it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

When the Goodyear Tire made of it strikes a stone, the springy SUPERTWIST cords s-t-r-e-t-c-h under the blow, yielding and recovering, like rubber bands.

This ability to stretch minimizes any chance of cord breakage, and affords utmost protection against carcass rupture and similar damage.

It enables the Goodyear Tire not alone to *resist* sudden impact, but to *absorb* it and thus to distribute it over a greater portion of the tire.

Who buys Goodyear Tires? is after all no great puzzle—those people buy them who most seriously want durability and comfort in an extreme money's worth.

If you want these things in true SUPERTWIST measure, your Goodyear dealer can promptly supply them in Goodyear Tires.

All Goodyear Cord Tires and Goodyear Tires *only*, are now made with SUPERTWIST—the latest good reason why "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Good tires deserve good tubes—
Goodyear Tubes

BALLOONS

Made with SUPERTWIST

It is your *last* act of love

WE do not love the flower less because it wilts and dies. The passing of a dear one gives you a last opportunity to show your love, to prove that you really do care. You can do but one thing, if your sentiment is real.

And that one thing is to provide the utmost of burial protection, to make sure that the remains are undisturbed by the elements.

It is not necessary to build a great mausoleum. You do not need to show the world. You need only to prove to your heart that your love is uncompromising by providing positive and permanent protection. This can be done easily and simply by using the Clark Grave Vault.

Being made of metal, this vault is not porous. Keystone copper-steel is used for greatest rust resistance. This vault provides the required burial protection at a reasonable cost. There is no family that can not afford to use this vault.

Leading funeral directors recommend this vault, because they know it has never failed over the twenty-five years it has been manufactured. They give with each one a fifty-year guaranty.

Less than Clark Protection is no protection at all!

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GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. Insist upon it. Look for the trade-mark when you buy. Booklet sent on request.

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

(Continued from Page 59)

me that she was very anxious to have her daughter enter comic opera instead of vaudeville. She felt that her daughter's talent was more adapted to that line. I agreed with her, but told her that Milwaukee was no place for her to enter the field of opera. Chicago and New York were the only producing centers of musical shows at that time. But I promised that if I heard of an opening for a prima donna I would communicate with her.

At that time Sherman Brown, manager of the Davidson Theater, the only theater in Milwaukee playing legitimate attractions exclusively, booked from the Klaw & Erlanger offices, decided to produce opera in his theater during the summer months. He procured a partner in the enterprise, young Sherwood Becker, Jr., son of a bank president. Young Becker had just attained his majority. He afterward became the mayor of the city, the youngest man ever to attain that honor.

Brown and Becker went to New York, where they engaged a company, comedian, stage manager and a prima donna, together with a complete chorus. After several rehearsals they opened to a crowded house. I was one of that audience. Between the acts I strolled into the lobby for a smoke, where I ran into Brown and Becker. We discussed the show and the cast. I agreed with them that they had an excellent comedian in Harry Brown, as well as a splendid chorus and gorgeous costumes. Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind, and I told them I would introduce them to a prima donna possessing that rare combination—beauty and a voice. I thereupon rushed them over to the Alhambra Theater, where the little lady was before the footlights and about to launch into The Song That Reached My Heart. They listened and stood entranced.

When she had finished they inquired whether it was possible to get her signature to a contract. I promised to use my best efforts toward procuring her services for them, with the result that the little girl went on the following week as the lead in Giroflé Girofla and scored a tremendous success. The show ran through the entire summer season. That little girl was May DeSousa, who afterward appeared in New York with The Chinese Honeymoon and in London with George Edwardes' big musical productions.

Not in the Script

There were other dear friends of mine who played season after season at the Bijou Theater in musical shows—Hallen and Hart, Mollie Fuller and Carrie DeMar. Hallen married Miss Fuller, and Hart Miss DeMar. Their entertainments were always clean and free from suggestiveness, with lots of pep in their dancing and singing. They were great favorites in Milwaukee. Hallen and Fuller always had their specialty, while Joe Hart always played the part of Foxy Grandpa, opposite Miss DeMar, and carried the comedy of the show. Miss Fuller sang a song I had written for her entitled One Night in June.

Following the season when James Aldrich Libby first introduced my After the Ball, he was engaged by Hallen and Hart at my suggestion for their leading barytone. He introduced another new song that I wrote, entitled I Love You in Spite of All. Both Hallen and Hart have passed to the great beyond. Miss Fuller is still playing in vaudeville, while Carrie DeMar is carrying on the work of producing musical acts for vaudeville which her husband inaugurated after his retirement from the stage.

Another actor who was eagerly watched for by Milwaukee audiences was Joe Welch, the Hebrew comedian in The Peddler. He often invited me and my family for opening nights. In the second act of The Peddler was a scene where the little adopted daughter, aged eleven, acting as housekeeper for the family, was seen rocking the baby to sleep. Joe entered slowly, carrying a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread. That particular scene ran as follows:

"Has the doctor been here, Esther?"

"No, father."

"Has the landlord been here, Esther?"

"No, father."

"Has the rabbi been here, Esther?"

"No, father."

And he added, "Has Charlie Harris been here, Esther?"

The little player looked up at him puzzled and said, "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Welch; we didn't rehearse that."

The audience roared with laughter and killed the effect of that entire scene.

At the burlesque theater, which I visited once a week regularly for the opening performances, it was part of my business to get in touch with singers. During those times I met the best singers in the country. It was there I became acquainted with Louise Dresser, now in motion pictures in Los Angeles. She was singing Paul Dresser's songs, and later sang several of mine.

The Boy Manager

Every burlesque troupe carried a quartet. One week there would be the Manhattan Comedy Four, the next week the Gotham City Quartet and the following week the Bison City Quartet. Al Shean, now of the famous team of Gallagher & Shean, was a member of the Manhattan Comedy Four. These quartets were always extremely popular. Ballads were their forte, as jazz had not then put in its appearance.

Sam Scribner, now treasurer of the Actors' Fund of America, was at that time managing a burlesque show. Today he is president of the Columbia Burlesque Wheel, owning theaters in large cities throughout the United States. I am glad to say that we have enjoyed an unbroken friendship for many years. Usually after the shows we would sit together and talk shop. He always insisted on good clean performances.

"I tell you, C. K.," he would say, "although there are no women attending our performances today, you and I will live to see the day when they will patronize them as they do any first-class theater. Mothers will bring their daughters, and I am going to keep on cleaning up the shows until the job is done, even if it throws me into bankruptcy." I am happy to say that Sam Scribner's ambition was fully realized.

Scribner was the first to make a prophecy concerning songs. Often he would say to me that it was tiresome to listen to the same songs in every burlesque performance. He claimed that it was enough to hear a song once. I suggested that he have special music written for every show—let the performers sing their ballads and published songs in the olio, but not use the same songs in the opening and closing parts, as all the other managers were doing. He agreed with me, and the following season he engaged a well-known composer to write dance songs for the entire first part, while the olio was to contain the published ballads. It was not long after, that others followed suit, and today composers are engaged exclusively to write new music for the entire Columbia circuit of theaters.

The Alhambra Theater had engaged a new treasurer, a Milwaukee boy, eighteen years old, of a pleasing personality. He made a great many friends while in the box office. He was ambitious and told me he had leased Schlitz Park, a public resort near by, for summer opera. It contained a hall and stage, and a garden with tables scattered about, where refreshments could be served. He had engaged the services of a musical stock company, with a prima donna from Chicago, Louise Willis, a beautiful woman. She possessed a charming soprano voice.

Everybody laughed at a boy of eighteen embarking upon this enterprise, but nevertheless it was not long before the venture proved successful. The orchestra was led by one Gustav Luders, a young German, who had recently arrived in this country. Though possessing a thorough musical education, he had not been very successful. He had drifted into Milwaukee, taking odd jobs. The boy manager of Schlitz Park was none other than Louis Werba, who years afterward formed a partnership with Mark Luescher, present general publicity manager for the Keith circuit, which includes the Palace Theater and the Hippodrome of New York. They produced The Spring Maid and several other successful musical shows. Last season Mr. Werba produced Adrienne, which lasted six months on Broadway.

Returning to Schlitz Park. After each performance Werba, Miss Willis, Gustav Luders and myself would sit at a table in the garden and talk shop. Another person who often joined us there was a friend of Miss Willis, Mr. William Hepner, at that time a manufacturer of theatrical wigs in Chicago.

Luders often pleaded with me to publish one of the operas he had written, and asked me to try to place it with some well-known producer. I told him at that time that I was not publishing musical productions, but my own compositions exclusively, and that I was kept busy exploiting them, but that some day in the near future I would see what could be done for him. Louis Werba would often kid Luders and say to me that I was overlooking a good thing, for he thought that Luders could make a fortune for me, and then he would wink at me slyly. But the joke was on me, for this same Luders a few years later had a musical show produced in Chicago called The Prince of Pilsen which lasted several years, and netted a fortune for its author, composer and publisher.

The Songs at Haverly's

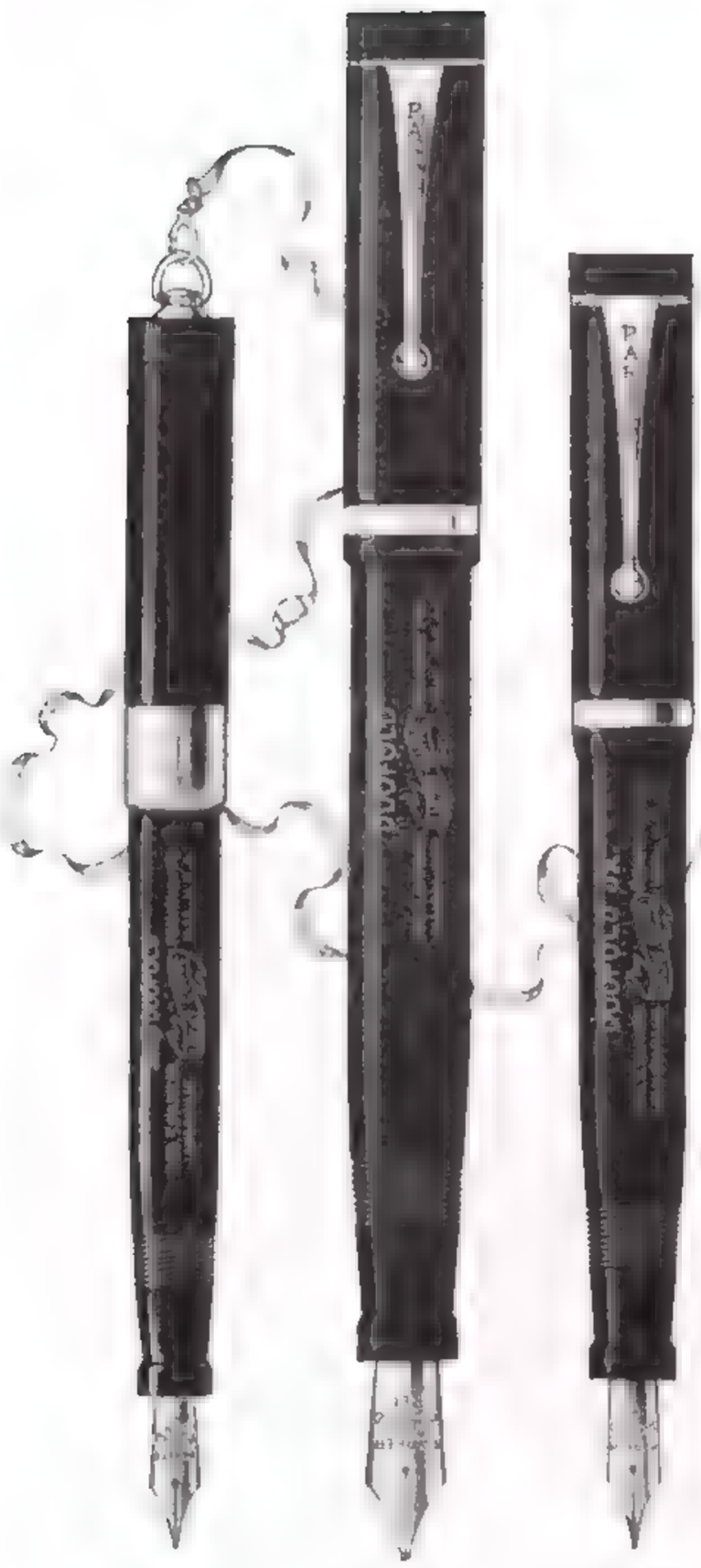
During the World's Fair in Chicago Jack Haverly, of minstrel fame, opened Haverly's Casino Theater in that city, where he used a stock minstrel company. It was there that I had heard Will Windom was singing a song published by Will Rossiter entitled Sweet Mollie Bawn. I had a friend also playing there, Tom Lewis, who introduced me to Windom. I suggested to the latter that he sing After the Ball in place of Sweet Mollie Bawn. He knew that Libby had been singing it with great success in Hoyt's A Trip to Chinatown, and John Philip Sousa was also using it at the World's Fair. He agreed to sing it.

Lewis also introduced me to the entire company, which included Banks Winter, author of White Wings; Castell Bridges, a featured singer; Press Eldridge, monologist; Billy Rice, comedian and end man, and Charles Shattuck, the interlocutor. All of them began clamoring for new songs, but I told them to wait until Windom had introduced After the Ball, and if it registered with the audience I would furnish them all with new material.

The night Windom sang After the Ball, Haverly, his wife and daughter were present. It greatly impressed Mr. Haverly and he sent word to the stage manager asking the author's name. When he discovered my identity he gave orders that I was to write all the songs in the future for the first part of his minstrel show at that theater. And so it came about that I furnished Banks Winter with Kiss and Let's Make Up; Bridges with Creep, Baby, Creep; Press Eldridge with a parody on After the Ball called After the Fair, and Billy Rice with Hello, Central, Hello! This representation, together with Will Windom singing After the Ball, gave me much prestige with Haverly's various companies.

About this period there was in the East a new descriptive singer playing the New York vaudeville theaters. She had been

(Continued on Page 124)



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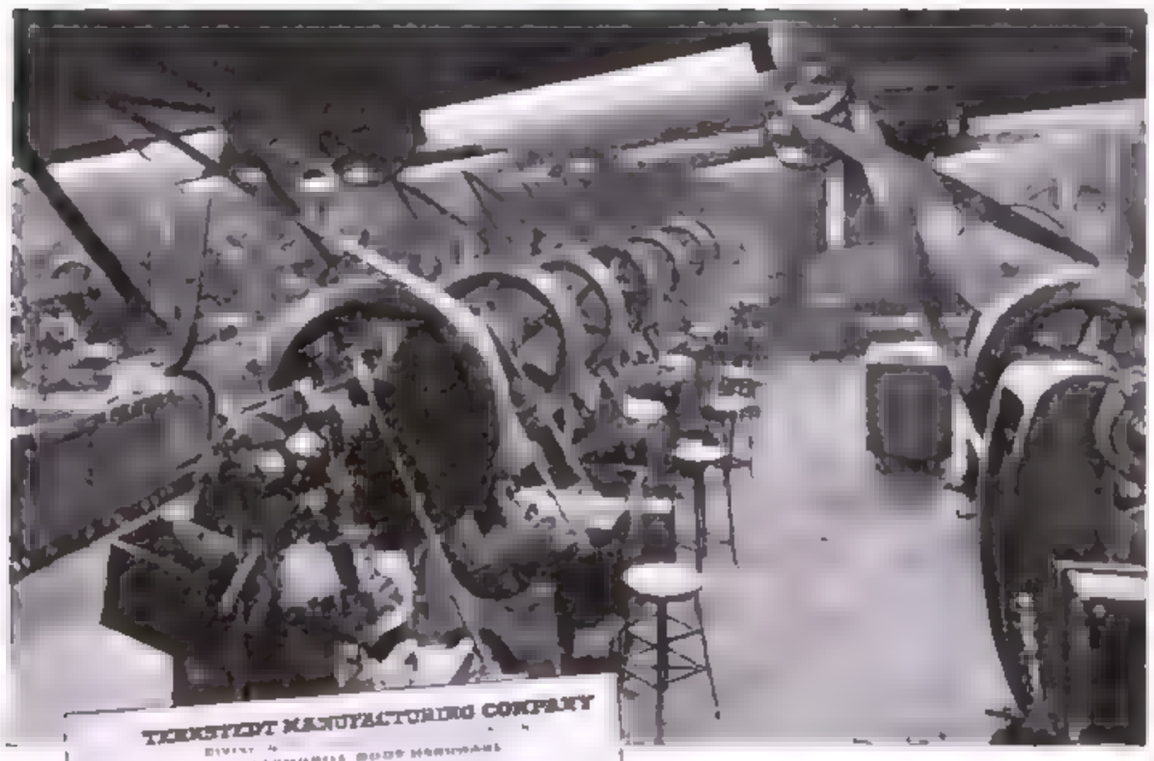

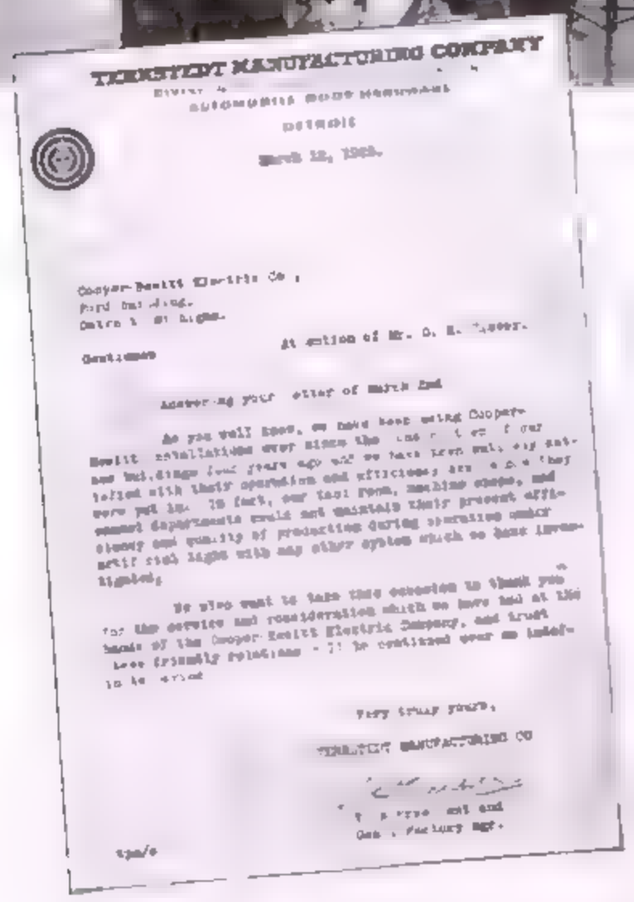
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DETROIT
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(Continued from Page 122)

creating quite a sensation and was known as the double-voiced vocalist—Caroline Hull. She had as yet never played the West and we had never met. I had written a new song entitled For Old Time's Sake, which had come about in a strange fashion. As treasurer of the Milwaukee Lodge of Elks I would often arrive in the lodge rooms about four in the afternoon. As a diversion I would play a game of hearts, then much in vogue.

Seated back of me one afternoon, looking on, was a prominent lodge member who had just come in from a business trip. I noticed a photograph button on the lapel of his coat. It was that of a very beautiful girl. Turning to him, I inquired as to her identity.

His face grew quite serious for a moment as he said she was an old sweetheart of his whom he had intended to marry. She came from a small farm in Wisconsin. They were neighbors and had become sweethearts as youngsters, but one day a traveling salesman had come along and filled her ears with dreams of the city and prevailed upon her to run away and be married in Chicago.

When my friend returned from a trip they told him she had fled. It had broken his spirit for a time. A year later he had occasion to go to Chicago, and there met her on the street. He was startled at her changed appearance. He greeted her kindly, as she looked so worn, weary and dejected. She returned his greeting by faintly crying his name, "Frank," then almost collapsed in his arms. She allowed him to escort her to an ill-furnished room she had rented in a dilapidated building. There she told him the tragedy of her life; how the man had married her but, soon tiring of her, had deserted her in less than a year.

All the old love for her returned instantly and he took her in his arms, assuring her that for old time's sake he wanted to be always near her, and that if she consented he would marry her as soon as she was free. She replied that she was too fond of him to spoil his life, as a doctor had told her she could live only a few months at the most. She said she had never known till then how much she loved him, and he kissed her, just for old time's sake.

For Old Time's Sake

Like a flash came the idea for a song and I followed the above incident literally as it is here described:

You ask me why upon my breast I wear her photograph;
You ask me why my hair has turned so gray.
I was a simple country lad, she was the village belle;
I worshiped her, my queen, both night and day;
A city stranger wooed and won my very first and only love.
He won her, just her gentle heart to break.
He left her many years ago; I found it out by chance;
And I searched for her for old time's sake.

CHORUS

For old time's sake, I told her that I loved her;
For old time's sake, I pressed her to my heart;
For old time's sake, I kissed her and caressed her.
And promised her we never more would part.
For old time's sake, she put her arms around me,
And said, "If but a dream, I would not wake;
I never knew till now how much I loved you."
Then I kissed her just for old time's sake.

The story now is at an end, there's nothing much to say;
Except I asked her if she'd be my wife.
Her tears were softly flowing as she looked at me and said,
"I'd bring you nothing but a wasted life.
I was a vain and foolish girl when I refused your honest love.
It's now too late; no wife for you I'd make.
Just hold me in your arms," she said, and then she passed away;
And I buried her, for old time's sake.

Upon completion, I issued professional copies in the regular method. A copy chanced to fall into Miss Hull's hands while she was in New York, and she immediately added it to her repertoire, with considerable success. Not long after this I heard that she was to sing this song at The Olympic Theater. I decided to go to hear her. My old friend Abe Jacobs, who had previously introduced me to Miss Bonehill, was still manager there. When I arrived at the theater, Jacobs greeted me warmly and said, "Well, C. K., to whom shall I introduce you this time?"

I smiled and said, "Caroline Hull."

"Well, well," said he, "you certainly picked out a live one. She is making a great hit with your song. Come around this evening and hear it."

Harris Night at the Olympic

That night I met Jacobs in the lobby of the theater. He said he was sorry, but that there was only one seat unsold and that was in the stage box. He probably knew my aversion to sitting in a box. I had often heard that professional people felt nervous in the presence of a composer whose song they were introducing. When I told this to Jacobs, he assured me that Miss Hull was the exception, and it did not matter to her whether I sat in a box or in the gallery.

Just as the performance was starting I was ushered into the box, and to my surprise I discovered I was the only occupant. Max Hoffman, the husband of Gertrude Hoffman, the well-known dancer, was leading the orchestra at the time. The first act was an acrobatic turn. This was followed by a team, Eddie Guiggere and his wife.

After they had gone through a part of their act Guiggere stepped down to the footlights and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now sing for the first time a song especially written for me by Mr. Charles K. Harris, entitled All For the Love of a Girl."

Then came Smith and Fuller, Chicago's favorite instrumentalists, playing a dozen different instruments. Nearing the finish of their act Smith also stepped to the footlights and said, "Miss Fuller and I will now conclude our evening performance by playing on musical glasses a song written exclusively for us by Charles K. Harris, entitled Will I Find My Mamma There?"

At that moment, I must confess, I became rather uncomfortable, and I hoped that no one would recognize me.

The fourth act was that of Caroline Hull, the featured performer of the evening. Emerging from one of the wings, she immediately received an ovation. She sang three well-known numbers by different composers. At the conclusion of these she stepped to the footlights and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I intend to introduce for the first time a song written especially for me by Mr. Charles K. Harris, entitled For Old Time's Sake."

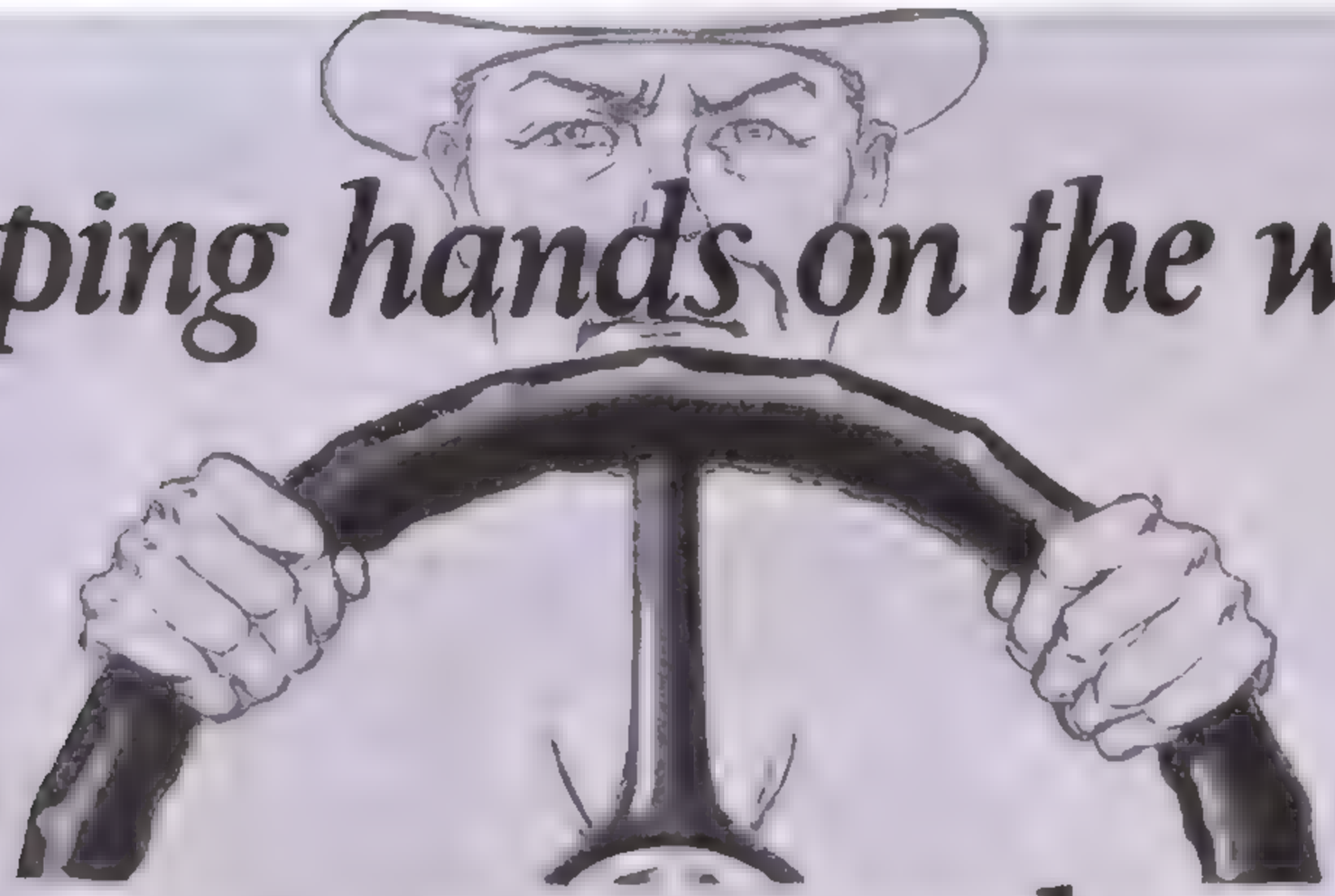
By this time I felt that it was a case of Too Much Johnson. However, Miss Hull was obliged to take a half dozen encores and curtain calls.

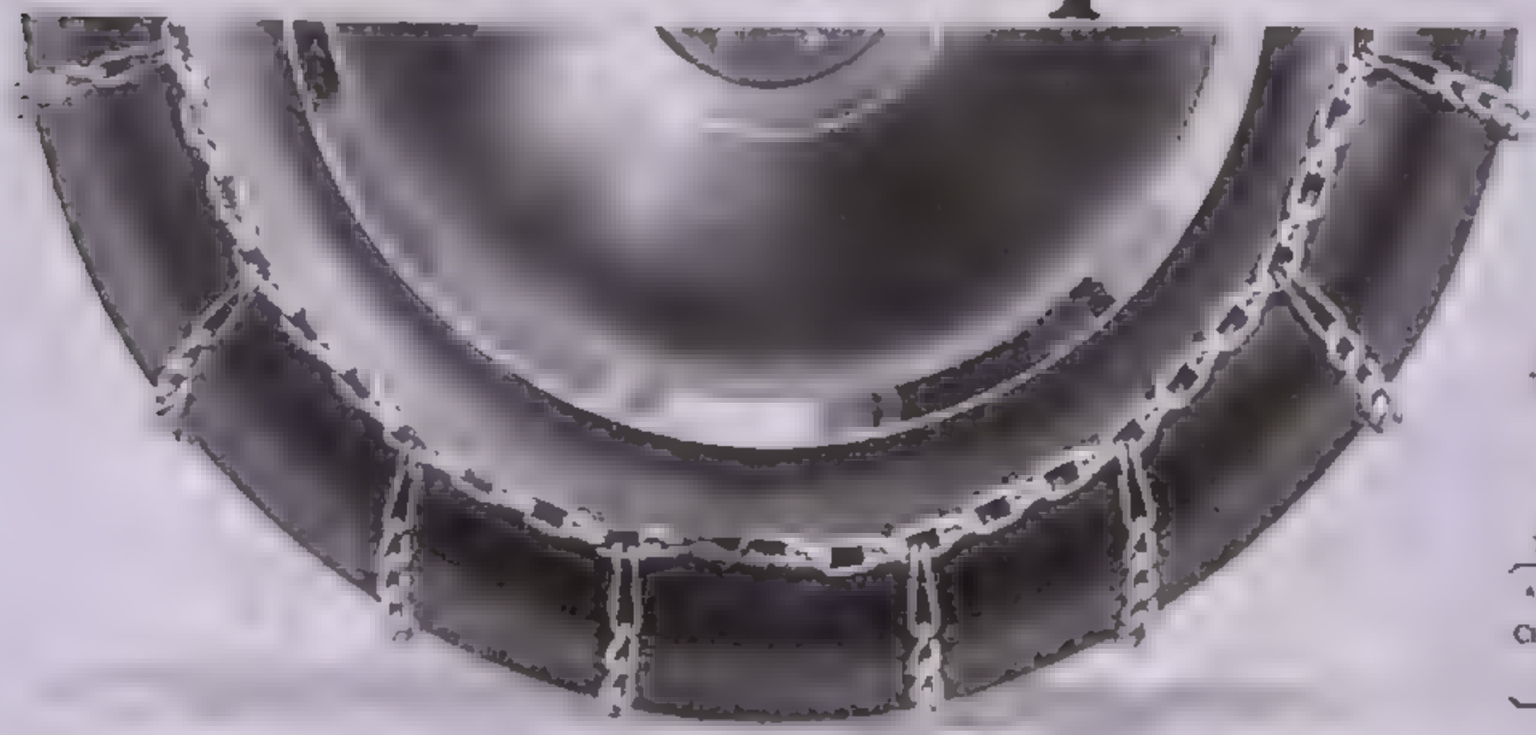
Following this, I intended making a hasty exit to the street, when I saw that the next one on the bill was a personal friend, Jim Cullen, monologist. He was one of the big favorites in Chicago. He played there continually, changing his monologue at each performance. Whatever he said always received a big laugh. He had a good singing voice and his parodies of popular ballads of the day were excruciatingly funny. It would have been an unpardonable sin for me to leave the box at that time, and so I remained.

Cullen walked on the stage in his light and breezy manner, saying, "Well, folks, here I am as usual—some new stories, new

(Continued on Page 126)

Gripping hands on the wheel can never replace gripping chains on the road





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(Continued from Page 124)

parodies and a few new jokes. By the way, this seems to be a Harris night, so I am also going to sing a parody for you on his famous song Kiss and Let's Make Up, entitled Kiss and Let's Break Up." Walking over to my box, he extended his hand, saying, "Hello, Charlie! Heard you were witnessing our performance. Glad to see you."

Then, turning to the audience, he cried, "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the celebrated author of After the Ball and the numerous other songs you have heard here this evening," nodding to me. "Mr. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Audience," and to the audience, "Mr. and Mrs. Audience, Mr. Harris."

When the show was over Abe Jacobs was waiting for me in the lobby with a broad grin on his face.

I demanded an explanation for this unexpected and unusual reception. He then told me that in my honor he had arranged the whole affair; that before the curtain rose he had gone backstage and instructed those performers who were singing my songs to announce the fact to the audience. To Jim Cullen was left the task of winding up this surprise.

About that time I conceived the idea of placing photographs of prominent singers upon the title pages of my songs. Little did I foresee the annoyance this would cause me. As my songs were sold throughout America and Great Britain, they were displayed in all music-store windows and at all music counters. The singer whose photograph appeared upon the sheet of music was thus the recipient of considerable free advertisement. Hundreds of letters came into my office daily, with photographs inclosed, requesting that I place them upon the cover of the next song I published. The first time that a photograph appeared upon the cover of sheet music was when Libby sang After the Ball. I made a five-year agreement with him that no photograph other than his should appear upon the title page of that song.

That is where I put my foot in it, for I received a photograph of Miss Helene Mora from Mr. Hyde, of Hyde & Behman, proprietors of the largest vaudeville theater in Brooklyn. Hyde had just married Miss Mora, a very famous English music-hall descriptive singer. She had played exclusively in the East and was not yet known in the West. Mr. Hyde wrote that Miss Mora intended playing the West shortly and would soon appear in Milwaukee, at the Exposition Building.

Appeasing a Lady

This building had been, during the summer, converted into a large music hall, seating 3000 people. It was under the management of Oscar Muller, who also managed the Alhambra Theater. Hyde requested that I place Miss Mora's photograph upon an edition of After the Ball, as she was singing the song with great success. I thought it best to wait until Miss Mora arrived, when I could explain the situation to her. So I delayed replying to Hyde's communication.

In due time Miss Mora arrived and opened at the Exposition Building with After the Ball and other descriptive songs.

Most singers made it a practice to call on me during the morning, so I waited for Miss Mora the next morning at my office, but she failed to appear. However, the following Saturday at eleven A M she strolled in with a chip on her shoulder. Without wasting a moment's time she demanded an explanation as to why her photograph did not appear on the published copies of After the Ball, which she said she constantly was singing.

As it was drawing near lunch time, I invited Miss Mora to take lunch with me. This she consented to do We went into the Palm Garden across the street After lunch, I related the story of the difficulties I had experienced in getting any singer to use After the Ball, how for nearly one year it lay upon the shelf covered with dust, until Libby came along and agreed to use it. I said I had made a solemn promise that for five years no other picture than his should appear upon the title page, and that this promise I had kept religiously.

She was impartial enough to see my point, and her parting words were that she hoped I would always continue to keep my promises with every singer.

She was singing with much success at the time a song called Comrades, written by Felix McGlennon, a well-known song writer of London. I told her that I was working on a new song and when it was completed I would send her the manuscript copy for her opinion. I also promised to use her photograph upon any new song of mine which she might sing. She then gave me her route for the next three months and we parted the best of friends.

About this time I attended a performance of Secret Service, with William Gillette as star. There was a scene in the play where a young Southern boy, aged fifteen, was twitted by his little sweetheart because he did not join the army. He was willing enough to do so; but his father, an army man, and his brother John, an officer, insisted upon his remaining home. However, he finally ran away and joined the army as a drummer boy. He was wounded and his corporal carried him off the field. When they arrived at the boy's home he exclaimed to the darky who met him at the door, "Break the news to mother."

The Scared Barber

Upon my cuff that night I wrote the title Break the News to Mother. The next day I wrote the first verse and chorus. Then I went out to lunch and from there to the barber's for a shave. Try as I might, I could not think of a second verse or a climax for the song. There is an old saying, "Any fool can get on the stage, but the thing is to get off right." How to end the song with a punch puzzled me.

While sitting in the barber's chair a thought came to my mind in a flash, and I cried out, "I have it! I'm going to kill him!"

The barber, who was shaving me at the time, became very much startled when he heard this remark and thought I had lost my mind.

"Joe, I tell you, he's got to die!" I shouted again.

By this time the barber was surely convinced that there was something wrong with me. I was in a hurry to leave, and in less than two minutes I was out of the chair, much to the relief of the barber. I had the last verse and was happy:

While the shot and shell were screaming upon the battlefield,
The boys in blue were fighting, their noble flag to shield.
Came a cry from their brave captain, "Look, boys! Our flag is down!
Who'll volunteer to save it from disgrace?"
"I will," a young voice shouted;
"I'll bring it back or die"; then sprang into the thickest of the fray.
Saved the flag, but gave his young life, all for his country's sake.
They brought him back and softly heard him say:

CHORUS

"Just break the news to mother; she knows how dear I love her;
And tell her not to wait for me, for I'm not coming home;
Just say there is no other can take the place of mother,
Then kiss her dear sweet lips for me and break the news to her."

When the song was finished I took the typewritten copy over to brother Harry's store. I always made it a practice to try my songs on "the dog," and in this instance Harry was it When I sang it for him I was rewarded with a loud guffaw Harry's contention was that there had been no war since 1864 and that the memories of it were fast fading away, and that undoubtedly another war was a long way off, so why a soldier song? His argument was a logical one which all but convinced me. Nevertheless, I liked the melody and story, and remembering Miss Mora, mailed this copy to her in St. Louis, together with an orchestration in her key.

Two weeks later she returned it with a note stating that she had tried it out, but it lacked a punch. It seemed that Break the News to Mother was to go through the same experience as After the Ball; but I was not discouraged and made up my mind that some day the song was going to be heard.

Just about this time my old friend Paul Dresser was playing an engagement at the Bijou Theater in a comedy called The Two Johns. The characters were two very fat men and fitted both principals perfectly. Dresser came as usual to my office. He was at that time one of the coming song writers of the country and wrote both words and music. He had written The Convict and the Bird, The Curse and several others. He had not as yet gone into the publishing business.

Paul was one of the best loved characters on Broadway twenty-five years ago. No man in the country, I imagine, was closer to him than I was, for we were the only composers who wrote both words and music to a song. Today there are often as many as five writers who collaborate on a single song.

When Paul first came to see me in Milwaukee he was selling his manuscripts in New York while acting on the road. He would dispose of them to anyone who cared to publish them. He was what you might call a free lance. I remember telling him one day, "Now, Paul, when you get back to New York, hunt up a couple of young fellows in some music store who know the business. Tell them you will contribute your songs if they will publish them and furnish the capital under a partnership agreement. That is the way I got my start."

So when Paul returned to New York he ran across Pat Howley, now deceased, and Fred Haviland, both employed by the Oliver Ditson Company. He interested them in the proposition and out of it was born, Howley, Haviland & Dresser, Music Publishers. They were a success from the start. Paul continued on the road with the play and wrote songs at the same time.

Paul Dresser's Big Hit

On his next trip to Milwaukee, Dresser asked me to go with him to the Alhambra Theater, where Joe Natus was to sing a new song of his for the first time. He wanted my opinion of it. We went, and after its rendition he turned to me and asked, "What do you think of it?" I told him I would stake everything I possessed that this number was a sure-fire hit. Tears came in his eyes. We went to a telegraph office and he wired his associates:

"Harris says On the Banks of the Wabash looks like a great big hit. Get song out immediately."

Right here I am going to mention a peculiar coincidence. The next season following this little episode, when Paul returned to Milwaukee, I reminded him of my prediction regarding On the Banks of the Wabash. Paul had not forgotten it. He told me that he expected this season to be his last on the road, as his firm needed him in New York. They were going to move into a large building at Broadway and Thirty-second Street.

This time I invited Paul to the theater to get his opinion on a new ballad of mine to be sung by the same performer who had first rendered On the Banks of the Wabash a year before. There we sat side by side, in the same theater, and heard Joe Natus try out my latest number, Break the News to Mother. Paul turned to me and said, using the same expression I had employed with him, "Charles, you have a big hit there, as big as the Wabash. That would be a great song for Julie Mackey, who is now in England, but will soon be home. Hold it for her."

His prediction proved true. Each of our songs sold more than 1,000,000 copies.

Paul and I had a tacit understanding with each other—a sort of gentlemen's agreement—that we would never conflict on the same style of song. He followed my Break the News to Mother with a plaintive ballad, Just Tell Her That You Saw Me. Soon after that I came back with a child song, Always in the Way. Then he brought out a soldier song, The Blue and the Gray; I followed with a pastoral song, 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia. He followed with My Gal Sal. So, you see, we never conflicted. We always wrote in a different style and had practically the whole field of popular songs to ourselves for some years.

The firm of Howley, Haviland & Dresser is no more. It went into bankruptcy. The cause of the failure I am unable to give. However, I do know this—Paul was left without a dollar. He came to see me when I located in New York and seemed brokenhearted.

I remember saying, "Paul, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm going to give you an office here with me, put your name on the door, publish all your songs, exploit them and split fifty-fifty."

A Musical Duel

The poor fellow was all choked up and could not answer. We shook hands on it. The next day my old friend died. I went to his funeral and the world seemed dark indeed, as I had lost my best pal. There was not a dry eye among his many friends assembled there. The funeral was conducted by the Brooklyn Lodge of Elks. I never knew his people. He had a brother, Theodore Dreiser, the famous novelist, who is still living. Paul must have written at least fifty songs, any one of which would have entitled him to recognition. Among his best were The Curse, The Convict and the Bird, She May Have Seen Better Days, On the Banks of the Wabash, The Blue and the Gray and My Gal Sal. He never wrote a poor one. When he sat down to write a song his heart and soul were in it. Money meant nothing to him. The love of beauty and sentiment meant everything. When he had an inspiration he gave it to the world.

Another little incident in this connection has reference to our congressman, Mr. Sol Bloom. He was in the music business in Chicago at that time. Paul was one of Bloom's greatest admirers. I remember some twenty-five years ago, when Bloom gave a party at his fiancée's home to celebrate his engagement, Paul and I were invited. I came on from Milwaukee. Mr. Bloom rose to the occasion and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing to you two of the best song writers in my opinion in the world, Paul Dresser, author of On the Banks of the Wabash, and Charles K. Harris, author of After the Ball. We are going to call upon them to prove which is the better composer."

Paul played one of his new compositions amid great applause. Then it was my turn and I sang a new one; and so on until we were both exhausted, and still they were clamoring for more. We had to call a truce.

To return to Dresser, I remember that Paul had a little memorandum book in which he kept a record of those who owed him money; and when I inquired why he did not collect now that he was in need, he told me that he had been turned down in every instance. There you have Paul Dresser's entire story in a nutshell. It was all in the little red book, which I really believe was the cause of his broken heart—the ingratitude of many of those he had befriended.

Though Paul has been dead many years, the state of Indiana is going to honor him by erecting a monument to his memory—on the banks of the Wabash

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Harris. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

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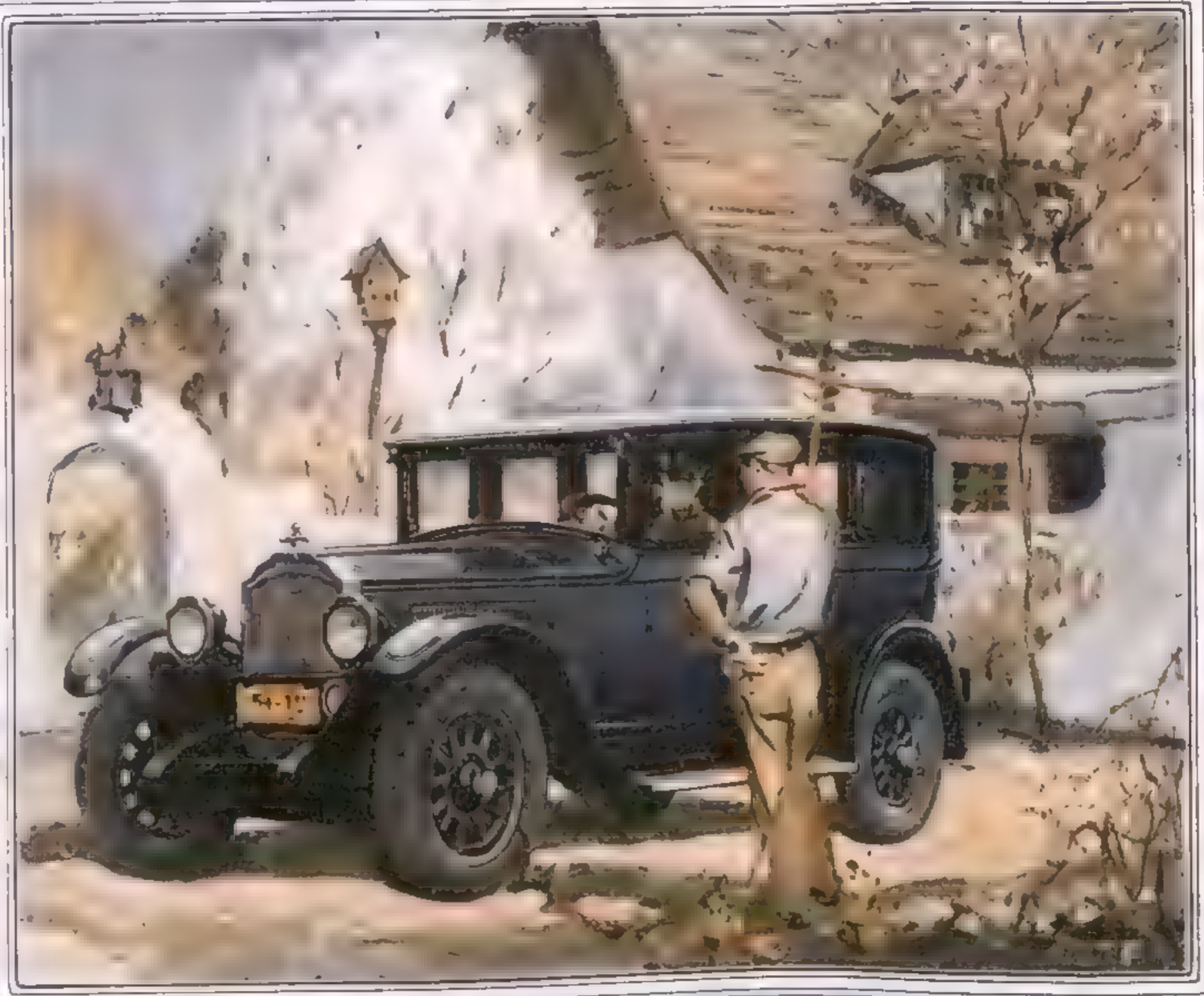

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OVERLAND SIX

O Tribute to Quality

in America"—beautiful
. .

—"an engineering master-
t automobile, powerful,
In the building of this
first—cost is a secondary
price, this Six stands ab-
e. Production increased

three times within a year shows a nation-wide recognition of this fact!

* * *

Record success must always be predicated upon record quality . . . Discriminating purchasers need look no farther than the accompanying pages of this announcement for assurance of the highest possible sum total of value in Willys-Overland Fine Motor Cars!

yment terms at the lowest cost in the industry

FINE · MOTOR · CARS

FISK
TIRES

Time to Re-tire—Get a Fisk—Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TIRES BY FISK . . . . Play an important part in the equipment of Willys-Knight and Overland cars.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

OVERLAND FINE MOTOR CARS

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

One of the best guarantees of dependable service from all Willys-Overland motor cars is the fact that they are equipped with Auto-Lite Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems.

WILLYS OVERLAND FINE MOTOR CARS

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

Eight Timken bearings in the front axle and steering assembly serve toward making the Willys-Knight Six one of the easiest steering of America's fine motor cars.

WILLYS OVERLAND FINE MOTOR CARS

SCIENTIFIC
MATHER
SPRINGS

The notable riding comfort in all Willys-Overland motor cars is due to their equipment of Mather scientifically heat-treated Chrome Vanadium springs.

THE MATHER SPRING COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

WILLYS OVERLAND
FINE MOTOR CARS

Tillotson
Carburetor

Upwards of 2,000,000 Tillotson carburetors are in use, and they have been standard equipment on Willys-Overland Fine Motor Cars during the past eleven years.

Tillotson Manufacturing Company, Toledo, Ohio

WILLYS OVERLAND FINE MOTOR CARS

HAYES-IONIA BODIES

A fitting setting for such a masterpiece of engineering—Hayes-Ionia Bodies contribute in no small measure to the extraordinary value represented in the Overland Six Sedan.

HAYES-IONIA COMPANY, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WILLYS OVERLAND FINE MOTOR CARS

USL
BATTERIES

The dependable performance of Willys-Knight and Overland motor cars is a tribute to the quality of USL batteries with which they are all equipped.

WILLYS OVERLAND FINE MOTOR CARS

Baker Fastex Velvet

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR FINE MOTOR CARS AND FINE FURNITURE

Another tribute to Baker Fastex Velvet is the use of this beautiful, durable fabric in many popular types of Willys-Overland Fine Motor Cars.

A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., 41 Union Square, New York, N. Y.
Mills: Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa. Roxboro, N C

WILLYS OVERLAND FINE MOTOR CARS

GYPSYING THE JENNIES

(Continued from Page 34

until some plan for government regulation of aircraft finally goes into effect. Of the hundreds of privately owned airplanes in the United States today, probably half belong to fixed-base operators and the remainder represent the entire capital and equipment of the itinerant flyer, or gypsy. These itinerants, however, are constantly decreasing in number. Immediately after the war there were hundreds of them wandering, carefree and reckless, along uncharted airways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Mexico to Alaska. But year by year their number decreased, until now the majority of those roving pioneers have disappeared. Many were killed. Many more wrecked their machines and lacked the credit to get new ones. I suspect that in part their decline in numbers is due to the fact that the public doesn't thrill as it did to stunt flying, once the gypsies' greatest drawing card.

The flying gypsies were, and are, of two kinds. The first are those who plan seriously to enter the field of commercial aviation, but are unable to meet the financial obligations necessary to establish a fixed base. The others are boys with the wanderlust, who in an earlier day would have gone to sea, or to California, or the Klondike. They like the wild reckless game—the setting out from a jerk-water town with just enough gas to make the next jump and a thrilling uncertainty as to when they will next feed either the planes or themselves. The very nature of these two types explains why their numbers shrink. The members of the first group are either going into serious commercial flying or quitting the game as unprofitable. The reckless lads are getting bumped off or else cracking up their planes so hopelessly that they are fit only for the junk pile.

The majority of the gypsies in the game today are no longer the service-trained men. Pilots who were reckless boys of twenty-one and twenty-two back in 1917 are approaching their thirties and are buying homes and prams instead of rejected OX5 motors. The lads who now do the aerial barnstorming are chiefly those who went with the first gypsies as mechanics, picked up the trick of flying, then bought their former employers' discarded planes and started out flying on their own.

The Flying Gypsies

The gypsy's vehicle is any airplane that can be bought cheap and that has a reasonably slow landing speed, preferably from thirty-five to fifty miles an hour. In the air its speed may be jazzed up to seventy miles or more, but air speed is by no means a requisite. A favorite is still the JN4D, known as the Jenny if it was first used in the American army training schools, and as the Canuck if it is of that older breed that served in the Canadian camps before the United States entered the war. These types have the advantage of economy of upkeep and replacement, are easy to fly, and, as they are of the tractor type—with the motor and propeller in front—they are less likely to injure pilot and passenger seriously in a crash. The pusher type of plane, in contrast to the tractor, carries the motor behind and above the cockpit. When a pusher crashes, the motor may descend on the passenger instead of the passenger falling on the motor. The Jennies and the Canucks both have the disadvantage of carrying a small pay load. Built as training planes, they accommodate, as a general rule, only the pilot and one passenger.

The J1 airplane made by another manufacturer is for that reason a favorite over the JN4 among those gypsies who are out for all the profit they can make. These planes have all the advantages of the tractor type—notably a slow landing speed—and are stable in the air. Moreover, they can be arranged to carry from two to five persons. Nearly every gypsy flying a J1 has rebuilt his fuselage to accommodate more passengers. Many of them have replaced the original motor with one of greater horse power.

Immediately after the war many of the Jennies and the J1s were declared obsolete by the Army and sold at auction to whoever would buy. It was then that the gypsy aviator was born. Former pilots, out of jobs perhaps, or bored with the commonplaces of civilian life after two years of sky-hootin' over Europe and America, scraped together a few hundred dollars, invested in the discarded planes and flew them anywhere they thought they could pick up some easy money. I was one of them.

By preference, in those early days, we followed the county fairs and circuses. Old Home Weeks, conventions and Wild West shows were other sources of profit. When we worked the county fairs, we tried first to get a guaranty from the committee in charge and permission to fly from the fair grounds. If that wasn't forthcoming, we either preempted or hired a near-by field and set up as outside exhibitors. At that time we could get from fifteen to twenty-five dollars for a hop. Today the customary price has dropped to five dollars, and many a gypsy will take you up for a dollar if he is hard pressed.

Following the County Fairs

We weren't always popular with the county-fair directors. You see, we were a rival attraction, and in those days an interesting one. Nor did we hesitate to advertise ourselves. Many an irate official has come storming to me because I upset his program by flying over the race track while a big trotting event was being run, or over the outdoor auditorium while the county chairman was broadcasting a few powerful words on the tariff. Naturally, I assured him always that I hadn't realized the importance of the occasion, but it would have taken the President himself to keep me from advertising myself over a county-fair crowd. After the races or the debate, I could count on a large part of the crowd flocking over to my field to put down real money for short hops.

The pilots who succeeded in getting guaranties from the fairs were usually advertised as special features, and combined stunting and possibly parachute jumping with their passenger trade. Many of them had girls, frequently their wives, along as parachute jumpers, for the crowds are always eager to see a feminine dare-devil. I remember one girl who was among the most daring and successful of these—until she jumped once too often. We met at a state fair. I had known her husband—who flew the plane from which she jumped—for some time, and he introduced me to her in an all-night lunch room outside the fair grounds. We chatted a while over our hot dogs and coffee, then leaned back in our chairs to light cigarettes and reminisce.

"Did you see the little woman here make her jump today?" suddenly asked my pilot friend, after a short lull in the conversation. I told him I had, and that I admired it.

"But," I asked, "what was the matter with you? You were bucking about up there as if you were flying over a factory chimney."

"Well, I'll tell you," he confided, "as long as you noticed it. The little woman here has made hundreds of jumps and I didn't think she had a yellow nerve in her body. But today she got cold feet. She crawled out on the wing with her parachute strapped on, and I flew over the field to where the grand stand could see me and gave her the high sign to step off. She didn't do it. I thought maybe she had missed the signal, and circled around again. But she just stood there and looked at me dumblike.

"'Get off there!' I yelled. 'What are you freezing onto that wing for?'

"She just shook her head, and then I knew her nerve was gone. I started to circle a third time and I cut down the throttle so she could hear me. 'If you don't jump now,' I yelled, 'I'm coming out there to throw you off.' I knew that if she quit then she'd never jump again, and that would break her heart, because she's proud of her act. I gave the old ship the gun and made the right spot. Then I yelled at her to jump. At the same time I kicked the rudder bar and jerked the aileron controls so the wing drooped. I don't know whether I scared her off or threw her off, but anyway she went, and as you noticed, made a beautiful landing."

He turned to the girl.

"You won't lose your nerve again, honey, will you?" he asked.

"No," she assured us, "I am all set now. But I sure had the willies that time."

Like his feathered cousin, the gypsy pilot is seasonal in his habits. In the warm months of spring and summer, and in the early autumn, he drifts erratically over the Northern states. He is scattered fairly well across all the country above Mason and Dixon's Line from coast to coast, but the free air of the Middle West is his favorite. It's better for him in every way. He can jump from town to town without crossing any mountains, and thus he escapes the bumps they cause. He finds more farmers in that section, and farmers are his best customers at the county fairs. There are fewer railroads, therefore more chances of finding a town-to-town passenger. The wide acreage of flat farm country makes for better emergency landing places, and when a pilot is flying a ship that cost him less than $500, and may be held together more by luck than by tensile strength of materials, he appreciates such things.

Until a few years ago many of the gypsies pointed their radiators south when the frost came on the pumpkin. I was never in that territory as a barnstormer, but many of my friends who tried it raised their right hands and said, "Never again!" According to their accounts the Southern farmer apparently either didn't have the money for a hop or was reluctant about spending it, and the terrain was bad, with few landing fields. After one trip into the South many gypsies were content to lay up their planes in some friendly barn over the winter and spend the cold months in overhauling them. Sometimes they found jobs paying regular money that could be expended the following spring on new motor parts or wing patches or control wires—all of which were generally needed.

Pocket Bankers

Few of the barnstormers ever counted up their earnings. If they had, I suspect they would have been most unpleasantly astonished. With necessary living and refueling expenses deducted, the average gypsy, I should say, made from $30 to $100 a week during the flying season, depending on his individual energy and initiative. Those among them who had the business instinct probably gravitated early into the fixed-base group; or, after comparing the debit and credit sides of their ledgers, took jobs with some commercial organization, or possibly the mail service. The majority stuffed the one and five and ten dollar bills they collected into the right-hand pocket of their khaki trousers. When they bought some part, or paid for food or fuel or lodging, they thrust an oily hand into the pocket and pulled out enough to settle the bill.

What remained in the pocket at the end of the season represented annual earnings—and seldom took long to count.

Immediately after the war, when public interest in flying was high, many of us made money in the game. Farmers and city folk alike had read so much about Guynemer and Bishop and Rickenbacker that they thought all flyers were aces and could do marvels in the air. Stunting was more popular then too. We had our own planes and there was no one to bawl us out for dizzy flying if we felt like it. So we did acrobatics that I shudder to recall now, when I think of the condition of the obsolete ships we flew. It was easy to get prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-five dollars for a flight of about fifteen minutes. For twenty-five dollars we might include a stunt, like a loop or a tail spin, or, on rarer occasions, the roll. Then, as competition grew and interest lagged, we began gradually to decrease both the length and the cost of the ride we gave, until today a flight is rather accurately described as a hop, and lasts no more than five minutes. The prices have fallen occasionally to a dollar. This cut rate is quoted only when there are two or more passengers in the plane and all that is expected is to circle a small field.

The Barnstorming Airmen

But the dollar passenger isn't always to be sneered at. There is always the hope that he may like his first hop so much he'll want several more. I've known men once in the air to flash a five or ten dollar bill and indicate by signs that they wanted all the ride it would buy. Rides costing five dollars or more are frequently dignified by the title "flights." Naturally the pilot prefers one long flight to a number of short hops, because the wear of landing and taking off, rather than the actual flying, causes the greatest strain on his ship.

Repairs and replacements rival bad weather as the gypsy's nemesis. At the end of a successful week in the midst of the flying season he may have $200 in his pocket and be able to reflect comfortably that all his bills are paid. The next week he may be penniless, with no chance of earnings in sight and with hotel and gas bills unpaid. One rainy month can wipe out two months' earnings, and one sloppy landing, crashing the under carriage or breaking the propeller, may turn a season's profit into loss. Perhaps the gypsy makes a successful deal with a county fair and gets his guaranty of $500 paid in advance—in cash. The chances are that before the week is up he will spend it on a new motor. For there is among some—though, unfortunately, not all—of the barnstorming airmen an actual love of their machines comparable to the affection a cowboy feels for his pony.

Such men delight in tinkering with their motors, building up fairing on their planes or covering their wings with new coats of dope—a cellulose base for waterproofing. Others watch closely the aeronautical magazines for new ideas in body design and then break out hammer and pliers to fix their planes along similar lines. Some attract attention by painting their machines in startling colors or covering them with unusual designs. The more utilitarian-minded of these may sacrifice art to profit by painting an advertisement for a special brand of gasoline on the wings or fuselage, thus assuring themselves of free fuel for the season.

But there is another group, and I fear it is the larger of the two, whose members never look at their ships until something breaks. Then they repair them as rapidly and cheaply as is consistent with actual flying safety and keep going until another mishap occurs. In the service we used to tear down our motors after every 75 or 100 hours of actual flying service and give them a thorough overhauling and tightening up. I know of gypsies who go through a whole flying season without once oiling their valves or bothering to scrape the carbon from the cylinder heads of their motors.

Oddly enough, these are the men who in my day relied for their advertising chiefly on stunt flying and generally spectacular tricks. There has always been a debate

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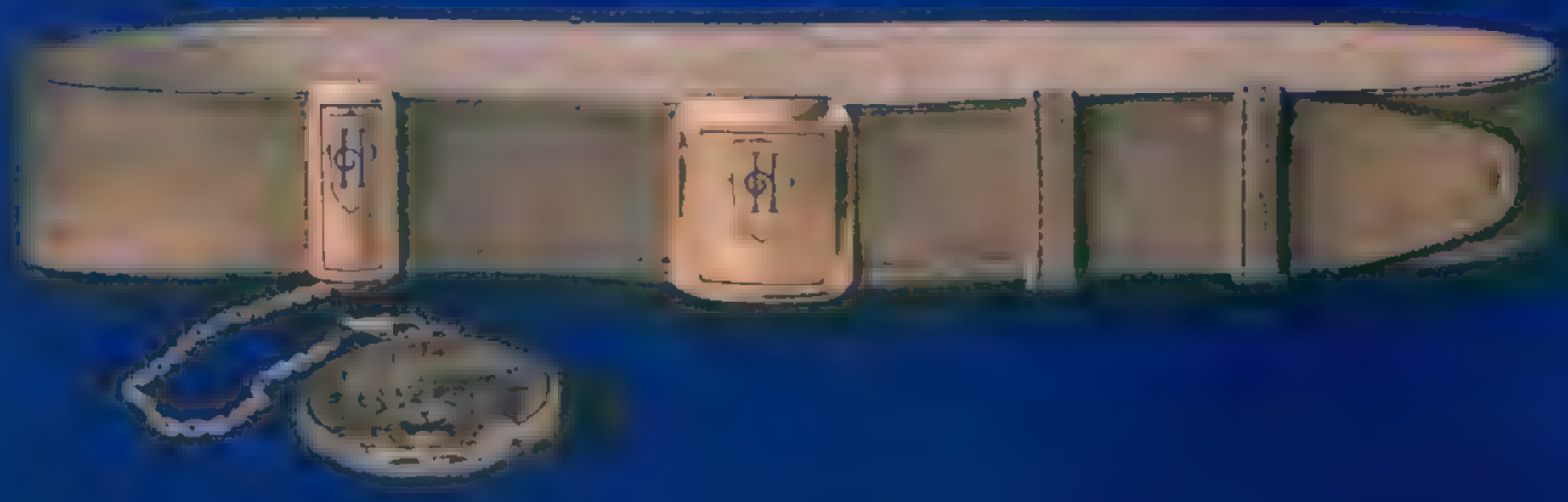
HICKOK

BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

THE pleasure of possessing a HICKOK Belt, Buckle and Beltogram is in that well-satisfied feeling you enjoy in knowing that the wisdom of your selection will never be questioned. Every belt and buckle with the name HICKOK stamped on it, has that certain air about it that distinguishes it as a gentleman's belt.

HICKOK
MANUFACTURING
COMPANY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



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among the gypsies as to which was the better method of attracting passenger trade—reckless or conservative flying. The wild flyers said their stunts gave prospective riders confidence in the pilot's ability. The conservative boys held that people liked to gape at the stunts, but preferred to fly with a pilot who seemed always to play safe. As a matter of fact, both were talking simply to justify their own methods. The men who stunted would have stunted, whether they drew customers or not, because they liked the thrill of aerial acrobatics. The men who played the conservative game had the thought of personal safety as well as of profit in mind.

I remember one pilot who gypsied over the Middle West and won a wide reputation as a stunter, before he fell in a fatal crash. His specialty was flying upside down, although he could and would do almost any trick in the aviator's repertoire. He was one of those who never looked their planes over. The machine was always in such bad shape that even in those wild days I wouldn't have flown in it. Finally it sagged so badly that the manufacturer offered to give him a new plane at cost price if he would only destroy that old wreck. The gypsy laughed at the offer and kept on flying, until one afternoon his wings snapped off as he was coming out of a loop.

The barnstormers crack up often enough, yet, curiously, I've never heard one blame a crash on his plane. Ragged as some of those old ships are, with torn fabric and rusted wires, with broken strands in the control cables or cracks in the fittings, the pilot will always insist that his ship is in excellent condition. Yet I'm convinced that many of the accidents in which they figure are due to the planes themselves and could have been avoided had there been rigid inspection. After all, the gypsy isn't called on to do much difficult flying, and in the present state of aircraft development, with good equipment, the hazards should be comparatively few.

In my days of barnstorming some of the itinerant flyers were expert mechanicians as well as first-class pilots. Some of the more prosperous even carried their own mechanics and maintained a constant inspection of their ships. But many of those gypsies, as I have said, have gone out of the game into more serious kinds of work.

Independent of Hotels

Today most of the gypsies fly alone. There isn't money enough in the game to carry along a helper, whose salary runs from twenty to thirty-five dollars a week, apart from his hotel expenses. There are men—and these are the real gypsies—who dispense with hotel bills by camping in the open with their planes. It is quite practical, and not necessarily uncomfortable. The pilot's clothes can be put in one suitcase and his tool kit in another. Enough space remains in the passenger cockpit to stow away blankets. Then, wherever he may land, the flyer need only wheel his plane into the lee of some hedge or barn, chock the wheels, cover the motor with a piece of canvas, spread out his blankets on the ground under the wing, and he has comfortable living accommodations. If there is no windbreak available the plane must be pegged down.

During the war years we would have rent the skies with our protests had we been given anything other than high-test gas to use. But when we began to pay expenses on our own ships we found that ordinary automobile gas and a good quality of motor oil would do. Naturally, the gypsy, like any other aviator, prefers high-test gas when he can get it, but when it is not available he draws from the same tank that feeds the flivver. The average Jenny uses in flight from seven to eight gallons of gasoline and about one pint of motor oil an hour.

The gypsy of the skies has learned the lessons that all nomads must know—adaptability. He understands, too, something of the showman's art—how to find and win crowds. If he decides to ply his trade at a small town where there is no other crowd-drawing attraction, he will select a site close to the city limits and as near a trolley line and main road as possible. Then he will advertise himself by free publicity in the local newspaper, if that can be done, and by a little stunt flying.

The site he selects is naturally an open field on the land of some acquiescent farmer. This requires a bit of preliminary dickering. Sometimes the farmer will rent him the field at a flat price. More frequently he prefers a cut of the profits. I, personally, always tried to put a deal of this sort on a profit-sharing basis, because it made the farmer eager to see me do a big business and converted him from a worried landlord into an ardent booster.

The best hours for passenger carrying are between two and five o'clock on Sunday afternoons, when the townsfolk are out in their cars. It is well to bring them close to the machine by testing out the motor or carefully wiping imaginary dust spots off the fabric. Usually I took the hood off the motor while I oiled it, for everyone loves to see what is inside.

The Eager and the Reluctant

I learned to classify passengers into two groups. The first was composed of those who came forward quietly, put their money down with a do-or-die air and said nothing. These usually took one hop, then went away. The second group was more hesitant. Its members seemed to be overcoming an instinctive dread. Virtually all of them insisted on telling me that whenever they looked from a high building they felt like jumping off. They wanted to know what would happen if the motor stopped; how it felt to drop in an air pocket; and if volplaning left the sinking sensation that they felt in an elevator. Of course I told them that if the motor stopped, one simply glided down comfortably; that the so-called pockets are not vacuums, but simply differences in ascending air currents; that the whole experience was pleasant and delightful. One girl even asked me how I could shift into reverse in the air. Yet these people, once up, often wanted a second and a third and a fourth ride.

Apart from the youths who wanted to be aviators themselves, women were the most eager customers. Usually it was the wife who urged the reluctant husband to go up with her. High-school girls of the flapper type like flying, and so do the youngsters. Farmers often want to be flown over their own acres. But it's generally the men from thirty years up who hesitate longest. Like any business man, the passenger-carrying pilot tries to give his customers what they want. If they are conservative, he ascends and descends gradually and banks gently as he circles the field. If they are youthful and want a thrill, he'll go into a few zooms or quick dips—which aren't at all dangerous, but give the novice the impression of wild flying. I have had men so enthused after one short hop that they wanted to make arrangements to fly with me in my jump to the next town. Not infrequently a passenger of this sort will ask the pilot to give him lessons.

As a general rule, the gypsy does not count on teaching as part of his income. That work is done by the men who maintain established fields and are known in their communities. A student aviator should gain enough experience to solo in ten hours of instruction flight, for which he pays about $300. Once having learned, there is no law to prevent him from taking any plane he can get and doing anything he wants with it. He can, if he cares to, ask a representative of the National Aeronautic Association, an organization devoted to the encouragement of civil aviation and the enactment of Federal air laws, to supervise his test flight and then authorize a pilot's certificate. This certificate is an excellent thing to have, but it doesn't necessarily qualify a man to carry passengers for hire. I am informed that in some states there are laws covering flying, but most commonwealths, as well as the Federal Government, are without them. At present I know of no national law which will prevent a man who knows nothing or next to nothing about flying from buying an airplane in totally unsafe condition and taking it wherever he wills, to carry passengers.

I do not mean to say that the gypsies are necessarily poor flyers. There are among them many men who are artists of the air, as well as expert mechanicians—men who watch their planes as carefully as any flight officer in the Army or the Navy; but, unfortunately, there are others, young, joyous and irresponsible. It was, of course, the existence of this second type and the absence of the Federal law that made possible in the days of which I write such a statement as the following, quoted from the 1923 report of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce to Secretary Hoover:

"In 1922, there were 122 accidents among the itinerant pilots, or gypsies, and only seven among the fixed-base operators.

"These accidents resulted in sixty-two fatalities among gypsies, and only seven among the fixed-base operators.

"One hundred persons were injured through accidents with so-called gypsy planes and only seven were hurt in planes operated from fixed bases.

"The 130 established operators, having definite financial responsibilities, fields, repair shops in a majority of cases, and a system of inspection for their craft, demonstrated a degree of dependability unexcelled by older and officially regulated mediums of transportation.

"They incurred only twelve accidents in 1922 as against twenty-four accidents in 1921. And many of these could have been avoided had there been in effect Federal laws licensing operators.

"In startling contrast is the record of the gypsies. They have consistently replaced their damaged equipment with obsolete surplus from government stores remaining from war production. . . . Passengers are led to ride in these machines through ignorance of safety factors controlling flight. The public generally seems to accept all aircraft as airworthy, not pausing to reflect that here is the only vehicle of importance which the operators are not compelled by law to make and operate in a manner calculated to safeguard the public.

"From 500 to 600 of these gypsy craft have wandered from town to town for at least two years.

"According to the most complete accounts obtainable, in 1921, there were 114 accidents involving itinerant flyers. In 1922 there were 126 accidents, an increase of twelve.

"In 1921 the accidents resulted in forty-nine fatalities and eighty-nine persons injured; in 1922, sixty-two fatalities and 100 persons injured, an increase of thirteen deaths, or more than 26 per cent; and eleven injured, or more than 12 per cent.

"Thirty per cent of the accidents among itineranta, and they had the vast majority of accidents, were caused by stunting, and 29 per cent to faulty inspection of aircraft."

Why Take Such Chances?

Testifying before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce last winter, Secretary Hoover amplified this report with the statement:

"Fixed-base flying was carried on in thirty-three states, 124 fixed-base operators reporting in 1923 that they had had fifteen accidents with twelve fatalities and twelve injured. The other flyers, operating approximately the same number of machines—that is, flyers other than fixed-base operators—reported 179 accidents, with 85 fatalities and 126 injured. The chief causes of accident were errors in piloting, faulty craft, and stunts."

Still later the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce estimated that during 1924 there were eighty-nine accidents among the itinerant flyers, resulting in seventy-five fatalities and ninety-one injuries, and listed as contributing factors such accidents as broken wings, lost in a loop, homemade plane breaking apart in the air; stunter's parachute failing to open, collisions in mid-air, flying into buildings or wires, overloaded planes cracking up.

Why do they do it—the gypsies? Why take such chances with both life and capital, when jobs are plentiful and safe on solid earth?

Ask any one of them and he'll tell you he's in it for the money he makes. But he's deceiving both you and himself. Like his forerunners, the war aviator, the deep-sea sailor, the frontiersman and all the other members of that ancient brotherhood which finds delight in the wide sweep of sea or sky or prairie, he likes to think he's hard-boiled. But he isn't. He's in the game, I'm convinced, because, like all those who follow the Romany patteran, he has a certain furtive love of independence and of beauty—the beauty he finds about him in the iridescent rainbow hues that gleam from the frayed trailings of clouds, the loveliness he sees below in soft shades of green and brown and gold as he roars thundering over fields of alfalfa and corn and wheat.

Prolonging the Sunset

It was a gypsy himself who told me the following story, as we loafed together one evening on a flying field idly admiring a sunset.

"This sun," he said, "goes down too suddenly and too small. I suppose it would seem wonderful to a New Englander, but I like 'em big and ruddy like they used to be down South, where I learned to fly.

"As you know, I started as a naval aviator, back in 1917. I was trained in Florida, down among the keys. We had an ugly group of barracks and hangars on a small, flat, hot, ugly island, but when you got 1000 feet in the air you had the most beautiful view imaginable. The water lay clear and transparent over a smooth, white, sandy bottom. When clouds drifted across the sun, that bottom took on all sorts of lovely pastel shades. But at sunset it was indescribably beautiful. The sun sank into the sea there, and just as it touched the horizon it was mirrored in that clear smooth water so you really saw two huge balls of red gold just touching each other. Then it was reflected again in all the clouds and sky above until the whole west was just a bright, fiery glow.

"Now, here's a funny thing: When you're on the ground, the sunset lasts only a few minutes—that is, the best part of it does. But we discovered that when in the air we could make it last longer. If we climbed slowly enough, we could widen the horizon and thus hold the edge of the sun touching the edge of the water for quite a while. It made you feel a bit like Joshua to do that.

"I don't remember that any of us talked much about those sunsets, but I know we all liked to see them from the air. Anyway, the last flight of the day was always the most popular. Of course the wind was lighter at that hour, but the chief attraction was the sunset. Then, after loafing round in all that glory of gold and color for forty-five minutes or so, we would come down."

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"Oh," he answered, "we washed up and ate and then went to the barracks to enjoy powerful editorials telling how young America was thinking of nothing except how to wipe Germany off the map."

I am told that no good pilot has to gypsy for a living in these days. There are openings for him in various lines. He can go, for instance, into aerial advertising, either on his own or flying on a salary basis for an established company. As an employe, he

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Wipe off the carbon!

As though it were dust

HARD carbon and the trouble it causes are quite unnecessary. Why have a knocking, inefficient, unsatisfactory motor, when Sunoco, the Distilled Oil, will keep it efficient?

We have hard carbon because of impure oil. If oil were pure, most of the carbon would be driven out the exhaust.

Sunoco is an absolutely pure oil. While it will not *remove* hard carbon, it *cannot* produce it.

Light, fluffy carbon which, after a time, may be found on the cylinder head can be easily wiped off with a rag.

There is no oil like Sunoco. It will pay you to use it exclusively. If the Sunoco dealer is not handy, let us know. We'll see you are directed to one near you.

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*
SUN OIL COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL
Branches and Agents in Principal Cities • Dealers Everywhere

SUNOCO
THE DISTILLED OIL

1925 Firestone's sales were $125,000,000 in 1925–a 47% increase over 1924—rounding out the Company's first quarter century of progress.

In 1925 the tire industry produced 53,000,000 tires and the automotive industry 3,500,000 passenger cars, 520,000 motor trucks and 23,000 motor buses.

1925 saw the Full-Size Balloon Tire—pioneered and developed by Firestone—become standard equipment on practically every make of car. Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons delivered 71,000 miles of service on a Detroit taxicab without a tire failure on any of the four wheels—a record tire performance. They won the International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis, May 30th, establishing a new world's record of 101.13 miles per hour for 500 miles.

Firestone-equipped cars won all National Championship Races in 1925 and established two other world's speed records—both at Los Angeles—250 miles at 126.87 miles per hour and 50 miles at 135.2 miles per hour.

Firestone leadership is typified by these outstanding records. They clearly show the value of twenty-five years of concentrated effort upon tire manufacturing exclusively, while maintaining, at all times, the highest ideals of service to motorists.

The Mark of Quality

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

1926 Firestone's accomplishments in 1925, great as they have been, are sure to be exceeded in 1926.

America's prosperity demands more automobiles. Economical highway transportation requires big additions to truck and bus facilities.

With increased automotive production, the enormous tire output of 1926 will require additional men and machinery, and the exorbitant cost of crude rubber—around $1 per pound as compared with 35 cents per pound a year ago—will require vast increases in working capital.

Firestone had the vision to foresee and provide for these conditions. It has just completed new plants and equipment costing over $3,500,000 and has issued $10,000,000 additional preferred stock.

The high cost of crude rubber has forced up tire prices—therefore motorists should give more thought to their tire purchases, selecting tires of proved quality. They should depend more than ever upon Firestone, with its long-established and rigid policy of using only the most improved methods, highest quality of materials, and advanced tire engineering—assuring every car owner Most Miles per Dollar.

stone

THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . . . H.S. Firestone

Oil is more than oil — *it is power*

POWER

HAVOLINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
—the power oil
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, *Incorporated*

The great bulk of unbranded motor oils sold today steal your power.

Only the finest oils will give you full engine power.

The power of Havoline has been proved by Wasson Motor Check tests on over 50,000 cars.

No motor oil has ever undergone such free-for-all testing as this.

And it has given HAVOLINE—*the oldest branded motor oil in America* —a position of leadership that is recognized by dealer and consumer alike, wherever it is sold.

THE PRICE OF POWER is a crank-case filling of Havoline. The quart-at-a-time habit is a power-losing habit. Keep your oil level up, but drain and refill at regular intervals. Use the right grade of oil for your car.

Havoline is sold from bulk by leading dealers everywhere. Also furnished in one or five gallon cans or in thirty or fifty gallon drums. If you cannot get Havoline conveniently, write for name of nearest dealer.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
Lawrenceville, Illinois

(Continued from Page 140)

may fly ten hours a week for a stipulated salary of fifty dollars or more and receive five dollars bonus for every hour overtime I know of one man who received $100 a night for carrying an illuminated sign on the bottom of his plane over New York City.

Many aircraft manufacturers employ test pilots for new ships. These men receive a weekly salary and frequently a bonus on every plane they take up. Mail pilots are well paid, particularly after their salaries increase by reason of long service. Aerial photography is another big field. The pilot in this branch must know not only his own work but something of the limitations of picture taking from the air. Good visibility is always necessary. A calm day is preferable, for bumps invariably ruin a shot.

Aerial photographs may cost from $100 up, depending on the size of the object photographed and the distance from the base. Formerly such pictures were used principally for newspapers and display advertising, but now they are employed also in tax reappraisals, in city planning, in estimating standing lumber, in geological surveys and the like. Crop surveys, crop dusting to destroy the boll weevil, and the flying of privately owned aerial limousines offer other fields of employment to the aviator. Fixed-base operators, fortified with capital, may need a salaried employe to handle the planes on passenger-carrying or aerial-transport trips. Many aerial photographers combine passenger and transport trade as well as instruction with their chief activity.

The possibilities of huge profits in aerial smuggling of immigrants or liquor or drugs are a frequent topic of discussion whenever the subject of aviation comes up. Undoubtedly there has been some of this, but both W. W. Husband, Commissioner General of Immigration, and Lieutenant Commander S. S. Yeadle, of the Coast Guard, have told Congress that aerial lawbreakers are few and their earnings meager.

Prospective passengers, unfamiliar with airplanes, have often asked me how the inexperienced can determine whether a plane and its pilot are safe. Only the expert can pass final judgment on the qualities of any ship, but here are a few observations that any man can make:

1. The wires and fittings should be free from rust and show no signs of wear.

2. The fabric covering the wings and control surfaces—ailerons, elevators and rudder—should be well varnished and show no tears or cracks.

3. The struts—wooden spars bracing the wings and fuselage—should be straight, well varnished and without cracks.

4. The turnbuckles should be safety-wired and the nuts cotter-pinned.

5. The pilot's take-offs and landings should be uniformly smooth and should head always into the wind.

Simple directions, these—but, like all fundamentals, worthy of careful attention. If Icarus had taken the trouble to watch the wax on his wing surfaces, he wouldn't have crashed into the blue Ægean.

SEEING'S BELIEVING

(Continued from Page 19)

alien civilization, if they are antagonistic to our own basic beliefs. Yet the examples of this very folly are so numerous that they have made many intelligent observers feel that they must avoid it whatever else they sacrifice in the process.

A woman who was famous as a leader of society toward the end of the last century based her exclusion upon such arbitrary lines that her daughter reacted violently from it. After she in turn had married and taken her place as a prominent hostess, she not only refused to follow in her mother's footsteps but she blazed her own trail into regions at that time almost unknown. She was one of the first women who attended prize fights, for instance; she entertained a famous pugilist at dinner.

In her determination to create a *milieu* that would be amusing, and different from the conventional lives of her friends, she filled her house with all manner of strange guests. Hindus, Armenians and Russians were added to the inevitable titled Europeans It is said, probably with justice, that her hospitality was used for purposes of political intrigue by certain of the shrewdest of her protégés. However, she went gayly on, taking up and discarding human beings as impersonally as if they had been playing cards. Then suddenly her seventeen-year-old daughter disappeared. Through the newspapers she learned that the girl had eloped with one of the least desirable of her entourage. The mother's grief and rage were scarcely greater than her astonishment.

"That he should dare make love to my daughter!" she kept repeating. "After all I've done for him! That he should presume upon my generosity!"

The undesirable son-in-law pointed out that in America, at least, there are no court jesters, and that whoever is asked to dinner regards himself as a social equal, with all the prerequisites of one.

Mixing Business and Social Life

His logic is irrefutable. Yet time after time one hears astonished people protest when certain of their random social affiliations are identified with their serious relations.

"Why, of course, I don't want my children to grow up with his, or to intermarry!" exclaimed a man who was questioned some years ago about the wisdom of entertaining a certain business associate. "He knows perfectly well that there is no basis for real intimacy between us."

But whether or not the man who was entertained for business reasons understood his host's point of view, at a certain crucial point in their financial relations he insisted that the other's wife and daughter should sponsor the debut of his own daughter.

Too many contacts which purport to be purely social are in reality based upon factors not only extraneous but antagonistic to the basis upon which our individual American society must develop if it is to be sound. The unfortunate intermingling of business, indiscriminate desire for amusement, no matter how alien may be the individuals who furnish it, impersonal living in hotels and colorless apartment houses, which tend to reduce all social life to a common low level, plus the fact that so many of the ablest women of America almost eschew society, have placed us in danger of forgetting the very foundations upon which our country rests.

The printed account of John Smith's dinner records merely the names of his guests. Whatever alibi Mr. Smith may furnish his friends for his inclusion of certain guests, these excuses cannot very well be published in the newspapers. The reader who wonders why a man who has always stood for so much in the community should be host to certain rather cheap and inferior people cannot be told that Mr. Smith hopes to receive certain financial advantages from Mr. Z, or that as the chairman of an exclusive country club he hopes to persuade T, by being socially nice to him, that the gift of a new clubhouse would make him at last *persona grata*.

The Aristocracy of Achievement

The reader usually argues, "Well, what's the use of my struggling against Z and T any longer? Even John Smith entertains them!"

Wholesale inclusion into any social group of people who are weighed merely by a standard of material advantage to the hosts is just as un-American as was the restricted and exclusive society imported from Europe which is now rapidly dying out in most parts of this country.

Social orders, to be enduring, must not only be composed of like-minded individuals but the sum total must be indigenous to the soil in which it takes deep root. It would be just as absurd for Americans to cling to all customs which are excellent in England or France, for instance, as it would be to forbid automobiles and insist upon everyone riding in oxcarts, because they furnish the best means of locomotion in certain Continental communities.

But the transition is difficult. There is a vast gulf between many of the ideas which made up the social order brought over from an alien civilization and the aim of our own country, which, in 1776, Thomas Jefferson declared should be "an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent."

This phrase from our most famous believer in social equality is worth pondering. The use of the word "aristocracy" should hearten those of the old school who thoughtlessly assume that if their standards are discarded there will be no standards.

During the last few years there has been an amusing expression of one step toward this national goal of the aristocracy of achievement.

A young woman, whose family represents the old order of social distinction through money and a certain amount of prestige of name, was interviewed not long ago on her return from Europe. With enthusiasm, she described her success in painting in a famous Paris *atelier*, and she even showed the reporters clippings about her work. After the story of her artistic success had been published, the editor said indignantly to its author, "For heaven's sake, didn't you get anything from her about her stay in England, and so on? Why, she knows all the big swells over there and has been presented at St. James's."

"I wrote just what she told me," said the young reporter. "Maybe you have got her mixed with somebody else. A girl who'd done all that socially would surely have told me."

But in this idea he was wrong. An astonishing number of American women, who in a former generation would have been called society leaders, are now eager for recognition through personal achievement. All the arts, as well as politics and business, have been invaded by them. In spite of certain inevitable absurdities which accompany this movement, the tendency is excellent.

A young woman who makes a profession of launching people socially relates many instances of the lengths to which this viewpoint of many modern women is now carried. She was engaged not long ago by an ambitious man who had made a great deal of money, and after moving to an Eastern city, felt aggrieved that his wife had shown no interest in the social game.

The husband, who had grown up in a small town, still conceived of society existing as it had been depicted in the novels he had read as a boy. He was astonished when the girl whose services he had engaged said to him, "What does your wife do?"

"Well, she dances a little—doesn't play bridge ——"

"No, no, I don't mean that sort of thing. I mean, can she sing or sculp or make political speeches?"

"She can organize anything," he admitted. "But what's that got to do with society?"

"A good deal in this city. You'll see!"

New Paths to Social Acceptance

She happened to know that at that moment a group of socially prominent women were working hard to defeat a certain political bill. They needed a leader badly; all of them, having grown up in the community, had such multiple committees and interests, as well as intricate social lives, that no one was willing to give the necessary time for this one work.

The intermediary not only introduced the capable outsider to this group but she manipulated the publicity so skillfully that both sides were delighted. The women who were firmly intrenched in society received the credit for the political work; the woman who had concentrated on the organization and had really been responsible for its great success was featured only socially.

After a while everyone unconsciously associated the name of the newcomer with the names of the other women, and it was assumed that she was also a person of social importance. Before long she became one in fact, somewhat to her own bewilderment and her husband's delight. The impresario was well paid for her service.

In this especial case, the woman who exchanged real ability and labor for the ephemeral reward of social recognition did so unwittingly. Often, however, the trade is made with full consciousness on both sides.

Formerly, the ambitious man or woman merely subscribed large sums of money to fashionable charities with the hope of seeing his or her name associated with others of more prominence. This is still done, of course, but it is less efficacious now than in the days when money was the chief contribution which women made to the public welfare.

A new technic has come in with recognition of the splendid disinterested aims held by so many American women. It is an amusing paradox that a small minority of socially ambitious women should use these activities—beginning with the campaign for equal suffrage, extending into war work, politics and the various current expressions—for personal advancement into the very field from which the main body of women are retreating.

Making Up Their Committee

This is so well known, however, that the successful organizers of any new movement utilize it to the best possible advantage. Not long ago, several women who were sincerely desirous of launching a project for the good of their community met at dinner to discuss the practical details of the campaign. Three of them were women of wealth and position who, in spite of their modern interests, nevertheless had definite social distinction. Another member of the group was a woman of unusual executive ability to whom they paid a salary. These four had worked together so often that they wasted no time now.

"We'll get Mrs So-and-So," one of them suggested. "They've just bought a big place out here and don't know anybody. I'll invite them to dinner and ask her to go on the committee."

"Good!" said the paid organizer. "If she can't do the work herself, she can easily hire Miss to do it and no one will be the wiser."

"Then there are the ——'s. They're crazy to get into the club. If she did a lot of work and he gave us a really good contribution, don't you suppose we could let them in?"

They made up their final committee from four groups: Those women really interested in the cause at hand who wanted nothing for themselves, the paid workers who were to do most of the work, the wealthy who would contribute to the salaries of the paid workers in order to receive social advantages from the movement, and women of ability who would give their services for the same reason.

Continued on Page 148

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BROTHERS
INC.

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Important Improve-
ments and lower
prices for their
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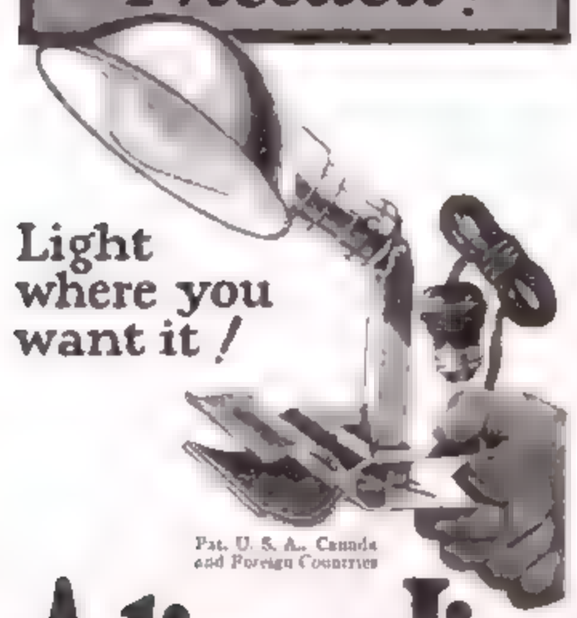
They'll all say: "Just what I needed!"



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The lamp of a thousand uses—the lamp for everybody. Convenient and practical; useful the year round. Positively protects the eyes.

Dad will appreciate *Adjusto-Lite* for shaving, writing, reading and other uses.

Mother will find *Adjusto-Lite* handy for dressing, sewing, reading, writing and household uses.

Brother will enthuse over *Adjusto-Lite* for studying, writing, building radio sets, electrical experiments, etc.

Sister will like her *Adjusto-Lite* for sewing and embroidering, reading, studying, writing and any household task.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. Guaranteed for five years. Solid brass, complete with cord and plug.

Bronze, nickel and white enamel finish $4.45

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A Farberware Casserole

Beautifully nickel-plated with a guaranteed heat-proof glass inner. Cook in the oven—serve in the same dish.

A casserole you will recommend to put on your table.

(Continued from Page 145)

Not only the letterheads of the impressive stationery which seems an inevitable part of most worthy causes but a great deal of other publicity is the reward of the relatively small group who are interested less in the cause than in their own social advancement.

One of the organizers of this particular movement laughed about the way certain women responded to invitations to join new causes.

"Their first question is always, 'Who else is on the committee?' Then, if the names sound important enough, they will pledge money and time and effort, often without knowing what the real purpose of the cause is. They are usually awfully sensitive about the publicity end—just being on a committee isn't enough any more, as that's been done so much. They want it to be put on a social basis."

On the other hand, many people of an entirely different sort use social propaganda for professional advancement.

"I don't want to visit Mrs. A. at Newport for my own sake," declared a young mural painter. "But I know that after it's appeared in the papers that I've been her guest, I'm bound to get lots more orders."

The Trials of Celebrities

Another artist whose work had received high professional recognition was disgusted at the commissions he received only after a famous society woman who knew nothing whatever about painting told reporters that he was to spend the summer at her house. In this case the society woman, who had a flair for personal publicity, was exploiting the celebrity.

In certain European countries, the lion who has achieved distinction in some field of personal endeavor may regard himself as honored if he is entertained by people whose eminence is purely social. In the United States this is rarely the case.

An American woman who was visiting in England not long ago happened to meet, at the house of a well-known hostess, a man whose name is famous in his particular branch of accomplishment. She noted, moreover, that the lion seemed very tame indeed, and in fact acted as if he were honored in being a guest there. Before long it was announced that this same celebrity was coming to our country. The American woman cabled a cordial invitation to him to make her house his headquarters. He did just that.

"The only difference between our house and a hotel in his mind," said the indignant husband of the hostess, "was that here he had no bills to pay and we threw in cigarettes and a motor car."

Far from the almost humble attitude which the lion had had in Europe, in this country he developed something close to arrogance. When he discovered, just as he was about to sail again for home, that there had been some resentment caused by his manner, he was aggrieved.

"After all, most of these people who entertained me didn't ask me because of myself or because of my work. They asked me to their houses in order to receive the prestige which they thought my presence gave them. I in turn accepted their invitations because I was usually more comfortable in private houses than in hotels. I regarded it as an entirely equitable transaction."

No matter what motive inspires the professional tufthunters, their hospitality is usually accompanied by adequate publicity.

Another celebrity who was touring our country declared privately that he was so exhausted by trying to attend all the entertainments given in his honor that he had thought of having cards engraved to read like this: "Mr. —— regrets his inability to dine with Mrs. ——, but as he expects to spend that evening resting in his hotel, he is quite willing for Mrs. —— to publish an account of her dinner, naming him as guest of honor."

The same lecturer told of an amusing experience early in his travels when he was still accepting invitations to stay in private houses. The day after he had arrived at her large country place, his hostess came to him and said, "I hope you won't mind, Mr. ——, but I'm having your things moved into another room. Sir —— is arriving tonight, and I feel I ought to give him the largest guest room."

It is not only women, however, who use celebrities for the purposes of personal aggrandizement. That distinctly American institution, the public dinner, which is growing rapidly, is an example of a desire not just to hear some famous man from the remote distance of a lecture platform but to be on terms with him which appear to be social. The facts that each individual pays for his own dinner and that there is no personal host or very rigid supervision of the invitations matter little.

At almost all these affairs, even those purporting to be very serious in nature, a flashlight picture is taken. Later, the photographer passes from table to table, hoping to sell the copies of these photographs. On one such recent occasion in honor of a very distinguished guest an unusually large number of pictures were sold.

"Such a good picture of the dinner for ——," said one of the guests afterward, holding it up for a friend's inspection. His friend smiled.

"It may be. But I notice that he isn't in it at all!"

The astute photographer had concentrated on getting good likenesses of the individual guests. When the finished product had been examined, each man looked for his own face. If its portrayal was satisfactory, he bought the picture.

By the same token, men who are unable to understand their neighbors' desire to appear in the society column will pay large prices for books of reference which contain accounts of their own serious accomplishments. Expensive volumes, often illustrated, which carry wordy descriptions of the worth and ability of the representative men of any city, state, district or in fact the entire nation, can be sold to the men who appear in them. Other people will buy books of genealogy in which their own name appears only in small letters at the bottom of a printed chart on which appear hundreds of other names.

Not only women who are received at foreign courts but also many American men who have had audience with royalty will usually see that the fact is reported in the newspapers.

The Popular Editor

"But some members of royalty are just as keen on publicity as anyone else," said one of our diplomats who has had experience in many foreign capitals. "How do you suppose certain journalists are able to get interviews so easily with kings and queens? It's because the word is passed along that So-and-So has a lot of influence and that his interviews will be read by large numbers of people. In that case Their Majesties are much more apt to welcome him than they would any other stranger.

"This is sometimes not so much due to their desire to have him write nice things about them as it is their fear of uncomplimentary reports. A great many otherwise courageous people are terribly sensitive about the publication of adverse criticism."

In the purely social realm there is still another factor. Someone said the other day that a publisher of a certain daily paper was the most popular man in his city.

"Half the people ask him to dinner so that he will put things in the paper," he explained, "and the other half entertain him so that he will keep things out!"

This desire for omission does not always spring from the same source, however, as did the ideal expressed by a chronicler of an older generation who declared that a lady's name should only be published twice in her life—when she was married and when she was buried.

"But alas, the society which respected dicta of that school has now vanished!" he continued. "The beginning of the end occurred when ladies of excellent family—even in Baltimore—allowed their photographs to be printed in the newspapers."

To contemporary readers of the Sunday press, this view seems quaint indeed.

An Overadvertised Girl

"More and more people are keen on having their daughters featured," said a girl who was engaged not long ago to promote the social publicity for a big hotel. "They begin when they are quite young and have them photographed riding horseback or swimming or doing aesthetic dancing on the lawn. Then as they approach the debutante stage the pictures are selected more carefully and the news items are worded to convey certain definite impressions—sometimes of the girl's beauty, sometimes of her talent and often of her popularity."

For one girl whose family concentrated on the latter feature, publicity had a disastrous effect. From the time she was seventeen until she was twenty-one, various stories were printed from time to time of her rumored engagement to one young man or another, all of them prominent and some of them internationally known. A legend was built up around the girl that she had jilted one suitor after another and that she had, as the phrase goes, the world at her feet. There is no doubt that this legend of her popularity caused her to become more and more so. She had, moreover, charm and wealth, and if let alone, would undoubtedly have fared better. For, after several years, she fell seriously in love, the youngster upon whom her affections centered happening to belong to a famous European family of such position that official consent was necessary for the wedding. This official consent was denied.

"The girl is too fickle, too much given to jilting one man after another," it was alleged. When the girl's representative tried to explain that many of the printed rumors were not authentic, the refusal was even more positive.

"Your admission makes the case worse than if the stories were true!"

The match was broken off.

"Overadvertised," was the laconic comment of the girl who told the story. "They try to put over debutantes now by the same methods you put over a new brand of canned goods, and it won't always work."

Social propaganda, however, does not always represent misstatement. Its proper use might even be of benefit in defining and clarifying certain excellent tendencies in the new American society.

The difficulty arises from the fact that much that is best in our national life cannot be set forth on the printed page. If Mrs. Smith is presented at the Court of St. James, for instance, her photograph in full-court dress is of interest to almost everyone. She may give it to reporters without hesitation. But when the same Mrs. Smith turns her back on all social activities and personal pleasures and goes to a remote place in the country for a long siege to win back her small son's health, this story is not sent out.

The self-made man who yearns to see his daughter's name featured in the metropolitan press as a social butterfly does not tell his publicity agent of the three-room house where the girl was born, at a time when his entire fortune was only a matter of a few dollars and his own high hopes.

The American who is anxious to be featured in the public press as host to a famous titled foreigner may do so because he carries over even into successful middle age the memory of the days when his widowed mother kept boarders so that she could send him to school, and now he wants the neighbors in his native small town to read of some tangible justification for her sacrifice.

It is the voyager on his first trip abroad who is proudest of the labels on his baggage. After a while he learns that by merely flaunting these labels he reveals himself as untraveled.

BEAUTY that PAYS its OWN WAY

YOU can give your new home the added beauty of Creo-Dipt Shingles and still save money. Even the *first* cost of Creo-Dipts is less than usual side-wall materials.

Or, you can re-beautify and *re-value* your old home by covering the old clapboards with Creo-Dipts. This costs you less than two re-paintings.

In either case you save money. One home owner figures that over a period of twenty years, his Creo-Dipts will cost him one-third as much as ordinary siding.

And for new roofs or for re-roofing, Creo-Dipt savings are just as startling as for side-walls.

Seldom can you get greater beauty at less cost. But this is true with Creo-Dipts, because year after year they save so much in upkeep. Write for details.

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Lumber dealers everywhere stock Creo-Dipts. Plants located for easy shipping at North Tonawanda, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Vancouver, B. C. Sales offices in principal cities.

CREO-DIPT

Stained Shingles

SKIN AND GROANS

(Continued from Page 33)

The day following the conference between Cæsar and President Latimer, Glorious was summoned to the executive office, where she was introduced to the ponderously impressive Lawyer Evans Chew. With the aid of much Latin and many high-sounding technical phrases, Lawyer Chew acquainted her with the fact that Midnight was willing to add her permanently to its pay roll, and thereupon tendered her a two-year contract at fifty dollars a week for the first year and seventy-five for the second. Glorious almost broke the pen staff in her eagerness to sign, and then flew immediately to the melancholy appearing Eddie Fizz to inform him of the good fortune which had come to her. Eddie's countenance took on an expression almost human.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he exclaimed rapturously. "That means I and you can be together all the time."

"Uh-huh." She averted her eyes modestly. "Does you crave that, Eddie?"

"It's the fondest thing I'm of."

"I shuah is glad." Then, eagerly—"You reckon Ise makin' good?"

"Shuh! You is makin' superb. Any time Orifice Latimer signs a person up on a contrac' it means that he knows he's gwine collec' a dividend offen 'em of about ten thousan' pussent." He gazed wistfully at her effulgent beauty. "Is you glad I is gwine be directin' you, Glorious?"

"Oh, Eddie!"

"Tell me."

"I is so glad I don't know what to do. I honest mean that."

Unmindful of the gleeful stare of a near-by mechanic, Eddie reached for and imprisoned her hand.

"Honey ——"

"Sh-h-h-h! Heah comes President Latimer an' Director Clump."

Reluctantly Eddie released his grasp. He was blushing as the two chief dignitaries of the organization stopped near them and commenced to shower Glorious with congratulations. Latimer did most of the speaking.

"We aims to star you, Miss Watts. In no time a-tall you is gwine become famous fum coast to coast an' fum Alaska to Cuba. We don't aim to spare no pains n'r neither expense to make you as well known as our other stars—viz, to wit, Sicily Clump, Opus Randall and Welford Potts. An' just to prove that us has got honorable intentions t'ords you an' rilly means to make you famous, we has agreed that you gits the best director on the lot."

In the background, Eddie Fizz was blushing modestly. This was, indeed, high praise from Orifice, and Eddie was pitifully unprepared for the bombshell which exploded next.

"We has arranged that you is to finish this pitcher under the pussonal direction an' supervision of J. Cæsar Clump."

For a timeless instant Eddie Fizz stood motionless. As from a great distance, he heard the hum of human voices—Glorious and Cæsar and Orifice, all talking at once. He had a vague idea that Glorious was not entirely averse to this change of directors. Then Eddie became oppressed by a sense of outrage and he stepped forward pleadingly

"Orifice, you don't rilly mean that?"

"Suttinly I does, Eddie."

"But listen, who 'scovered this gal?"

"You."

"An' who got the idea fo' a Whyan pitcher an' playin' her in it? An' who has a'ready tooken most of the scenes?" Orifice waxed impatient.

"Don't you want to see Miss Watts git to be successful?"

"Yeh."

"An' ain't Cæsar a better director than what you is?"

"Of course. But I was doin' swell, an' ——"

"We aims to do sweller. There ain't no use argufyin', Eddie. Mistuh Clump is willin' to do this on account we all want to make the fust pitcher puffecly wonderful. So you just better vacate a few days or else git busy on somethin' else. Come along, Miss Watts."

They moved across the lot, the delectable Glorious flanked on one side by the Gargantuan Latimer and on the other by the dynamic little Cæsar Clump. The little director was gesticulating passionately.

Eddie did not move. His enormous feet seemed rooted to a single spot as he gazed after the trio with a stricken light in his eyes.

"Disaster," mourned Eddie, "you has sholy slapped me right in the eye!"

Eventually his feet commenced to function, and he swayed to a secluded corner of the lot, where he seated himself on a pile of discarded scenery. There, alone with his misery, he hid his face in his hands and gave himself over to an orgy of suffering.

The thing was unbelievable, barbarous, inhuman, yet Eddie's loyalty was so staunch that he could not find it in his heart to blame J. Cæsar Clump. After all, J. Cæsar had been his benefactor. True enough, that benefaction had come rather indirectly, inasmuch as Cæsar's wife had been put in Eddie's charge with the idea of eventually disgusting her with the moving-picture profession, and Eddie had worked so well and wisely with her that there had sprung into being the Sicily Clump unit, of which Eddie was director. But Eddie did not forget, and he was rather hurt than angry. What little rancor he felt was directed against Orifice R. Latimer.

"Big ol' buzzard! Always tryin' to make things better'n what they is!"

Of course, Eddie admitted that J. Cæsar could direct a better picture; but he was doing mighty well, and he had a proprietary interest in the career of the new star. And now, when all difficulties had been surmounted and the early rushes made quite clear that the picture would be a success, the control had been taken summarily from him and given to another man.

But the unkindest cut of all lay in the fact that Eddie was very much in love with Glorious. And as her director he stood some chance of awakening an answering spark, inasmuch as the professional relationship afforded opportunity for her to see him at his very best. Eddie was acutely conscious of his own limitations. He recognized that he was not of the Don Juan type and that the average woman could resist him without half trying.

Glorious was much more than the average woman. She was a person of beauty and experience, not unused to contacts with men more or less worth while, and it was inevitable now that she would look upon Eddie as being merely someone on the lot who was inferior to someone else.

Eddie Fizz withdrew into a shell of abysmal misery. On the few occasions he met Glorious she was as warmly friendly as ever, but in answer to a half-hearted invitation for dinner which he extended she explained that they were starting some big outdoor stuff the next day and she needed full eight hours' sleep.

He slunk away dejectedly, painting hopeless but vivid pictures in his mind of Glorious in dire trouble and himself cast in the rôle of hero—two very unlikely things. In the first place, Glorious seemed able to look after herself, and there was nothing at all heroic about Edwin Boscoe Fizz.

Days passed. The lot was agog with this magic discovery of a new star. Orifice Latimer was taking a good deal of the credit, but the wise ones attributed it all to J. Cæsar Clump. Certainly Cæsar was working harder with Glorious than he had labored since the first days of Excelsior Nix, Midnight's world-famous child actor. He took infinite pains with every shot, he found it necessary to lunch daily with Glorious, occasionally night found them in the studio together, rehearsing. Finally and inevitably this devotion to art on the part of J. Cæsar Clump came to the ears of his wife.

Sicily Clump was an excellent woman and more than slightly talented as an actress. But she certainly was not without temperament. It was this very temperament which had elevated Eddie Fizz to the dignity of a full directorship, since J. Cæsar positively and absolutely could not handle her, on the lot or off, and had long since given up trying. She had an unhappy habit of flying into a tantrum on the slightest provocation and her rages were of magnificent proportions.

Sicily heard rumors. Sicily decided that she had best investigate. She did. She appeared on the lot one morning and was introduced to Glorious. She took an instant dislike to Miss Watts. Glorious was as pretty as Sicily. She was smaller and curvier, and the costume of grass which she was wearing at the time was rather revealing. Miss Watts fairly bubbled.

"Yo' husban' is simply elegant to me, Mis' Clump. He tooken me away fum Mistuh Fizz, which was directin' me, an' he is giving me just lots of his pussonal time an' intention. Always us has lunch together an' he says he is gwine make my career terrible successful."

Sicily responded with honeyed words which masked much venom. That night she waited for Cæsar. Mr. Clump rolled into the house in the neighborhood of eleven o'clock.

"Where you been at, Cæsar?"

"Workin'."

"On what pitcher?"

"How Are Yuh?"

"Tha's the one Miss Watts is starrin' in, ain't it?"

"Yeh."

Sicily dropped her eyelids that he might not see the vicious light of her eyes.

"Mighty pretty gal, Miss Watts."

"Kind of."

"You kind of like her style, don't you?"

Cæsar failed to scent trouble and therefore committed a tactical blunder.

"Not so much," he answered falsely.

Sicily knew that he spoke untruly. She knew well enough what type of woman made greatest appeal to her impressionable husband.

"How come you to steal her away fum Eddie Fizz when he 'scovered her an' got her stahted?"

"I figgered she needed the best director what was. Besides, it was mostly Orifice's idea."

"That's a provarication, Cæsar."

"Says which?"

"Says I know better. You had that idea yo' own se'f."

"Well, what if I did? Cain't a director direct without gittin' into a row with his wife?"

"Not that way, you cain't." Her temper mounted. "Now you listen to me, Julius Cæsar Clump; I has stood offen you all what I inten's to stand. It's bad enough fo' you to take that gal offen Eddie Fizz, but when you lunches with her ev'y day an' works with her ev'y night an' ——"

"Oh, leave me be!"

"Huh! You watch me!"

Whereupon the thoroughly aroused Sicily proceeded to explain to J. Cæsar just exactly what she thought of him. She started with his parents, reviewed those details of his boyhood which she did not like and traced his career to the present moment. It seemed that there was no crime in the catalogue of which he was incapable, and also that no previous offense was even comparable to this outrageous flirtation with the new star.

The battle lasted until the first gray finger of dawn appeared in the east—and only ended because Cæsar fell asleep. But Sicily was just started. A half hour after he left the house, following a chilly breakfast, Mrs. Clump followed.

The Glorious Watts company had already gone out on location when Sicily arrived on the lot. In a corner of Stage Number One she spotted a forlorn figure staring at nothing at all. She seated herself beside Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz.

"Eddie," she remarked, "ain't it awful?"

"Uh-huh," he agreed, without thinking. Then, looking at her—"What?"

"About this love affair."

"Which love affair?"

"Between my husban' an' Glorious Watts."

Eddie gasped. His eyes opened and his jaw sagged.

"Words which you speaks, Sicily. What at is you drivin'?"

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes, Eddie! Is you plumb blind that you ain't seen what's goin' on? Ain't it plain that Cæsar has done went crazy 'bout this hula dancer?"

Thought was a slow process with Eddie, particularly when an idea was new. This one was not only new but devastating. He wrestled with it in silence, then shook his head.

"Straducements what you thinks, Sicily. Ise 'shamed on you."

Mrs. Clump stamped impatiently. She thought Eddie was a fool and told him so. Then she gathered that he was rather more keenly interested than she had suspected. She charged him with his love for Glorious, and he admitted it.

"That," she announced triumphantly, "makes us alleys."

"What kind of alleys?"

"Alleys about breakin' up this love affair 'tween Cæsar an' Glorious."

"'Tain't no such of a thing. Glorious woul'n't go lovin' another lady's husban'."

"Hmph! Maybe so that gal is a lily, but my Cæsar ain't." Sicily did some plain and fancy pondering. "But no matter, Eddie, whether I is right or wrong, you would be happy directin' Glorious again, woul'n't you?"

His eyes glistened. "That'd be the happiest thing I'd be about."

"Good! There's always danger while Cæsar is hangin' around a gal," she finished with perfect candor, "'cause he's a heap mo' attractiver man than what you is."

No answer to such logic. Sicily promised to investigate and report. Whereupon she vanished from the lot, climbed into her flivver coupé and started for Pine Grove, where the company was on location.

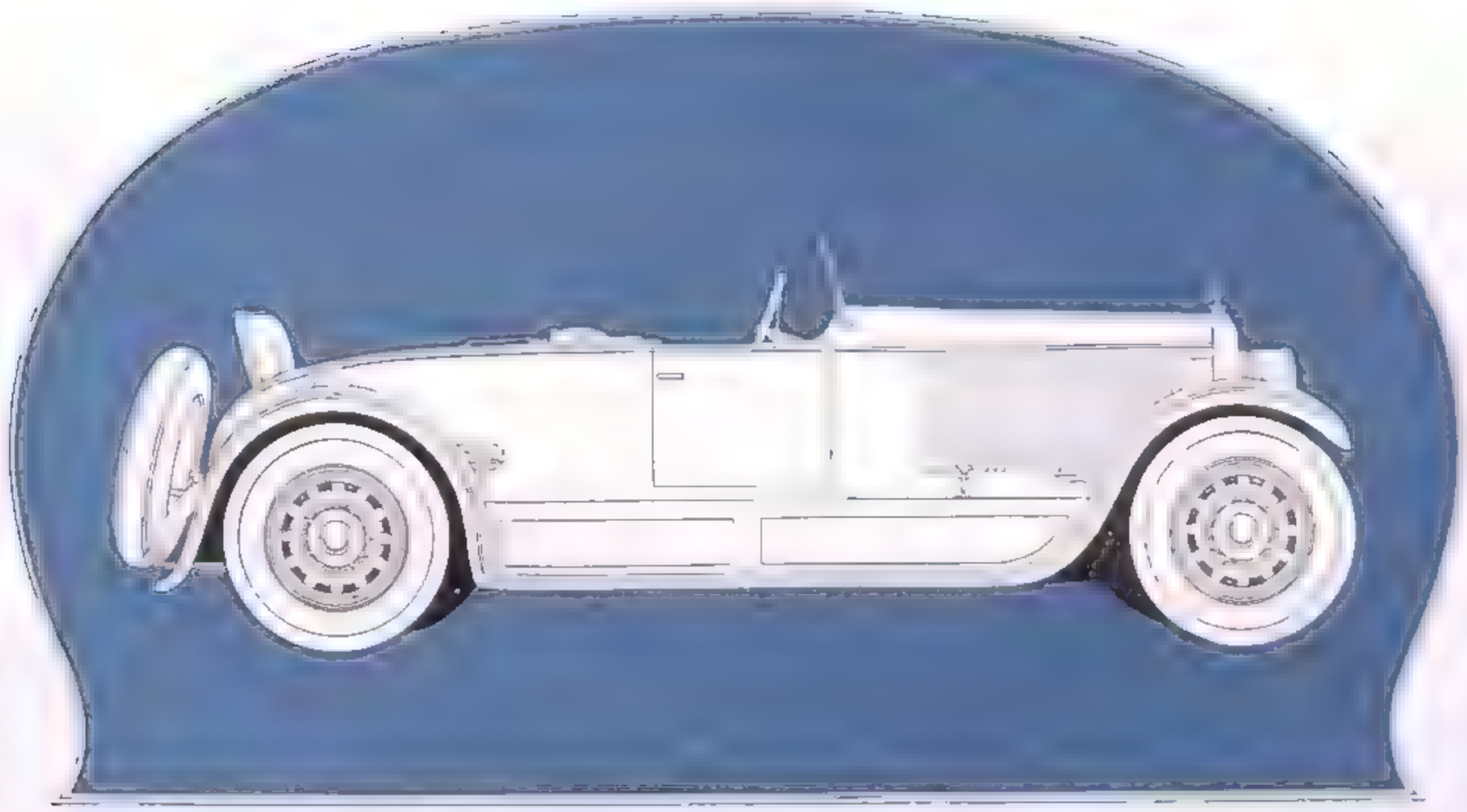
Eddie was thoughtful. Of course he didn't attach any importance to Sicily's accusations. Sicily was a jealous person, fancying every woman in love with her man.

Mrs. Clump joined the company and made herself as unobtrusive as possible. Cæsar eyed her askance, fearing open hostilities; but when the first hour passed without any attempt at mayhem, he breathed more easily. It was obvious that what Sicily intended was mere chaperonage, and J. Cæsar did not fear it.

The company was working in a clearing surrounded by pine and oak and fruit trees. In the middle of the clearing was a staunchly built, if unimaginative, little cabin. It was a simple affair, containing two front windows and a single large door. Sicily inquired the reason for it, and Forcep Swain, the lean and elegant author, explained that in the cabin Glorious was to take refuge when pursued by the villain in a scene which was to be shot the next morning. It seemed that the villain was to find her in the cabin, drive her out and chase her all the way to the edge of the papier-mâché volcano which was being readied in the studio.

Sicily nodded slowly and a thoughtful light appeared in her eyes. She was beginning to have an idea. She watched the shooting for a while longer, then commenced to wander with apparent aimlessness around

(Continued on Page 155)



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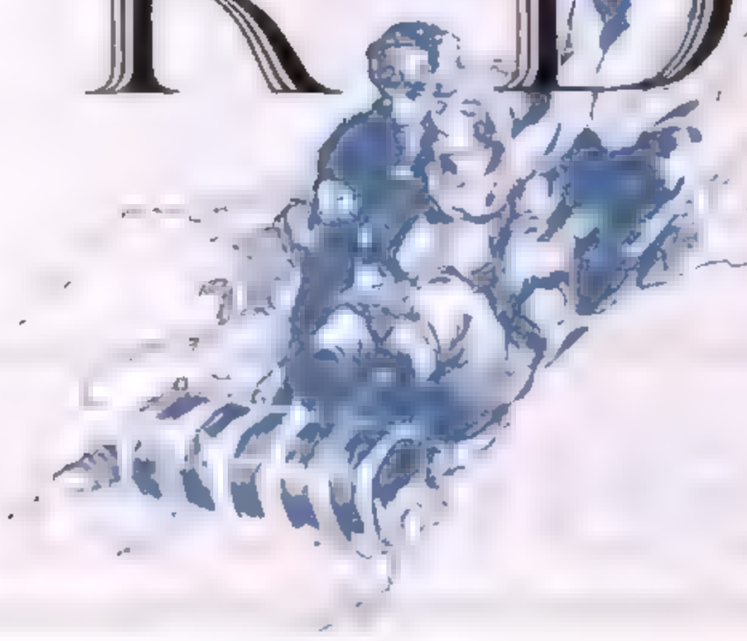

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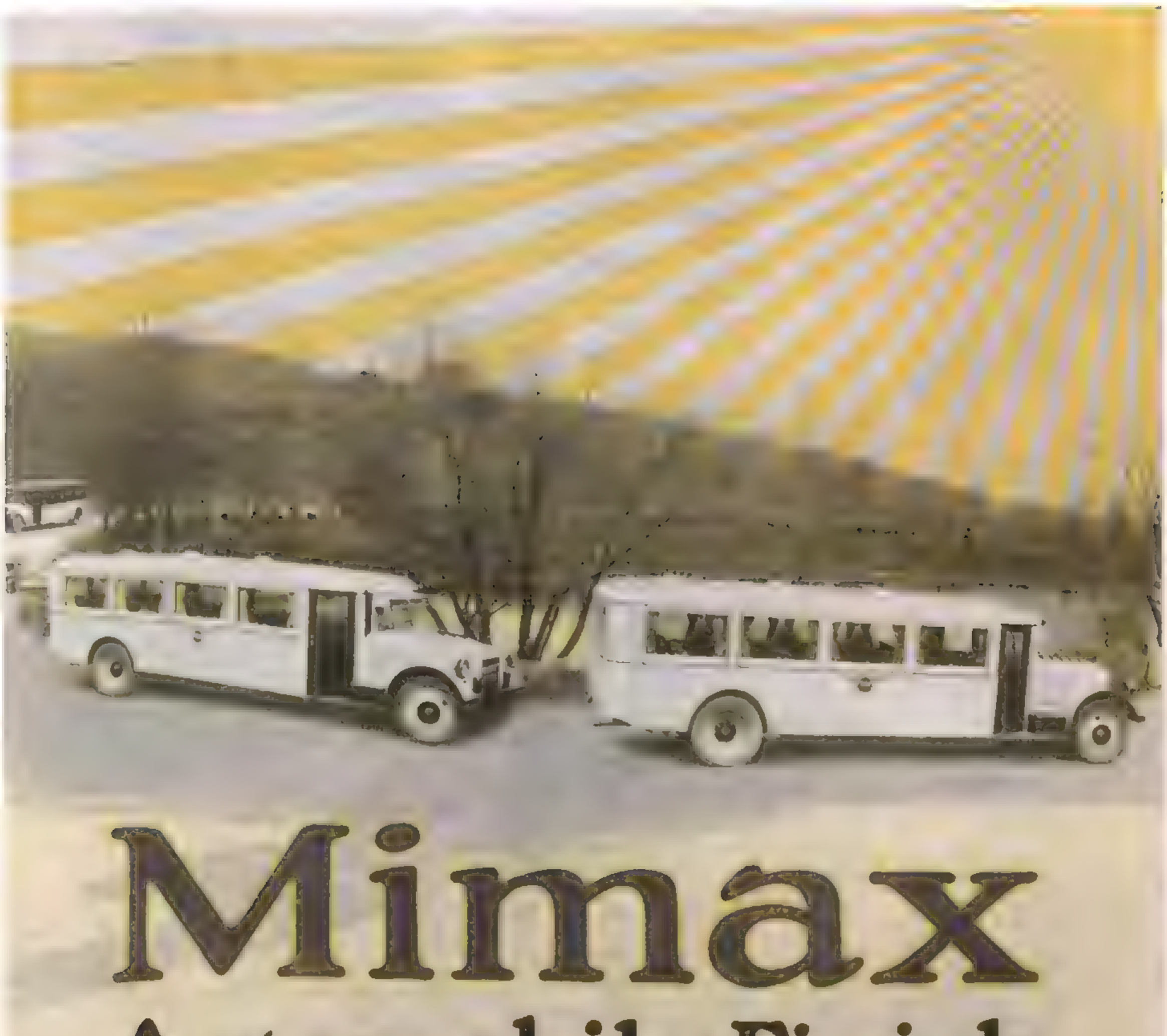

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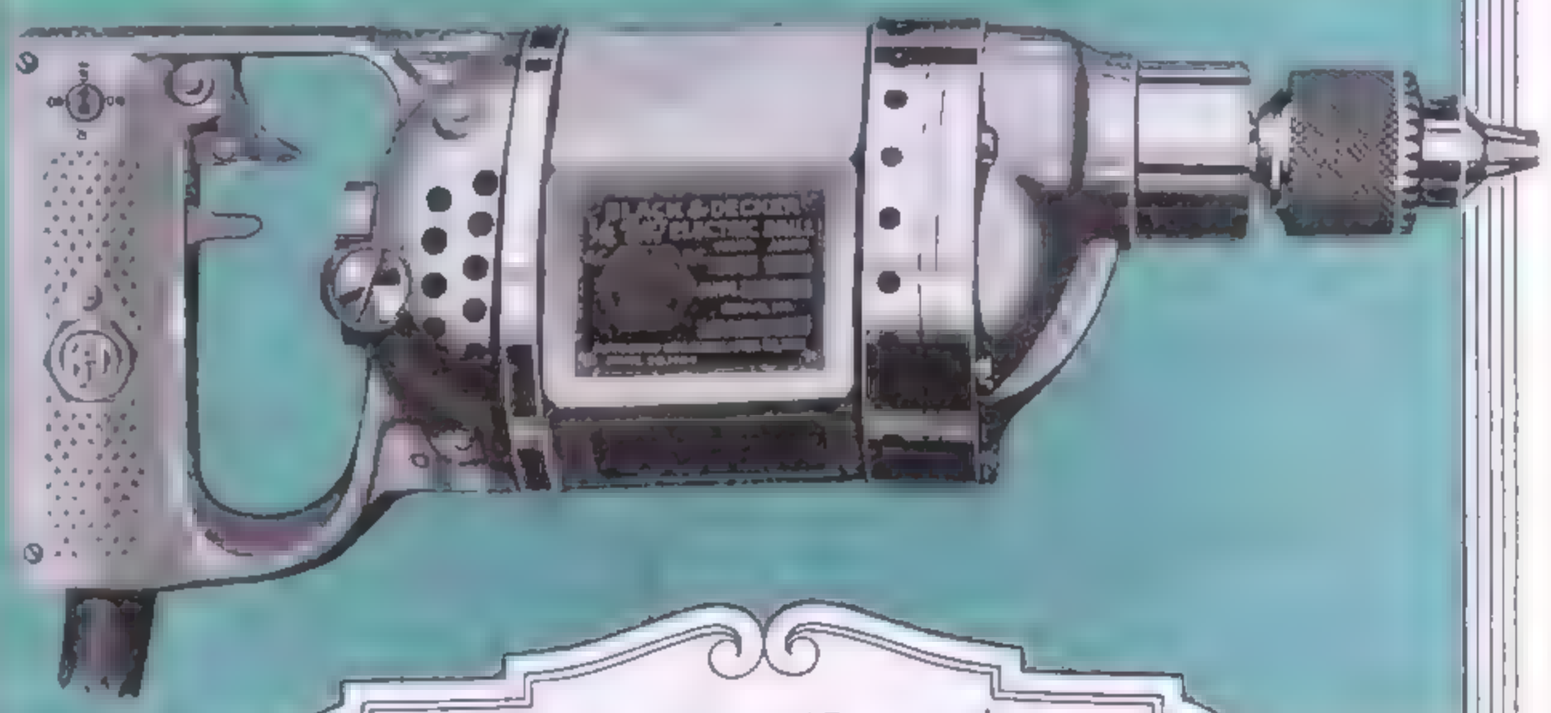

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the beautiful woodland tract. It sloped away gently to the Shades Creek, and on the banks of that modest little waterway she met Glorious Watts, who was daintily nibbling a barbecue sandwich. Glorious did not suspect the other's enmity.

"Enjoy actressin', Miss Watts?"

"Ise just crazy 'bout it. 'Specially this open-air stuff." Sicily nodded.

"Me too. It's elegant fo' the health, pervided nothin' happens."

"What you mean—nothin' happens?"

"Accidents."

"What kind of accidents?" Glorious was more than a trifle apprehensive.

"Most any kind. Now take aroun' heah, fo' instance." Sicily gestured toward the placid little stream purling at their feet. "You never would think to look at such that it was filled with snakes and alligators, would you?"

Glorious Watts leaped affrightedly to her feet.

"Says which?"

"Yeh, sure. Water moccasin snakes an' great big man-eatin' alligators. But of co'se they don't bother you unless you happen to step on 'em or somethin'."

Glorious shied away, trembling.

"If there's one thing Ise scared of in the world, Mis' Clump, it's snakes and alligators. 'Specially them latters."

"Well"—Sicily rose and shook her skirts daintily—"I don't reckon none of 'em will git you. My husban' will take care of that."

She bade Glorious good-by as Cæsar's stentorian call echoed through the glade. She veiled the triumph in her eyes as she passed the doubtful Mr. Clump.

Less than twenty minutes later Sicily was back at the studio. During the swift ride in from Pine Grove she had been doing some intensive thinking, and a magnificent scheme was already taking shape. She called Eddie Fizz into conference.

"Eddie," she questioned, "how would you like to find out fo' shuah does Cæsar love Glorious?"

He nodded. "I suttinly would, Sicily."

"Fine! Now listen at this scheme I got." Sicily poured into his attentive ears the tale of how she had discovered Glorious' alligator phobia. "Now tomorrow mawnin', Eddie, the villain is gwine chase Glorious into that cabin. She is gwine run in there an' slam the door behime her. An' that'll lock her in."

"'Tain't no lock on that door."

"There will be by tomorrow mawnin'. Us is gwine put it on tonight—a spring lock which locks fum the outside. So much fo' that. Inside the cabin is dark—and what you reckon is gwine occur to Glorious in there?"

"What?"

"She is gwine step right on a big alligator."

"Sicily!"

"Oh, don't be foolish, Eddie. I don't mean a real alligator. I know where I can git me a great big rubber alligator like folks use in swimmin' pools to float around on, an' Ise gwine have it sittin' in the corner lookin' at Glorious. It'll be so dark she won't be able to tell is it real or not, an' she'll right away remember what I tol' her today 'bout there bein' so many alligators aroun'—an' what's she gwine do?"

"Wh-what?" queried Eddie.

"She's gwine yell fo' help, an' she's gwine keep on yellin'. An' heah's what that is gwine prove." Sicily seized Mr. Fizz earnestly. "If J. Cæsar don't pay much attention, it's gwine prove that Ise all wrong about him lovin' her. But if he goes bustin' in there to rescue that gal, then I'll know somethin'!"

It was a clever scheme; Eddie readily admitted as much. It was, in fact, so intricate that it did not immediately penetrate. Sicily talked on, and before Eddie was well aware he had pledged himself as an ally. And that evening, just before sundown and long after the company had returned from location, Eddie and Sicily drove out to the deserted cabin and solidly affixed to the door thereof one first-class spring lock which operated from the outside. Then they returned to town and Eddie was dismissed.

"Ise gwine git that rubber alligator," explained Sicily, "an' it would look funny, you bein' with me."

Eddie left the car and meandered to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor, where he partook of some chitterlings and a mess of turnip greens. He ate thoughtfully, reviewing the situation in a deliberate, painstaking way, and drawing certain inevitable conclusions. First and foremost among these conclusions was the certainty that Sicily's scheme, though clever, was not fair to J. Cæsar. Cæsar was Glorious' director and it was inevitable that he would respond to the agonized shouts which the girl would emit at sight of the rubber alligator. Besides, Eddie did not like the rôle in which he was cast—that of conspirator against the peace and dignity of his benefactor.

Eddie had entered the employ of Midnight as a chore boy. Eventually J. Cæsar Clump selected him as assistant director, a position carrying with it much glory, enormous work and small wages. The opportunity for a full directorship had come via Cæsar's wife, who was not above reproaching her husband. Eddie's duty therefore was first of all to Mr. Clump.

He spent a headachy night reviewing the affair from all angles. He was torn between loyalty to his chief and an agonizing love for the fair and aloof Glorious. But Eddie was keenly conscious of his obligations, and so, early the next morning, after Sicily had reported that the rubber alligator was safely ensconced in the cabin, Eddie went to Mr. Clump and into the attentive and indignant ears of that gentleman poured the entire scheme.

Cæsar was both wrathful and exultant, and he reassured Eddie about his interest in Glorious. He was interested, but his absorption was purely professional, he claimed. Eddie was radiant.

"That makes ev'thing all right, Cæsar. Glorious gits in that cabin an' commences yellin', thinkin' that she's about to git alligated, an' you just stan' off an' laugh. Then most likely Sicily will say why don't you go an' commit a rescue, an' you just answers what do you care does that gal git et up." Cæsar was grinning.

"Ain't it the truth, Eddie? I reckon Ise gwine learn Sicily a lesson. As a matter of fack——" His grin became a smile and the smile graduated into a throaty laugh. "Hot diggity dawg!" he ejaculated. "I got it!"

"What?"

"A scheme—an honest-to-goodness, fustrate scheme. Listen, Eddie, how'd you like to be a hero an' win Glorious fo' yo'se'f?"

"Aw, Cæsar——"

"I mean it. It's like this: When Glorious yells, she thinks it's a real alligator. An' I stan' off an' laugh, which fixes me all right with my wife. But what do you do, huh? I ask you!"

"Yeh. What?"

"You rush up to that cabin an' go bustin' inside. You grabs Glorious in one hand an' you kick that alligator right in the jaw, then you rescues Glorious an' the weddin' march begins to toot. How's that, Eddie? How is it?"

Eddie reflected. But he did not smile. The thing was too gorgeously stupendous. There were tears in his eyes and a choke in his voice as he solemnly reached for Cæsar's hand and pumped his gratitude.

"Golly, Cæsar, what a man you is! With just one idea you makes me a hero an' a bridegroom. I suttinly is much obliged to you."

The two men were gleeful. There wasn't a single thing which could mar their triumph—or so they fatuously thought. Unfortunately, Eddie did not know Sicily at all, and Cæsar not so well as he imagined.

Sicily was no part of a fool, and from the moment the scheme was first born in her mind she had doubted that Glorious would actually mistake a rubber alligator for a real one. It was possible, of course, but not likely. And if Glorious recognized the texture of the animal, Sicily's scheme for finding out about her husband would immediately become—in the vernacular of the day—all damp.

Besides, Sicily was strong for realism, and she happened to be acquainted with a young colored gentleman who was employed at a nearby zoo. Whereupon, without mentioning anything to Eddie Fizz, she sought this zoo employe and announced to him that she wished to hire a large live alligator for twenty-four hours. Her gentleman friend demurred, but Sicily was coyly insistent and eventually had her way. So at dawn the following morning Sicily's friend abstracted from the cage at the zoo one of the largest and most interesting alligators, crated him securely, carried him to the cabin and placed him in a dark and inconspicuous corner. The alligator, being an indifferent sort, promptly went to sleep. But the keeper did not leave. He insisted that he must remain in the vicinity of his pet lest something go wrong.

At nine o'clock the company left for location: J. Cæsar Clump, Glorious Watts, the two male characters, two cameramen, an assistant director and Forcep Swain. A half mile rearward Sicily Clump rolled along the broad gravel highway with Edwin Boscoe Fizz at her side.

Cæsar grinned as he bowed to his wife when she joined them. Eddie, proud of the triumph which was to be his, drew Glorious aside and conversed with her. He was more sure of himself than ever before, and almost fancied that he detected an interested gleam in her eyes. He was thrilled. If she was at all fond of him now, there was quite some chance that she would be more so after he had completed his little job of life saving.

En route to location, Sicily informed Eddie that the alligator was securely locked in the cabin, carelessly neglecting to mention that its material was decidedly not rubber. And after reaching the scene, Eddie winked broadly at Cæsar, who grinned devilishly. It was evident that they expected a good time to be had by all.

Cæsar assembled his principals. Briefly he rehearsed a lively little scene wherein the villain fought with the hero and vanquished him by the simple expedient of chopping down a tree under which the hero was temporarily crushed—a little matter of photographic trickery. The heroine, left thus alone, was to dash madly away and hide in the fateful cabin.

And now all was ready for what ordinarily would have been a simple shot, not worth a rehearsal. The two cameras were readied and Cæsar barked his directions.

Throwing herself whole-heartedly into the rôle, Glorious Watts, clad in her costume of grass and a ukulele, dashed wildly across the clearing toward the cabin. Two cameras ground busily. Sicily had carefully fixed the door so that it was not quite closed. Glorious threw it open and leaped inside. The door slammed behind her, and the nice new lock clicked ominously. Miss Watts was all alone—with an alligator which was not made of rubber. The authoritative voice of Director Clump crackled through the glade.

"Cut!" he ordered the cameramen. Then he waited.

Two others were also waiting. One was Edwin Boscoe Fizz, who was impatient to begin heroing. The other was Mrs. Clump.

They had not long to wait. For an instant everything was still as the cameramen photographed the scene numbers. Then the stillness was rived by a feminine scream of mortal terror. There was a pause, then a series of shrieks which set the teeth of the spectators to chattering—and Glorious' terrified voice.

"Help! He-e-e-e-elp!"

Sicily eyed her husband tensely. And Cæsar was little less than superb. He produced a silver case from which he selected a cigarette. This he lighted with exaggerated indifference. Sicily was amazed, delighted, and somewhat repentant. Her scheme was working—not as she had

(Continued on Page 157)

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—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

(Continued from Page 155)

planned, but considerably better. Unquestionably Cæsar was not at all interested in Glorious, and the jealous twitterings in Sicily's brain were effectually stilled. It did not occur to her that there might have been some little connivance between Eddie Fizz and her husband.

The shrieks continued. Those who might ordinarily have volunteered for rescue work were hesitant. It remained for Eddie Fizz to move grandiosely toward the cabin.

It was not the Eddie Fizz which Midnight knew and liked and laughed at; it was a commanding, all-powerful, purposeful Mr. Fizz who advanced to rescue his lady fair from whatever was causing those screams. Sicily experienced a moment of apprehension as she watched him blithely approach the alligatored cabin. She wanted to warn him that the animal therein was of sterner substance than he thought. But she had no opportunity to speak with him without betraying herself.

After all, she was doing Eddie a favor. She realized now that he was casting himself in the rôle of hero and she knew well enough that there was no danger from the real alligator. It was of terrifying mien but mild disposition, and this rescue would undoubtedly throw Glorious into Eddie's hungry arms.

As Eddie approached the cabin door he could hear the pounding of Glorious' fists. He paused within earshot and struck an attitude.

"Rest easy, honey, Ise comin'!"

She heard, but failed to follow his advice. He was a trifle amazed that a dummy alligator could cause this much excitement, and he was in no hurry.

The lock turned beneath his languid fingers, and instantly the door was slammed toward his countenance and Glorious fairly fell into his arms. It was plain that the young lady was going somewhere in a hurry. She was crying and sobbing.

But Eddie was a person in whom a sense of theatrical values was well developed. It was utterly absurd to dim the magnificence of this rescue, and so he wrapped fingers around Glorious' arm and shoved her back into the cabin. She wailed hysterically and said something about an alligator.

"Shuh!" murmured Eddie indifferently. "What I care fo' alligators? Come on back heah with me an' git rescued!"

He followed her inside. The interior was gloomy and his unaccustomed eyes could not pierce the darkness. The door closed behind him. The lock clicked!

Certainly Sicily's dummy had deluded Glorious. Her arms were about the skinny neck of Director Fizz and she was begging him to save her. He stroked her head gently.

"Co'se I'll save you, sugarfoots. Savin' pretty gals is the most thing I like to do."

For a few seconds he did not move. Their propinquity was decidedly pleasant and he did not wish to release Glorious from his arms. Wherefore he indulged in a bit of soothing conversation.

"What's botherin' my sweetie?"

"Th-th-that alligator! Yonder!"

Her finger designated an obscure corner. By straining his eyes Eddie was able to discern a bulky shape on the floor. It was the outline of an alligator—and Eddie saw that it was sufficiently lifelike to fool anybody. He patted the head of Miss Watts.

"Is that all what's worryin' my honeybunch?"

"Oh, Eddie ——"

"Why, Glorious, I eats alligators fo' breakfast! When I finishes with 'em, all they need is five minutes' cookin' to be soup. Just watch!"

Glorious watched spellbound as Edwin Boscoe Fizz proceeded to perform the most magnificent gesture of his unadventurous life. Before her distended eyes Mr. Fizz walked across the room, drew back his large right foot and proceeded to kick the alligator squarely and efficiently in the jaw. Glorious unleashed a scream beside which all her previous efforts were whispers. Then she fainted.

Eddie, meanwhile, was standing very still. Something had happened to his motor muscles. Also he was beginning to suspect that he had made a mistake.

"Dawg-gone!" he muttered apprehensively. "That suttinly is hard rubber, an' —— Oh, lawsy!"

The real live alligator from the Avondale zoo opened his mouth. He had a capacious mouth and he yawned in a manner which portended no good. The tail twitched menacingly and Eddie was galvanized into action. He uttered a whoop and crossed the cottage in a single bound.

"Oh, my goshness!" he howled. "Somethin' tells me that alligator ain't made of rubber a-tall!"

Just at the moment the alligator itself was making a determined effort to convince Eddie of that fact. The alligator was peeved. It felt that Eddie had done it wrong. Even so placid a saurian as this was justified in resenting a good swift kick, properly placed.

Eddie leaped onto a rickety table and dragged the unconscious Glorious after him. But the table threatened to collapse and Eddie madly hurdled the slow-moving but ominous form slinking across the floor. He pleaded with the alligator and begged its pardon, but the animal's ire was aroused and Mr. Fizz was convinced that he could not placate his enemy without providing a dinner composed largely of himself.

Eddie did not function silently. As a matter of fact, his howls for help were in steady crescendo. They pierced the walls of the cabin and reverberated through the woodland even unto the ears of the decidedly worried young gentleman who had rented to Mrs. Sicily Clump, item, one alligator.

This person was not at all concerned about either Glorious Watts or Eddie Fizz. What happened to them was their business, but the fate of the alligator was most unquestionably the business of its keeper. And the keeper suspected that his nice alligator was being grossly mistreated. He had a horrid vision of his situation should anything go radically wrong with this pet of the zoo. Wherefore he did what no other dared—he advanced on the cabin and flung open the door.

Edwin Boscoe Fizz emerged. He emerged suddenly and enthusiastically. The alligator man produced Miss Watts' limp form and then returned to the cabin.

Five minutes before the departure of the northbound train a large party arrived at the station. The center of interest appeared to be one ravishingly raimented bride and one insignificant and frightened bridegroom. Amid showers of rice and old shoes, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Boscoe Fizz sped through the gate and onto the train for the beginning of their five-day honeymoon. There was much hilarity and many loud-voiced felicitations, at which all the dusky passengers chuckled. And then the train puffed and snorted as it pulled out from under the grimy shed and into the starlit night. For a few minutes the other passengers stared and made audible comments, but the bride and groom were so superbly indifferent that the passengers lost interest.

Eddie and Glorious were sublimely happy. They sat hand in hand, staring through the car windows. And finally Glorious turned upon the frightened face of her husband eyes which glowed with curiosity and hero worship.

"Eddie, honey," she murmured, "there's one thing you ain't never told me, an' which I craves to know."

"Yes, Glorious. What is it?"

"Just this, Eddie: What ever become of that alligator you rescued me from?"

Eddie smiled a slow and modest smile, and instead of answering immediately he reached for a heavy object which was on the floor beside them. It was a brand-new suitcase.

Glorious gasped.

"Eddie! Is that ——"

He placed a gentle hand on her shoulder and his voice was quiet and convincing.

"Honey," explained Mr. Edwin Boscoe Fizz, "I ain't never been in the habit of boastin' an' I don't aim to commence now. But I says this to you: Heah I is, strong an' healthy. An' that bag yonder is made of genuine alligator skin. I request that you draw yourself a few conclusions."

ROMANCE ON AND OFF

(Continued from Page 29)

"'Why, they're using exactly the same words they did in rehearsal,' says Mrs. Coleman.

"'Louis don't need words to make his stuff register,' says I. 'Why, that bird can say more with one look than Mr. Webster could with all the words he invented.'

"'Then you think he's making love to my little girl?' asts she.

"'If I was as sure of the stock market as I am of that, I'd be worth a million bucks tomorrow.'

"'What can I do to stop it?' asts she, panic-stricken.

"'Cancel the sketch an' take Marjorie to Japan or some far-away place like that.'

"'She has a will of her own an' wouldn't go,' said Mrs. Coleman. 'The one thing she seems to care about is the stage.'

"'That mighta been her only love when she started,' says I, 'but she's got another now. If you don't do something an' do it quick you're gonna have more than one Thespian in your family.'

"'I'd rather see her dead than married to a man like that,' says she.

"'I wouldn't feel that way about it,' says I, trying to comfort her. 'If it happens it won't last long. Louis' wings grow awful fast. In about six months she will be back home entirely cured of the stage an' everybody what has anything to do with it.'

"'Couldn't you ——' began Mrs. Coleman. But just then the chauffeur opened the door an' Marjorie stepped in the car. So the board of strategy had to adjourn for the balance of the afternoon. That night, however, Mrs. C. give me the high sign, an' I went over an' stood near her while Louis an' Marjorie was out on the stage boldly spooning in front of over twelve hundred people an' getting paid for it besides.

"'You see that?' says I, as Louis put about a million candle power behind one loving look. 'If he ain't vamping your angel child then I've wasted a lotta time in front of my mirror practicing expression. Now watch her gaze up at him. See the bittersweet in her hazel eyes? No director never put that much emotion in her work: it's the real thing, Mrs. Coleman, one hundred an' ten proof at that.'

"'I am convinced that you are right,' says she. 'Poor little girl, we must do something to break up this foolish fascination.'

"'That's easier remarked than accomplished,' says I. 'Marjorie is in the same fix as a man what picks up a loose electric wire. He might be anxious to put it down, but he can't do it till the feller in the power house pulls the switch. The trouble in this case is that Louis Albret is both the wire an' the switchboard operator.'

"'You're a very clever girl,' says she, 'an' maybe you could help us get Marjorie out of his clutches. Mr. Coleman an' myself would be eternally grateful.'

"'I hate electricity,' says I, 'an' rescuing people from live wires don't hold no fascinations for me. I wish I could think of

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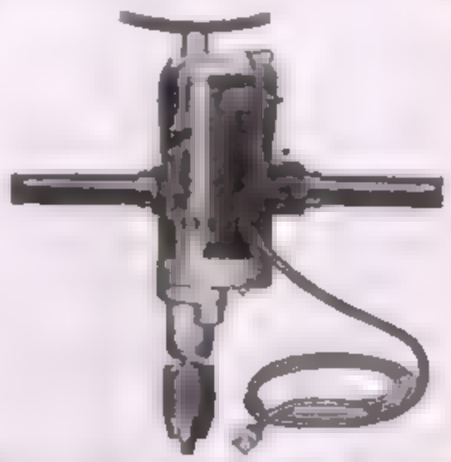

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some way to help you, but I'm kinda dumb tonight.'

"'A remark you made a few moments ago has given me an idea, but it's no good without your assistance.'

"'I always did talk too much,' says I. 'What was the wise crack you refer to?'

"'The one about practicing expression in front of your mirror. Why don't you cut into the game an' take him away from Marjorie?'

"'I haven't got over my last marriage good yet,' answers I. 'So I can't get up no wild enthusiasm over the prospects of another. Besides, what would I do with him if I got him?'

"'You misunderstood me, dear,' says she. 'All I want you to do is to attract his attention, an' while his head is turned your way we'll spirit Marjorie out of his reach.'

"'Thanks for the compliment,' says I. 'I didn't know I looked that much like Cleopatra. You've thought of a very good plan, but there's one question I wanta ast you. When I succeed in attracting his attention who is gonna distract it away from me?'

"'Knowing him as you do there is absolutely no chance of his fascinating you. Lead him on till Marjorie realizes her mistake an' then jilt him.'

"'If I was that good I'd go after a millionaire,' says I.

"'I know one I'll introduce you to after it's all over,' says she.

"'That's conspiracy,' counters I; 'but I'll ponder over it.' An' after those few remarks I went to my dressing room an' took off my things.

"Well, that night I betcha I laid awake till three o'clock in the morning thinking about should I do it or not. I wasn't conceited about my charms or nothing so I realized from the jump what a big job it was gonna be. Attracting a ordinary man's attention wouldn't of worried me at all, but this Louis Albret had took so many postgraduate courses in vamping I was afraid he'd know it was a decoy right away. But that millionaire remark of Mrs. Coleman's kept sticking in my mind. She was a lady, an' I knew she'd keep her promise if I made good.

"Life hadn't been no primrose path to me. It had always been a struggle ever since I was a kid. Four an' five shows a day, singing an' dancing till I couldn't tell which hurt the most, my legs or my throat. An' here was a chance to do somebody a good deed, an' maybe never have to work no more the rest of my life as a reward. Of course I hadn't seen the multi she'd picked out for me, but a man with that much money couldn't be so awful, an' besides some society flapper would get him if I didn't, an' I figured if she could stand him I could too. When I finally went to sleep I dreamed about shimmery evening gowns, diamond necklaces an' steam yachts till the chambermaid woke me up 'cause she had to change the sheets before she went off duty.

"Well, the next day Mrs. C. started the ball to rolling by asting me an' Louis to go riding with 'em. We accepted; an' after burning up about ten gallons of gas we called for Papa Coleman at his office down in Wall Street, an' he took us to dinner at some swell place over on Madison Avenue. They seated me next to Louis at the table, where I could get in some neat handiwork if I wanted to without being observed. But, dearie, Papa Coleman ordered a lotta unpronounceable dishes, an' the waiter give me so many strange implements I spent most of my time watching the others to see which they was gonna operate with, so I hardly had any free moments left for Louis. I laughed at all his jokes, though, an' give him one endearing look over the salad course, so I guess the evening wasn't a bad investment after all."

"What was Marjorie doing while this was going on?" asked Dot.

"She was telling her pa how many bows an' curtain calls she had took at the matinée. That girl certainly learned vaudeville ways fast for a highbrow. Well, the next day I put a little more current into my lamps an' flashed Louis a couple of come-play-wiz-me looks what couldn't be mistaken. He caught 'em both an' wigwagged right back at me. I don't like to talk about myself, dearie, but from then on Marjorie begin to have real competition. Of course he didn't drop her altogether or nothing like that, 'cause Louis was a natural-born flirt, an' keeping two female hearts throbbing at one time was only mild exercise for him. He could of took on three or four more without breaking into no violent perspiration."

"What did Marjorie do when she saw you stalking her game?"

"I wasn't using no megaphone, dearie, so she failed to get wise for quite a while. You see, outside of that one little dinner party her pa gave, she an' Louis only seen each other during their sketch. Mother was always present, an' even if she hadn't been they wouldn't of broadcasted their affections.

"Both of 'em knew what would happen if the old folks caught on, so they played it safe an' was contented with their little fifteen minutes of love-making twice a day. On the other hand, I didn't have no parents or nobody what had to be confused, so me an' Louis could go to it in restaurants, taxicabs or anywhere else. As soon as I was sure I had made some real headway with Louis, I begin to throw out hints about me an' him backstage so Marjorie would be sure an' hear about it. Mrs. C. had been watching me close ever since the day we framed it up, an' from the way she give me smiling nods an' things I knew she was tickled orchid over the way I was engineering my fake romance. Things rocked along like that for about a week; me taking more an' more of Louis' time between shows an' him willing for it to be took. Well, one day while I was standing in the wings watching a dancing act, Marjorie came up, slipped her arm through mine an' whispered, 'You're a trump!'

"'Whatcha mean, I'm a trump?' asts I.

"'The little act you've framed,' says she. 'It's one of the cleverest pieces of work I ever saw.'

"'The booking office likes it,' says I. 'At least they pretends to an' gives me steady work.'

"'Nobody is standing near us,' says she; 'you don't have to camouflage or speak in riddles.'

"'The words you're using is English all right,' says I, 'but their meaning must be Newport or something 'cause I don't get you.'

"'You are modest an' don't want to take credit for what you've done,' says she, beaming on me.

"'Somebody has either been giving you a bum steer or you has a wonderful imagination,' says I.

"'Have it your own way then,' replies she. 'Anyway, everything is all fixed. I'd like for you to go home with me tonight; I want to talk to you.'

"'I'll go,' says I, 'if you'll promise not to converse in no foreign languages.'

"'I promise,' says she. 'Get your make-up off as quickly as possible after the show. Mother an' I will wait for you in the car.'

"Well, dearie, I knew my plans had miscarried somewhere, but I couldn't figure out why Marjorie thought I was such a handful of spades. An' why did she want me to spend the night at her house? Maybe she was gonna have me murdered or something. I racked my brain so hard for answers I did a worse show than my piano player, an' him full of juniper juice too. As soon as my act was over I got outta my things in a jiffy an' into the Colemans' car. Marjorie an' her ma was already there, so as soon as I was tucked in they gave the chauf' his 'Home, James, home' order. Nobody didn't talk much during the trip, but Marjorie seemed awful happy over something an' kept squeezing my hand every chance she got. When we reached their estate, which was up near Riverdale, the butler had a nice lunch all laid out for us. Cold chicken, ham, tongue, veal, asparagus vinaigrette, cheese, beer, ginger ale, sas, tea or coffee. From the way those people served food you wouldn't of thought it cost anything at all. Well, the four of us sat around an' ate an' talked till past midnight an' me nearly burning up with curiosity.

"Finally Mr. C. pulled that old gag about its being time for all good little girls to go to bed, so the party broke up. Mrs. Coleman thought I was gonna occupy one of the guest rooms, but Marjorie insisted that I sleep with her. On the way to daughter's boudoir, bedroom an' bath, her ma give me a peek into her own suite, an', dearie, I never seen anything so gorgeous in my life. It had took us nearly a hour to drive there an' I wondered why they lived so far out, but when I seen how big the rooms was an' what a lotta showy furniture you could get in 'em, I didn't blame the Colemans for not cooping themselves up in no New York apartment with a bed, a chair an' a dresser. Well, the minute me an' Marjorie got in her room an' the door was locked, she told me to make myself comfortable an' drape my perfect thirty-two on the divan. I did.

"'Now,' says she, 'less up.'

"'Before we go any further,' remarks I, 'I wanta remind you of a promise. Riddles is taboo.'

"'All right,' says she. 'I think you're about the finest girl I ever met. I've heard that stage people had big hearts, but I never knew before how wonderful they really are. Not a girl in my set would have done for me what you have, an' you're almost a stranger. Why have you been so kind?'

"'Oh, just because,' says I, stalling.

"'Come clean, Madeline,' said she. 'You noticed that mother was suspicious, an' you started your fake love affair with Louis to throw her off the track an' give us a chance to perfect our plans.'

"'Not exactly,' says I; 'but it was something like that.'

"'Well, it worked beautifully,' remarked Marjorie. 'Mother was so sure that you had won him she even stopped talking about his fickleness.'

"'Ain't that nice?' says I. 'Louis has been telling you things. How did he give you all this information?'

"'By mail, addressed care of the theater. My maid got the letters an' gave them to me when no one was looking. It's nearly one o'clock,' continued she, looking at her wrist watch, 'an' I better begin getting dressed.'

"'For what?' asts I, in a daze.

"'We're going to elope tonight,' says she, 'an' I have to pack a bag.'

"'Don't spring all the excitement at once, my heart is weak,' exclaims I. 'What time does this elopement take place?'

"'Two o'clock,' answers she. 'He'll whistle an' I'll signal from this window with a handkerchief. Then I'll slip out of the house an' away to romance.'

"'Then you brought me along tonight, I guess, so there would be somebody to break the glad tidings in the morning. What was the use of dragging me all the way out here for a little thing like that? You could of pinned a note on your pillow or something.'

"'You've been such a dear,' said Marjorie, 'I knew you wouldn't mind helping me just a little more, as long as it was still in character.'

"'I'll be in something worse than that in the morning,' says I. 'What do you want me to do now—chloroform your ma and pa or hold a bulldog's mouth shut to keep him from barking at Louis?'

"'You won't have to do a thing,' says she. 'Your presence is the blind. My parents couldn't possibly suspect an elopement with you spending the night here.'

"'You're wasting your time, Marjorie,' says I. 'You should ought to be writing movie plots or detective stories. But your plans won't do you no good 'cause I'm going right down an' tell your ma.'

"'No, you're not,' says she, smiling. 'I'm a great reader of human nature an' it isn't in you to squeal on a pal. Besides, I've already decided what I'm going to give you as a reward when Louis an' myself get back tomorrow.'

"'I can't be bribed,' says I.

"'Certainly you can't,' says she, 'but you can accept a good-will offering. Now come on an' help me pack the bag. My pajamas are in the middle dresser drawer.'

"Well, dearie, I didn't know what to do, so in order to gain time I helped her. All the while, though, I was begging her not to do it. Finally we got the bag ready an' she changed her clothes. We wasn't much too soon 'cause just then we heard a low whistle which sounded like it came from the driveway. Marjorie run to the window, all a-flutter, an' waved 'All right' with her hanky, as per agreement. Right then my brain begin to hit on all six. As Marjorie turned around I threw a scarf over her head with one hand an' pinned her arms with the other. I had seen people bound an' gagged so often in pictures I knew how it was done, so it wasn't so awful much trouble to lay her out.

"She give me a fight, though, an' left a few scratches on my face an' neck. When I seen the gag was in her mouth good, so she couldn't scream, an' her ankles an' wrists tightly bound, I dragged her over to the couch an' laid her on it. It didn't take me long to slip into the dress she had worn that day, jam one of her hats on my boyish bob, an' drape a veil over my face. Then I picked up her bag, unlocked the door an' started out on a little adventure myself."

"I betcha if looks could burn, your back would of been a cinder before you got out," said Dot.

"Knowing what happened to Lot's wife I didn't take no chances, dearie. On my way to Louis an' trouble, I knocked at Mrs. Coleman's door an' told her not to get excited or nothing, but it might not be a bad idea for her to go to Marjorie's room in a few minutes with a bottle of witch hazel. The house was all dark, but I managed to get out somehow to where Louis was waiting in his sporty roadster. I give his arm a little loving pinch an' put my finger to my lips so he wouldn't expect me to speak or nothing. As soon as I snuggled in beside him he stepped on the gas an' away we went."

"How long was it before he found out?" eagerly asked Dot.

"About five miles, dearie, an' he wouldn't of known it then only he nearly run over a dog an' I screamed. The minute he heard my voice he recognized it. Slowing up the car he turned to me an' said, 'Madeline Vancastle, I've known for a long time that you were a great comédienne, also a song bird an' a flirt, but when did you start doing impersonations?'

"'A little while ago,' chirped I. 'I bound an' gagged the original to save her from a wicked sheik. Turn around, Louis, an' drive back to town; the curtain is down.'

"'Isn't the moon beautiful tonight?' says he.

"'Uh-huh,' answered I. 'Well, why don't you turn back like I ast you?'

"'Just you an' I an' the starry sky,' says he, an' then he looked at me outta those soulful eyes of his. Well, there wasn't nobody to turn the current off, so by the time we reached Greenwich, or some other little place like that, I was under a worse spell than Ben Bolt.

"We woke up the license clerk an' a justice of the peace who pronounced the fatal words an' then we drove back to town, still moon crazy. The next afternoon we announced it at the theater an' Marjorie quit the act cold, throwing Louis outta a job. Mrs. Coleman thanked me over an' over again, also she handed me this diamond bracelet."

"How long did you an' Louis stay hitched?" asked Dot.

"I just told you I left school early an' wasn't good at arithmetic. Well, dearie, I ain't no better at fractions."

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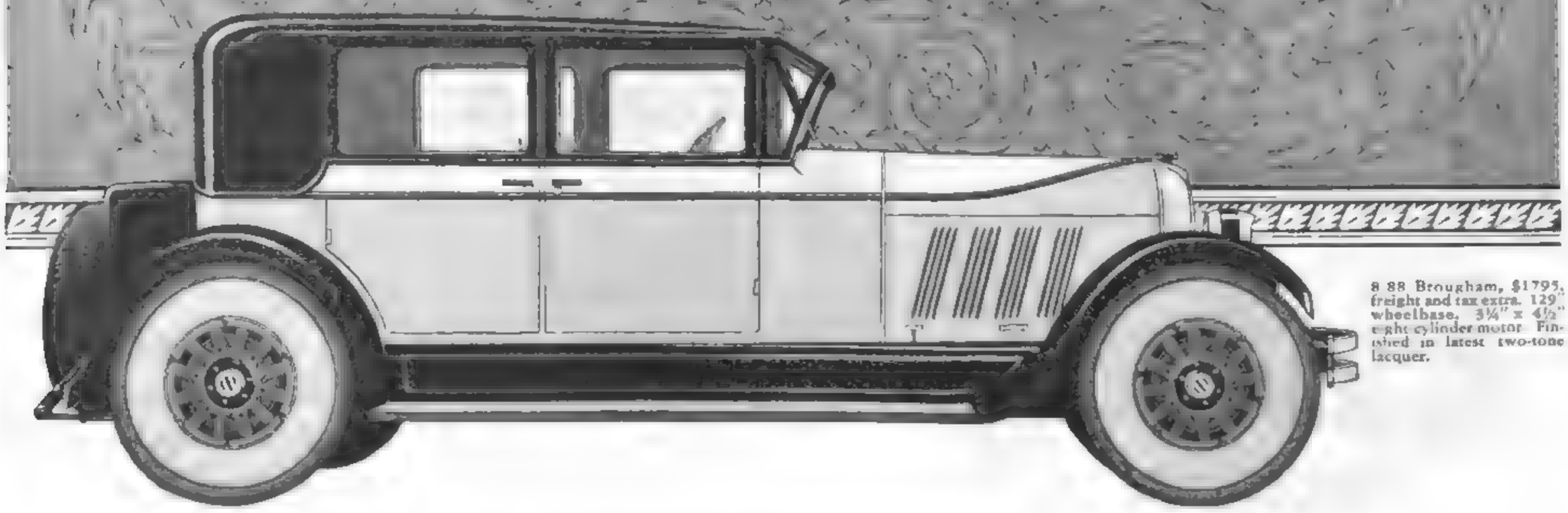

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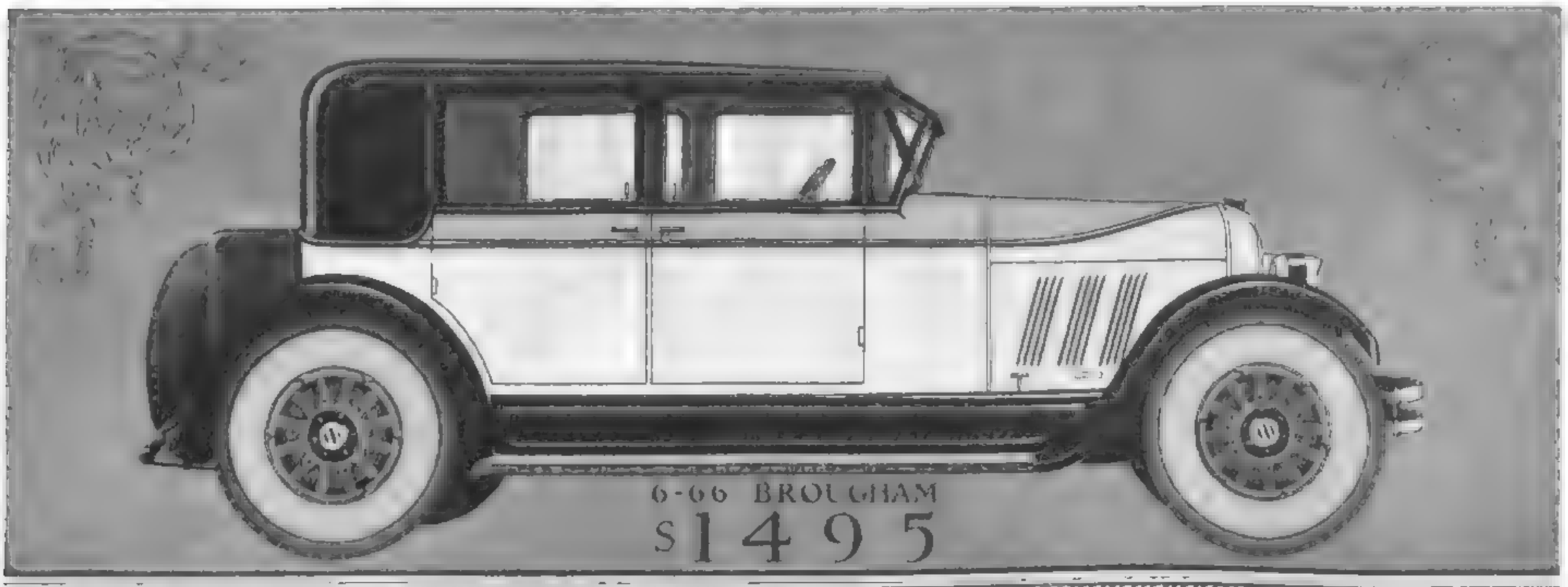

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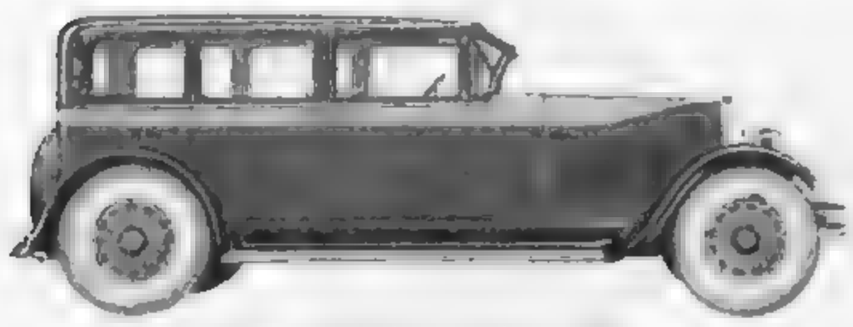

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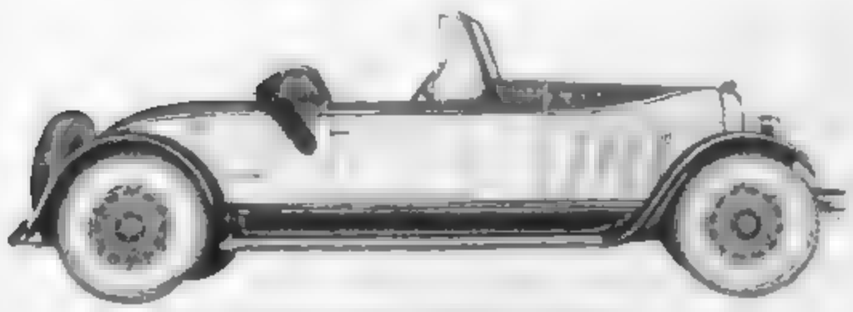

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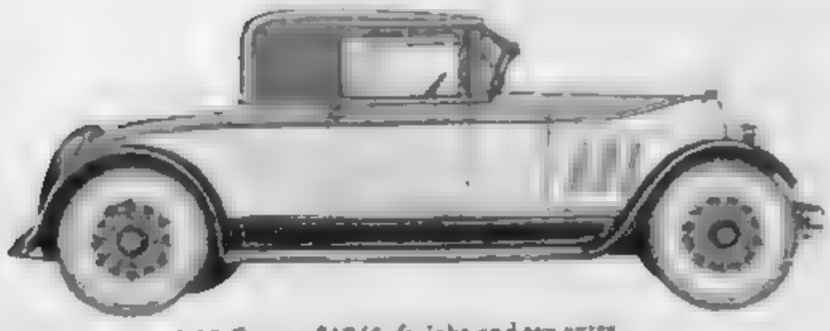

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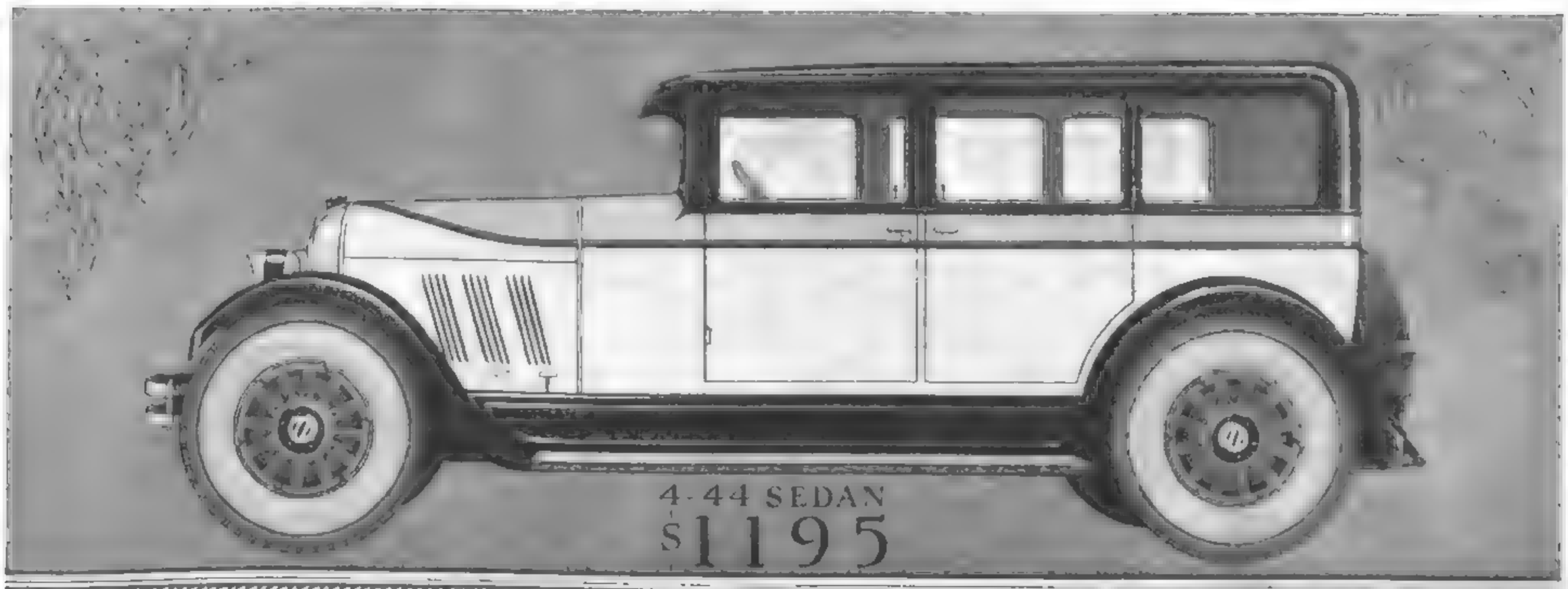

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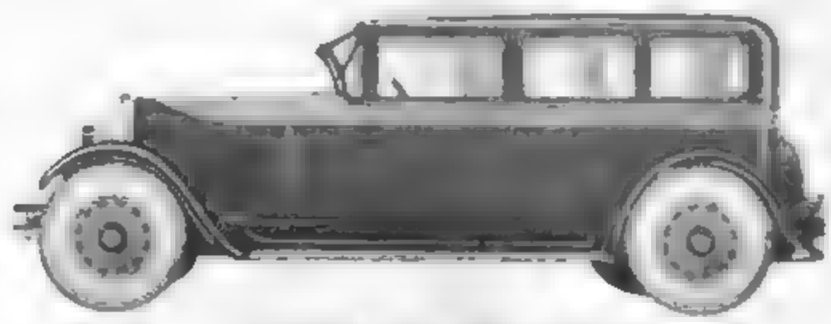

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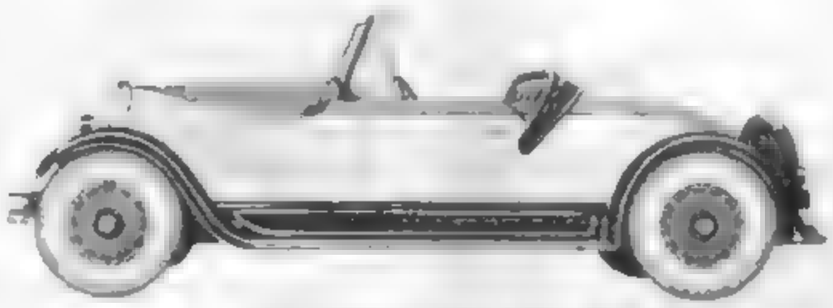

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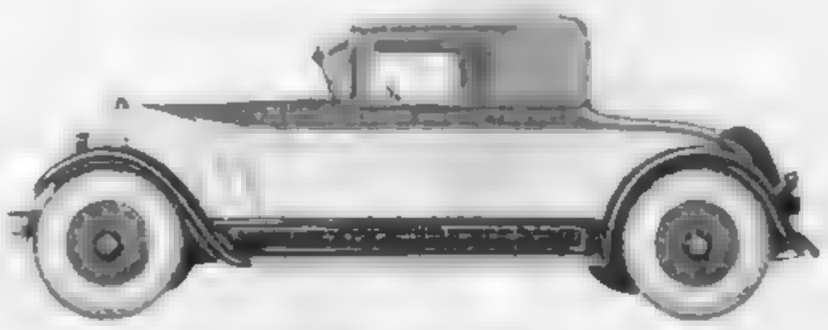

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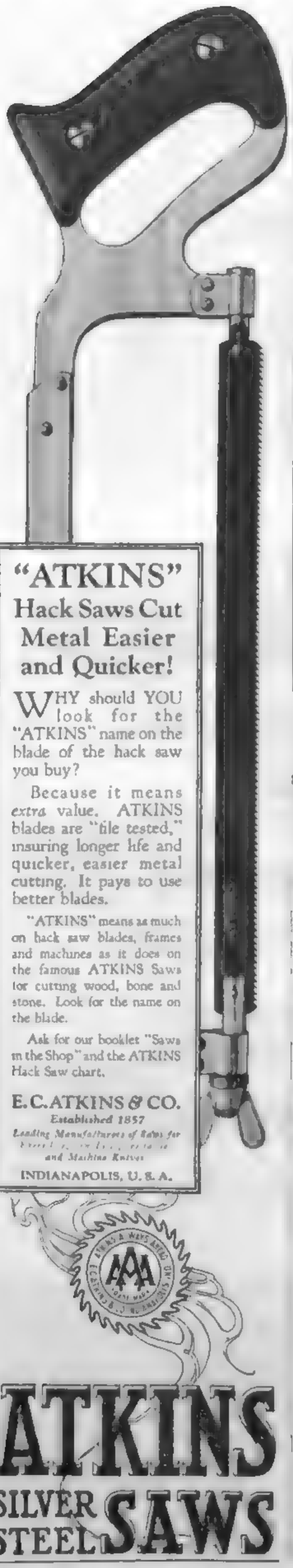
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THE WHOLE CASE OF THE WORLD COURT OF JUSTICE

(Continued from Page 43)

The Historical Résumé traced the development in the United States of the idea of international conciliation and the abolition of war from the resolution of the Senate of Massachusetts of February, 1832, that "some mode should be established for the amicable and final adjustment of all international disputes instead of resorting to war," down to President McKinley's Inaugural Address of March 4, 1897, in which he said: "Arbitration is the true method of settlement of international as well as local or individual differences"; ending with a reference to the Arbitration Treaty of 1893 with Great Britain—then before the Senate for ratification—as follows:

"Since this treaty is clearly the result of our own initiative, since it has been recognized as the leading feature of our foreign policy throughout our entire national history . . . I respectfully urge the early action of the Senate thereon, not merely as a matter of policy, but as a duty to mankind. . . . It may well engage the best thought of the statesmen and people of every country, and I cannot but consider it fortunate that it was reserved to the United States to have the leadership in so grand a work."

The Plan for an International Tribunal, conceived in the form of a resolution to be introduced at the Conference, if the occasion seemed opportune, was, I believe, the first official plan for an international court of justice, as distinguished from voluntary arbitration, ever made. It provided for judges learned in international law, instead of arbitrators acting under a *compromis* submitted to them; the court was to have a permanent existence, and was empowered to fix its place and time of session; and the nations creating and maintaining the court, which was to be open to all, were to agree mutually "to submit to the international tribunal all questions of disagreement between them, excepting such as may relate to or involve their political independence or territorial integrity."

The Conferences at The Hague

The First Conference at The Hague, held from May 17 to July 29, 1899, was a timid body, convoked under circumstances of distrust and suspicion, and dominated by diplomatic rather than judicial influences. Notwithstanding these impediments, the Conference was saved from entire sterility by a final act which embodied many forward steps toward international conciliation.

"On the assembling of the Conference," says the report of the American delegates—see Instructions and Reports, p. 22—of which the late Honorable Andrew D. White was the chairman, "feeling regarding the establishment of an actual permanent tribunal was chaotic, with little or no apparent tendency to crystallize into any satisfactory institution. . . . The American plan contained a carefully devised project for such a tribunal, which differed from that adopted mainly in contemplating a tribunal capable of meeting in full bench and permanent in the exercise of its functions, like the Supreme Court of the United States." The plan actually adopted provided only for a panel of judges, each chosen by its own government, subject to call whenever any two or more governments voluntarily agreed to arbitrate a difference between them, and bearing the title The Permanent Court of Arbitration. Judges from this panel were convened between 1902 and 1912 for the successful settlement of fourteen cases, of which the first was the Pious Fund Case between the United States and Mexico.

Although it was found impossible in 1899 to organize an international tribunal composed of permanent judges, elected on equal terms, and having jurisdiction over all international law cases, the aim of which should be a decision according to law, and not mere adjustment and accommodation—in short the application of accepted principles of justice and not compromise—at the Second Hague Conference, which met from June 15 to October 18, 1907, the original purpose of the Government of the United States was not abandoned.

On October 21, 1904, in announcing the American initiative for the Second Conference at The Hague, Secretary Hay intimated that "its efforts would naturally lie in the direction of further codification of the universal ideas of right and justice which we call international law"—the essential precondition of a real court of legal justice—adding that "its mission would be to give them future effect." [American Instructions, as before, p. 61.]

In his instructions to the American delegates to the Second Conference, May 31, 1907, the Honorable Elihu Root, the Secretary of State, uttered the following words of caution:

"The policy of the United States to avoid entangling alliances and to refrain from any interference or participation in the political affairs of Europe must be kept in mind, and may impose upon you some degree of reserve in respect of some of the questions which are discussed by the Conference."

He then recalled to the attention of the delegates the following words with which the American delegates to the First Conference had accompanied their votes:

"That the United States, in so doing, does not express any opinion as to the course to be taken by the states of Europe. This declaration is not meant to indicate mere indifference to a difficult problem because it does not affect the United States immediately, but expresses a determination to refrain from enunciating opinions upon matters into which, as concerning Europe alone, the United States has no claim to enter."

Mr. Root further cites the following declaration made by the American delegates to the First Conference:

"Nothing contained in this Convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with or entangling itself in the political questions or policy or internal administration of any foreign state; nor shall anything contained in the said Convention be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions."

"These declarations," he says in these instructions, "have received the approval of this Government, and they should be regarded by you as illustrating the caution which you are to exercise in preventing our participation in matters of general and world-wide concern from drawing us into the political affairs of Europe."

Having thus forewarned the delegates with regard to abstention from every merely political question, Secretary Root reverted to the idea of an international court of justice in the following terms:

"It should be your effort to bring about in the Second Conference a development of The Hague tribunal into a permanent tribunal composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupation, and who will devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility. . . . The court should be made of such dignity, consideration and rank that the best and ablest jurists will accept appointment to it, and that the whole world will have absolute confidence in its judgments."

In pursuance of this instruction, the American delegation to the Second Conference assisted actively in the further advancement of the procedure to be employed in the already existing tribunal of arbitration and the conventions aiming at the improvement of international law, but labored assiduously for the establishment of an International Prize Court, which finally took the form of a convention, and led the Conference in favoring a Court of Arbitral Justice, a project which reached only the stage of the following resolution:

"The Conference recommends to the signatory Powers the adoption of the project hereunto annexed, of a Convention for the establishment of a Court of Arbitral Justice and its putting in effect as soon as an accord shall be reached upon the choice of the judges and the constitution of the Court."

This project has never become effective; but it is important to note that, in the terms of the report signed by the Honorable Joseph H. Choate, as chairman of the American delegation, it was not intended to be submitted as a mere "plan or a model, but for adoption as the organic act of the Court"; which "goes forth not only with the approval of the Conference, but as a solemn act adopted by it." But one essential step was still left to be taken—the selection of the judges.

The War and the League

The Third Conference at The Hague, provided for at the final sessions of the Second Conference, was never convoked. At the date when it was due to be convoked, 1915, the World War was at its full tide. A recurrence to arms, long preparing, which it had been hoped to avert, was asserting the sovereign will of power against the loyalties and the decencies of right. It is unnecessary here to dwell upon the holocaust of blood and fire that devastated the invaded lands and assaulted peaceful commerce on the sea.

Our problem now is peace; if possible, peace through justice.

It was difficult amidst the devastations of war, which demanded reparation, even to discuss the problem of permanent peace. At Paris, in 1919, the only peace possible was a peace of victory, and the Treaty of Versailles was the result. The break with the traditions and the achievements of The Hague was complete. The end in view at that time was to enforce the peace by the means that had obtained victory—armed force.

Part I of the Treaty of Versailles organized for this purpose the League of Nations, under a written constitution intended to supersede all previously existing international arrangements. Its controlling idea was the substitution of the forceful control of nations in place of their voluntary obedience to law. The center of gravity of this system was to be the Council of the League, under the administration of the great powers, not a court of international justice. The Honorable Elihu Root complained at the time:

"The scheme practically abandons all effort to promote or maintain anything like a system of international law or a system of arbitration, or of judicial settlement, through which a nation can assert its legal rights in lieu of war. It is true that Article 13 mentions arbitration and makes the parties agree that whenever a dispute arises

(Continued on Page 165)

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by MYRON E. FORBES, *President, The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company*

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We are proud to have been one of these guiding influences in this industry—an industry that has re-shaped the habits of a nation. We are proud of these broad-visioned competitors of ours, each of whom has contributed generously and unfailingly toward its upbuilding and success.

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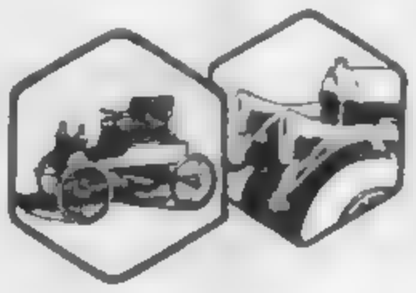
Since the beginning, Pierce-Arrow craftsmen have sought to create the utmost in quality, the zenith of motor car value. To these men honor for Pierce-Arrow success is due.

On the occasion of this, its twenty-fifth anniversary, Pierce-Arrow pledges itself to produce even finer cars—to create even greater values.



(Continued from Page 162)

which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration they will submit it to a court 'agreed upon by the parties.' That, however, is merely an agreement to arbitrate when the parties choose to arbitrate, and it is therefore no agreement at all. It puts the whole subject of arbitration back where it was twenty-five years ago.

"Instead of perfecting and putting teeth into the system of arbitration provided for by the Hague Conventions, it throws those conventions upon the scrap heap. By covering the ground of arbitration and prescribing a new test of obligation it apparently, by virtue of the provisions of Article 25, abrogates all the 200 treaties of arbitration by which the nations of the world have bound themselves with each other to submit to arbitration all questions arising under international law or upon the interpretation of treaties.

"It is to be observed that neither the Executive Council nor the Body of Delegates to whom disputes are to be submitted under Article 15 of the agreement is in any sense whatever a judicial body or an arbitral body. Its function is not to decide upon anybody's right.

"This is a method very admirable for dealing with political questions; but it is wholly unsuited to the determination of questions of right under the Law of Nations."

Clearly, after what Secretary Root had declared in his instructions to the delegates to the Second Hague Conference regarding abstention from the political affairs of Europe, he and those who thought with him could not advise the acceptance by the United States of the obligations of this League. A long debate followed in the Senate and by the press upon the question of ratifying the Treaty of Versailles, in which the Covenant of the League of Nations was the chief object of attack; and a decision was reached in the United States, and it has since been confirmed by two presidential elections, not to accept membership in the League of Nations. As a consequence, instead of ratifying any portion of the Treaty of Versailles, a separate peace was made with the powers with which the United States had been at war.

The League's Court

From the beginning of the peace negotiations at Paris it was made evident, through the efforts of certain powers that had not wholly abandoned their faith in institutions of justice, that some provision must be made for determining questions of international law and justice, without leaving all decisions to the Council of the League, as authorized by Articles 11 and 16 of the Covenant. Mr. Root, as we have seen, was one of the first to voice this necessity.

In President Wilson's original corrected draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations—see Lodge, The Senate and the League of Nations, Scribner's, pp. 103–117—there was no suggestion of a permanent court of international justice, nor any reference to the then existing Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. It was the Council of the League which was to judge, to decide and to rule. It was not long, however, before the idea of a court was brought to attention. Mr. Root's sharp criticism, already quoted: "Instead of perfecting and putting teeth into the system of arbitration provided for by the Hague Conferences, it throws those conventions upon the scrap heap," could not be resisted. Accordingly, in order to make provision for a court in the Covenant, Article 14 was framed as an amendment in the following terms:

"The Council shall formulate and submit to the Members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly."

The plans for the establishment of the Permanent Court of International Justice, it should be noted, were to be formulated by the Council of the League, and submitted to no others than the members of the League. The Court was to have no compulsory jurisdiction, but was to serve as the adviser of the League regarding its legal rights; thus making it not only "the judicial organ of the League of Nations" but also its legal counsel—"a most essential part of the organization of the League of Nations." [Official Journal of the League, March, 1920, pp. 37–38.]

Article 14 having been thus introduced as an amendment of the original draft of the Covenant, Mr. Root further proposed the addition to this article:

"The Executive Council shall call a general conference of the Powers to meet not less than two years or more than five years after the signing of this convention for the purpose of reviewing the condition of international law, and of agreeing upon and stating in authoritative form the principles and rules thereof.

"Thereafter regular conferences for that purpose shall be called and held at stated times."

This proposal, though supported later, as we shall see, by the Commission of Jurists in their report to the Council of the League on the Statute of the Court, was not adopted.

Pursuant to Article 14, as it stands, on February 13, 1920, the Council of the League invited the aid of a commission to prepare a report on the organization of the court—The Project of a Permanent Court of International Justice and Resolutions of the Advisory Committee of Jurists, by James Brown Scott, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Washington, D. C. Of the twelve members of this commission all were nationals of states that were members of the League of Nations, with the exception of the Honorable Elihu Root. The invitation extended to Mr. Root, then not engaged in any public office, was a tribute to his high character as a jurist and in recognition of his interest in the subject.

In the letter of invitation extended to these twelve jurists assurance is given that the proposed court "is a most essential part of the organization of the League of Nations." [Official Journal, March, 1920, pp. 37–38.]

On June 16, 1920, this commission met at The Hague to prepare the project of the court. It was fitting that Monsieur Leon Bourgeois, an eminent French statesman who had served as first delegate at the First and Second Hague Conferences, should be chosen to state the object of the commission.

"The recollection of those conferences," said Monsieur Bourgeois, "can never pass from the memory of those who had the honor, and there are some of them amongst you, to take part in them. It would be unjust to allow those first steps in the organization of justice to be forgotten."

It was natural that Mr. Root, who had instructed the American delegates in 1907 to propose an international court of Justice, should recall to the attention of the commission the endeavors of the Second Hague Conference in this direction by proposing the following resolution:

"That the commission adopt as the basis for consideration of the subject referred to it the Acts and Resolutions of the Second Peace Conference at The Hague in the year 1907."

Although other plans of organization were presented for discussion, the work of this Commission of Jurists was unquestionably, so far as the commission itself is concerned, intended to be linked on as a continuation of the achievements of the Hague Conferences, to which it rendered distinct homage as having "prepared with exceptional authority the solution of the problem of the organization of a court of international justice."

The Statute of the Court

The proceedings of the Commission of Jurists in preparing the Statute of the Court, which defines its organization and fixes its authority, are given with sufficient fullness in the work of Doctor Scott last cited. It was understood, of course, that the commission was invited to prepare a statute for a court to be established by the League of Nations alone, and the details of the plan are a result of this limitation. This fact rendered possible the solution by the commission of certain problems which it had been found difficult to solve. The Court of Arbitral Justice proposed by the Second Hague Conference had met what at the time was felt to be an insurmountable obstacle. The great powers had refused to accord to the small powers an equal voice in the election of judges. The organization of the League of Nations offered a means of overcoming this obstacle. The Council included all the great powers, with a minority of the small powers, though in the Assembly all had equal representation. This suggested to Mr. Root the idea that it might prove acceptable if those judges, and those judges only, upon whom both bodies, voting separately, could agree, were to be chosen to constitute the court. The organization of the American Congress served as an illustration of how the interests of the small states could be safeguarded by a small body, like the United States Senate, and the interests of all the states by a large body, like the House of Representatives, in which the large states would have a more numerous representation.

Though it is obvious that there is in fact no analogy between the Council and the Senate, most of the small nations having no permanent representation in the Council, the idea of two separate bodies appeared to the commission to afford a solution of the problem, and it was recommended:

"Article 3. That the Court shall consist of 15 members: 11 judges and 4 deputy judges. The number of judges and deputy judges may be hereafter increased by the Assembly, upon the proposal of the Council of the League of Nations, to a total of 15 judges and 6 deputy judges.

"Article 4. The members of the Court shall be elected by the Assembly and the Council from a list of persons nominated by the national groups in the Court of Arbitration, in accordance with the following provisions:

"Article 5. At least three months before the date of the election, the Secretary-General of the League of Nations shall address a written request to the members of the Court of Arbitration, belonging to the States mentioned in the Annex to the Covenant or to the States which shall have joined the League subsequently, inviting them to undertake, by national groups, the nomination of persons in a position to accept the duties of a member of the Court."

[The Project of a Permanent Court of International Justice and Resolutions of the Advisory Committee of Jurists, by James Brown Scott, Carnegie Endowment, 1920, p. 150.]

By this device, it was believed by the commission, the problem of the election of judges could be satisfactorily solved. Article 10 of the Project and the Statute of the Court as adopted therefore read: "Those candidates who obtain an absolute majority of votes in the Assembly and the Council shall be considered as elected."

It should be noted that, as this court was to be exclusively the court of the League, to which only members of the League were eligible, no general provision was made in the Project for the adherence of any state not a member of the League. It was not contemplated at that time that any state not a signatory to the Treaty of Versailles would ever be eligible to vote for the judges of this court; hence the right of election was confined absolutely to the Council and the Assembly of the League as the electoral bodies.

It should not be forgotten that in the summer of 1920, while the Commission of Jurists was sitting at The Hague elaborating a project for the League's Court, the position of the United States of America in regard to the League was not yet defined. President Wilson, "in his own name and by his own authority," had signed the Treaty of Versailles, the first part of which consisted of the Covenant of the League of Nations, but the Senate had declined to ratify the treaty. A presidential election was pending, the issue of which might, and did, determine the ultimate attitude of the Government of the United States toward the League. The presence of Mr. Root in the Commission of Jurists was not official. He was there, by invitation of the Council of the League, as a jurist of distinction and not as a public officer. Hence it happened that the United States, although referred to in the Protocol as "mentioned in the Annex"—the vestibule to the League, being a list of the states that had signed but not ratified the treaty—was not in any sense a participant in the preparation of the project for a court which, with modifications made by the Council of the League, eventually became the League's Permanent Court of International Justice.

It is unnecessary in this place to analyze in detail the Statute of the Court, and it is even less necessary to pass any criticisms upon it. It was prepared by capable men for a specific purpose—namely, to constitute a court for the League of Nations, which aimed to become the organized Society of Nations for the entire world, excluding from that society those nations which would not assume the obligations of the League.

The United States, by its refusal to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, voluntarily placed itself in this latter class. Whatever may be the attitude of parties and individuals on this subject, the Government of the United States has at present no legitimate place in what is called "the Annex," in which it is mentioned as an expectant member of the League of Nations; for whatever privilege that mention may confer has thus far been respectfully declined; first, by a refusal to ratify the treaty to which it relates; and, secondly, by the negotiation and ratification of separate treaties with the Central Powers, which render a future ratification of that treaty superfluous and improbable.

It is of interest to note that the recommendation, unanimously adopted by the Commission of Jurists, which the American member deemed of most importance, and which had in substance been sent to Paris from Washington with the strong indorsement of American jurists at the time when the Treaty of Versailles was in process of negotiation, was wholly disregarded by the Council of the League, as it had been in the negotiations at Paris. The recommendation is as follows:

"The Advisory Committee of Jurists, assembled at The Hague to draft a plan for a Permanent Court of International Justice,

"Convinced that the security of States and the well-being of peoples urgently require the extension of the empire of law and the development of all international agencies for the administration of justice,

"Recommends:

"1. That a new conference of the nations in continuation of the first two conferences at The Hague be held as soon as practicable, for the following purposes.

"1. To restate the established rules of international law; especially, and in the first instance, in the fields affected by the events of the recent war.

"2. To formulate and agree upon the amendments and additions, if any, to the rules of international law shown to be necessary or useful by the events of the war

(Continued on Page 169)

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NEW YORK—Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace, space A-2; Commodore Hotel, 42nd St., at Pershing Square; Colt-Stewart Company, [illegible] Broadway at 57th St
ATLANTA—Harry Sommers, Inc., 302 Spring Street.
BALTIMORE—Fidelity Motors Co., Cathedral Street and Mt. Royal Ave.
BOSTON—C. E. Fay Co., 730 Commonwealth Ave.
BROOKLYN—The Simons Motor Sales Co., Inc., 1425 Bedford Ave
BUFFALO—Edward H. Baker Corp., 1164-1170 Main St.
CHICAGO—R. H. Collins Automobile Co., 2000 South Michigan Avenue
CLEVELAND—The Walter F. Wright Co., 5300 Prospect Avenue.
DALLAS—William Morriss, 903 South Ervay St.
DENVER—Cullen Thompson Motor Co., 1437 Cleveland Place.
DETROIT—John H. Thompson Co., 4445 Cass Ave.
INDIANAPOLIS—Conduitt Automobile Co., 950 Meridian St. North.
JACKSONVILLE—Mangels-Kirby Co., 510 West Forsyth Street
KANSAS CITY—Missouri Valley Auto Co., Grand Ave. at 26th Street.
LOS ANGELES—Greer-Robbins, 1144 So. Flower Street.
MIAMI—Everglades Motors, Inc., North Miami Ave. at 13th St.
MILWAUKEE—Clark Motor Co., 144 Broadway
MINNEAPOLIS—Holt Motor Co., 1301 Hennepin Avenue
NEWARK—De Cosen Motor Co., 1226 Broad St.
NEW ORLEANS—Motor Sales & Service, Inc., 1742 St. Charles Avenue.
OMAHA—Andrew Murphy & Son, Inc., 1402 Jackson Street.
PHILADELPHIA—DeBeer Motor Car Co., 219 N. Broad St.
PITTSBURGH—Samson Motor Co., Baum Boulevard at Melwood.
PORTLAND—Chase Garfield Motor Co., 648 Alder Street
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SAN FRANCISCO—George Campe, Inc., 1230 Van Ness Avenue.
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In bakers' bread the year around

Sun-Maid raisins that gave such goodness to your holiday foods

Here's a part of the holidays you can call back now, that spreads Christmas cheer through fifty-two weeks.

It's the flavor you found in those luscious mince pies, in plum puddings and fruit cake—the flavor of Sun-Maid raisins.

The better bakers everywhere get it in their Raisin Bread the year around—the identical goodness because they use the very same raisins, and Sun-Maid quality never varies. Every day they bake this treat for you, and *special* on Wednesdays.

Give your grocer or baker an order for a loaf from next week's special baking and then on Thursday morning, if there's any left, have Raisin Bread *toasted*.

Or better yet, as thousands do, get an extra loaf to be sure of having some to toast. It is truly delicious.

FOR BREAKFAST FOR LUNCHEON FOR AFTERNOON TEA *Toast it!*

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

(Continued from Page 165)

and the changes in the conditions of international life and intercourse which have followed the war.

"3. To endeavor to reconcile divergent views and secure general agreement upon the rules which have been in dispute heretofore.

"4. To consider the subjects not now adequately regulated by international law, but as to which the interests of international justice require that rules of law shall be declared and accepted.

"II. That the Institute of International Law, the American Institute of International Law, the Union Juridique Internationale, the International Law Association and the Iberian Institute of Comparative Law be invited to prepare with such conference or collaboration *inter se*, as they may deem useful, projects for the work of the Conference to be submitted beforehand to the several Governments and laid before the Conference for its consideration and such action as it may find suitable.

"III. That the Conference be named Conference for the Advancement of International Law.

"IV. That this Conference be followed by further successive conferences at stated intervals to continue the work left unfinished."

The most hopeful sign in the development of the League of Nations as an organization for peace had been its consent to turn again to the jurists for aid and counsel in making the League an organ for justice instead of an organ for the armed enforcement of peace, which it was originally planned to be. It was therefore disappointing when, having received this aid and counsel, the Council of the League, disregarding this advice, manifested a disposition to appropriate the court entirely as an auxiliary of the League, a political and military alliance, free to exercise its own authority under its own rules, as provided for in Article 20 of the Covenant, which, in the following terms, assumes to render null and void all engagements inconsistent with the obligations of the League:

"The members of the League severally agree that this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof."

The Court and the Law

The manifest reluctance on the part of the League of Nations to pursue the further development of international law along juristic lines, as proposed by the Commission of Jurists, quite naturally raises the question: By what law are the decisions of the Permanent Court of International Justice to be governed?

The Court, created under the Covenant by the League of Nations, chosen and maintained by the League, will certainly not repudiate any portion of this charter from which it derives its being, and which therefore is its fundamental law; and if it is its fundamental law, then the judges of this Court are bound to hold that no law inconsistent with the terms of the Covenant of the League of Nations can be binding upon states that have accepted Article 20 of this Covenant.

It results therefore that the law applied by the Permanent Court of International Justice will be primarily the engagements of the Covenant, as understood by the judges, with such application to states not members of the League as may seem to them appropriate.

The future growth of international law, from the point of view of the League, is not to be determined by the free acts of governments under the advice of jurists, in the form of general laws to be ratified by legislative bodies, as proposed by the Commission of Jurists, but by the decisions of the Court itself, as from time to time it may pronounce judgment upon the cases brought before it.

It may no doubt be said that the common law in certain countries has grown up in this manner by judicial decision, and that therefore it would be in harmony with that system that international law also should grow in the same manner.

This observation overlooks two important considerations:

1. That municipal judges derive their authority from the sovereignty of the state in which they act, while in the field of international legislation there is no single sovereignty from which that authority is derived; so that it is absurd, as Mr. Root has pointed out, to assert that a French judge may create the law for Italy or an Italian judge for France. 2. That the Supreme Court of the United States, for example, does not make the law, but only declares what, under the limitations of the Constitution, the law made by our legislative bodies actually is. Were the Court of International Justice restrained by no law, and were it free to declare to be law its own decisions, however just these might be, the Court would possess and exercise an unlimited universal sovereign power superior to that of any single state, and even to that of all the states combined, if they were under obligation to obey it.

It is therefore only by framing projects of law which may be accepted and ratified by the legislative bodies of sovereign states to which the law is to be applied—that is, by their previous consent—that international law can grow and at the same time possess real and undisputed authority.

Some inkling of this seems at last to have dawned upon the Council of the League of Nations, which already has become aware that it must adjust its policies to the demands of self-governing nations; with the result that, despite the rejection of the chief recommendation of the Commission of Jurists, it has announced its determination itself to supervise the codification of international law; quite plainly taking care that the process does not proceed so far as to affect any matter which is vital to the interests of the League, such as its own right to make war to enforce peace or to impose it upon unwilling states.

The Cause of Justice and the Cause of Peace

More and more, with the passing of events, it is made clear that the cause of justice and the cause of peace are not identical. There may be peace without

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If you prefer, your dealer can offer you this Sonora Radio Speaker separately—in standard, console or highboy models.

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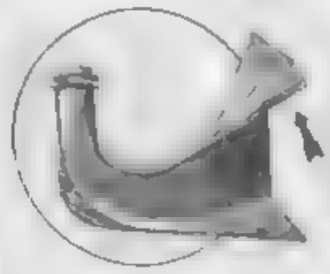

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justice. The aim of a world court of justice is not peace alone; it is peace with justice; or, more precisely, it is justice, from which alone peace can be assured.

There are many human interests besides justice which are served by peace, and therefore there exist many reasons why peace is sometimes preferred to justice from the hand of power. A court of justice is distinguished from a tribunal of compromise chiefly by the fact that its decisions are in accordance with a rule of law.

The great task therefore in the development of a world court of justice is not so much the mechanical organization of a body of men to judge and decide questions of disagreement, as previous general agreements on the part of the nations of the world as to what the matured opinion of mankind considers just in the intercourse of nations. This, as the Commission of Jurists saw it, is the great problem to be solved, and they recommended a definite method of solving it.

This method opens before us a vast vista of future endeavor. It will not satisfy our consciences to win a temporary and fruitless triumph, setting up an impotent court before which a wronged nation cannot bring its adversary, and then, with folded hands, to say, "Now we have created a court; let the court do the rest."

We shall, however, make no progress toward the goal if we decline to approve of steps in advance already taken, because they have not gone the whole distance.

In the Permanent Court of International Justice established by the League of Nations we have an accomplished fact. The court, such as it is, exists. It is probable that, in some modified form, it is the only Court of International Justice that can rally to its support so many sovereign states.

The question is pressing upon us therefore: What shall be the attitude of the United States toward this court? Something already accomplished is now before us. We have followed in outline the course of its preparation. There remains to be considered the statement of the problem to which it has given rise and of its solutions as these are presented to us at the present time.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Hill. The second will appear next week.

FROM THE DIARY OF A DRAMATIST

(Continued from Page 25)

biggest girls and bits of rock and trees, and when you 'ear something rising from the chorus that'll lift you up to heaven, it'll be me." It was no exaggeration. She had the voice of a lark. The verdict was "My office. Three o'clock." As she went out she nodded, and I knew that she was saying, "There y'are, y'see."

I went up to a girl who, it seemed to me, looked strangely like a fish out of water in that atmosphere and who, when tried, sang with a cultivated voice and an educated enunciation. She was well and quietly dressed, and although not strikingly pretty was very nice-looking and with an imperturbable air. Her place was in Bond Street on a shopping expedition or riding in the Row. She laughed when I asked her what she was doing in that *galère* and her answer was perfectly frank.

The Bored Butterfly

"I'm quite fed up with what the papers call refinement," she said. "I'm out for a little fun. The dreary round of semisociety among the wives of new knights and the daughters of successful doctors is a frightfully boring business after one's had it all one's life. It's rather exciting"—the same old word—"to be herded into ill-ventilated dressing rooms at the top of a theater, shouted at by an exasperated stage manager and called pet names by a facetious call boy, for a change. I like having something to do in the evening. It's exhilarating to hear the orchestra, to dash on with a toothy smile, to listen to applause and laughter, to talk to stars and comics, to feel the glare of lights, to do one's bit and enjoy the exercise and rhythm. It's the only sort of adventure that my sort of girl can indulge in, and it works something out of my system that might lead to complications if it went off at a different tangent—I know that very well. Yes, of course, it needs tact to keep friendly with the girls, otherwise they'd resent me and make things unbearable. But that's quite easy and you can't think how thrilling it is to jump about in the sort of clothes that would be denounced as outrageous in my respectable set. Call it the desire of the canary to imitate the sparrow, or whatever else you like. It's a harmless safety valve."

I agreed with her, and it was not for me to hint at the fact that this hard-working self-indulgence certainly deprived a girl, who was perhaps obliged to contribute to a meager family pot, of an engagement which would make a welcome difference to her cheerfulness.

Before the rehearsal of the principals, some days later, I looked into that beehive of a theater to see what the chorus was doing.

The lyric writer was with me, a man just down from Oxford, where he had enjoyed a distinguished career. He had, that is to say, poured verse into the Isis, achieved an enviable reputation as the inventor of erratic garments, been plucked in all his examinations and dragged to the station in a hearse in the middle of his second year when the authorities had come to the unanimous conclusion that the University could maintain more dignity—though very much less color—without his presence. He now chased round London's theatrical circle like a young and irrepressible terrier out for a daily run, but wrote lyrics, while you waited, with inexhaustible wit. He also spent his earnings like water and his leisure in dodging writs. Catching sight of a too-innocent-looking person approaching us at that moment from the church, he made a dive into the stage door and hid for the rest of the morning in the darkness of a box.

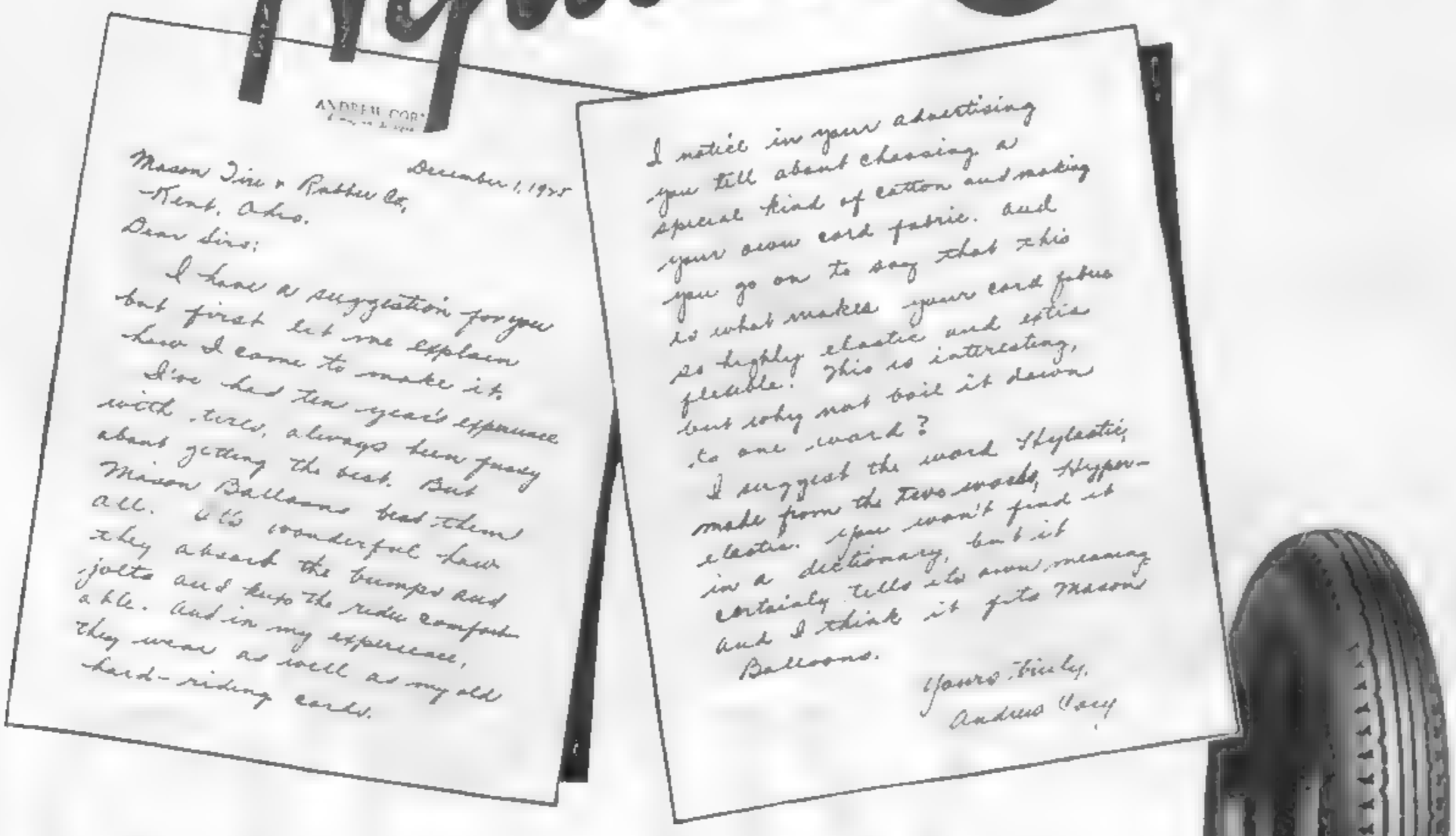
Rehearsing the Chorus

The girls were hard at work, and, in learning the intricate contortions of the first ensemble number, were gymnastically employed. All the hats and frocks that had been shed by them were in heaps at the back of the stage. In blouses and knickers, some with and some without stockings, they were drawn up in front of the dancing master in a sweeping semicircle. Bouncy was at the piano, which he banged with careless joy, and Tubby, the dancing master, with recalcitrant locks in his eyes, bobbed about like a cork in a once-white rowing sweater. He himself performed every one of the movements that he ordered the girls to do, wrung his hands with hysterical grief when they blundered or worked out of time and then collapsed into a panting heap when all his breath was gone.

"One-two-three-four-kick," he cried. "One-two-three-four-turn. One-two-three-four-bend. One-two-three-four-spring. Stop! You, Number Four, my pet, my darling, my beautiful swan; you're rotten; you're awful. You have no more sense of time than a clock with broken works. If I have to pull you up again, my precious, I'll rush you to Trafalgar Square and drown you in the fountain." After which, shaking back his locks, stamping his foot, waving his hand to Bouncy, he did it all over again.

(Continued on Page 173)

Thank you, Mr. Cory, we accept your suggestion "Hylastic" cord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Dear Sirs:
I have a suggestion for you but first let me explain how I come to make it.
I've had ten years experience with tires, always been fussy about getting the best. But Mason Balloons beat them all. It's wonderful how they absorb the bumps and jolts and keep the ride comfortable. And in my experience, they wear as well as my old hard-riding cords.
I notice in your advertising you tell about choosing a special kind of cotton and making your cross cord fabric. and you go on to say that this is what makes your cord fabric so highly elastic and extra flexible! This is interesting, but why not boil it down to one word?
I suggest the word Hylastic, made from the two words, Hyper-elastic. You won't find it in a dictionary, but it certainly tells in one meaning and I think it fits Mason Balloons.
Yours truly,
Andrew Cory

We accept Mr. Cory's suggestion. In coining Hylastic, he has hit on a single word that epitomizes the high elasticity, the superb flexibility, the enduring pliability of Mason cord fabric. . . These qualities, summed up in the word Hylastic, give to Mason Balloons their twin advantages—greater comfort—longer wear. We thank Mr. Cory for his happy idea.

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MASON Hylastic cord gives the twin advantages
Greater Comfort - Longer Wear

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SOLD THROUGH THE OFFICE EQUIPMENT MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 170)

Withered, crushed and anxious, poor little Number Four strained every effort to please the martinet. But she was not alone in earning his sudden outbursts of mingled love and hate. One by one, every other girl was singled out for abuse, during which Swinburnian expletives of admiration were hurled with malignant force. For the most part, they stood the shock with a fine and patient courage, recovered their breath for the next athletic movement and carried out instructions with the deepest earnestness. At this early date in the proceedings, they were all rather like willing horses stumbling about on ice. Here and there one broke and burst out crying, but continued in the all-too-joyous prancing with tears dripping from the tip of her nose. From one or two, more resentful and hot-tempered than the rest, snappy answers were flung back, such as, "Oh, shut up and get on with it. Advertise out in the street." To these, a gentle soul at heart, but faced with the difficult task of molding what was partly new material into a finished and standardized whole, the able and ambitious dancing master turned a deaf and tactful ear. Over and over again the music was repeated with deadly reiteration, over and over again the intricate steps were illustrated, imitated and performed, and when, every quarter of an hour, human endurance and heart power having been strained to the breaking point, a brief armistice was declared, the teacher fell on his back and the breathless girls on their faces. During these brief but frequent pauses, the stage resembled nothing so much as a scene of wholesale murder. At these times Bouncy, whose fingers itched for the piano in spite of weariness, dribbled into the Moonlight Sonata or one of Heller's Sleepless Nights.

Between eleven and quarter past, the principals drifted in—the comedy merchant in snow-white spats, but the lowest possible spirits, the leading man in a waisted coat and fresh from the barber shop, the small-part people, very merry and bright, and hoping for extra lines, the towering lady with a haughty air who was cast for the heroine's mother, and, finally, the little star with a little dog, which was to whine away two hours in the doorkeeper's cubby-hole. Whereupon, after the inevitable squabble between the dancing master and the director of the book as to who should have the stage, the chorus got wearily into frocks again and went creaking into the street. "Back at four o'clock."

Everything Changed But the Title

On this occasion, it was the system to keep the chorus and the principals apart until the last week of rehearsals, when at last they must go through the songs and dances, opening choruses and finales exactly "as on the night." The days and nights of the last week began early, ended late, and chaos reigned supreme. The scenery was assembled, the dresses began to arrive, the orchestra tackled the music and everybody connected with the production swarmed in the shrouded stalls—manager, syndicate, composers, lyric writer, author, dressmakers, scene painters, shoemakers, tailors, electricians, publicity men, friends and relations, enemies and the usual theatrical crows; and each one, except the latter, who thrived on failures, was obsessed with the idea that on his or her contribution depended the run of the piece.

By this time the book was a thing of the past. The little star had made an unerring collection of all the best lines in the play, had quietly or unquietly annexed all the best of the numbers, and demanded or wheedled the insertion of several new scenes in which she was wholly concerned, while the comedy merchant, egged on by the manager, had written the rest for himself. The composer and lyric writer had gathered up the broken pieces of several discarded numbers and, by dint of excellent memories, midnight oil and cigarettes, provided substitutes, and those of the principals who had not been fired were hardly on speaking terms. With the title still intact on the bills outside the theater, the first dress rehearsal was called at six o'clock and began at 9:30. For good or ill, the dancing master, in his once-white sweater, retired from the stage. He had lost several superfluous pounds of flesh but added to his belief in human nature from the pluck and endurance of the girls—"my blasted little darlings," as he called them.

"With a similar number of men drawn from the same class," he told me, wearing a collar for once, "I couldn't have done a thing. There's something in these girls, hardly any of whom have had any useful previous training, that astonishes me every time. A spirit, an innate love of movement and sense of rhythm, an imitative faculty that's almost monkeylike, a capacity to come back, half dead, and do it over again—by Jove, it's wonderful. I drive 'em hard, poor little devils, I have to. The time's so short. They begin by hating the sight of me, but they end with respect and affection because I know my job. What beats me is why they come here when they can be far more comfortable as parlor maids. The fascination of the footlights, is it? No? Oh, I see. You think it's the desire for adventure and to become the owners of the day. Well, perhaps you're right. They're good stuff—I know that."

A Chorus Girl's Chances

If he had not been so completely worn-out and voiceless, he might have added that, for girls with ambition and talent, grace and good looks, the training gained as a member of the chorus is the best that can be had. He might have pointed to Marie Tempest and Gladys Cooper, Gertie Miller and Billie Burke—there are many more at the top of the theatrical tree—all of whom graduated from the only real school provided by the English-speaking stage. He might very well have argued that the manufacture of his raw recruits into sprightly and efficient little soldiers of the stage gave them a confidence, an attack, a glitter to be achieved by no other means. The right way to begin is at the beginning, not halfway up the ladder, and the chorus provides an apprenticeship more thorough and complete than that of all the schools of acting, except, perhaps, the French. It teaches teamwork and *esprit de corps*, suppleness and quickness of movement, rhythm and grace.

Where there is a voice, it is captured and encouraged, where beauty, it is enhanced and brought forth. Where there are both, with ambition to boot, preferment is a matter of course. And it is true to say that almost any girl from the chorus who can win her way to leading parts in a musical play is better fitted to fill those of the legitimate stage than one who has wandered into the theater as an understudy, come into town from a stock company with all its careless tricks, or passed through a languid school. She has risen from the ranks, been drilled and driven, worked her own way from rung to rung, faced the actual footlights from the moment of her beginning, and knows the whole alphabet of her profession from A to Z. If many of the youthful leading ladies of today were taken out of the electrics which they have come by through accident and given two years in the chorus with all that it entails, it would be far less difficult to cast legitimate plays, and a splendid thing for the stage.

The curtain rose at 9:30 that evening and for the first time the results were apparent of the combined effort, like that of creating a bridge or building a railway, to fit the puzzle together. The raucous voices of the master carpenter and electrician were stilled at last. The shattered stage manager yelled his final direction. The house lights were switched off. The babble of voices in the body of the theater died away. The excitable orchestra leader tapped his baton on his music stand and the band commenced. The curtain rose and the chorus swept into place, eager, smiling and as full of energy as the engines of a ship. There, among a heterogeneous audience, Bouncy, with his mouth open and a glitter in his eyes. There, no longer flat and fatigued, but eager and tingling, was Tubby, counting under his breath. "One-two-three-four-kick. One-two-three-four-turn. One-two-three-four-bend." There, watchful and alert, with a notebook, the dinky male dress designer among a cluster of his girls. It was to be hoped that they had not swallowed any pins. There the composer, ecstatic, as his melodies came to life, there the lyricist, beaming, repeating his verses with glee, there the artist who had painted the scenery and the man by whom it was built, the maker of artificial flowers who had trailed the sweet peas up, the owner of the shop in which the shoes had grown, the printer of the music hoping for several hits, the proprietor of the bar to whom the sound of drawing corks was the music he really loved, the box-office clerks with cynical mouths and expressions of "Well, show me," and all alone in the front row with his feet on a thick brass rail, Atlas, with the world on his shoulders, and a little prayer in his heart.

As for me, the author of what was, at first, a book, my interest and amusement lay in picking out of that salad the little pieces of my original work like bits of onion which cropped up from time to time. All the rest of it, quite new to me, had come from the brains and the old joke books of the comedy merchant and star. I am bound to confess that their collaboration had evolved a deft and merry mixture, and I shall never forget the soreness of my ribs when the former, dressed in the exaggerated garments of a musical-comedy peer, conducted a lonely game of billiards in the strange, vast, musical-comedy drawing-room in the latter's house with three small balls of butter on the musical-comedy tea table. There was genius in his grave and fatuous fooling, and the keenest observation of character in his ridiculous monologue.

The first act was played all over again, after a tiresome interval during which the manager and stage manager, the electricians and carpenters conducted a shouting match, because the scenery of the second act had failed to arrive. By one of those ghastly mistakes which nearly always happen, it had been delivered at another theater and stacked in a surprised alley in the purlieus of Soho. Language flew from side to side, from stage to stalls, like pigeons, and the first act unwound itself all over again from the beginning while a rival play, verging on tragedy, was enacted in the stalls. From time to time the angry voices in the body of the theater rose above those of the actors on the stage. "Yes, you did." "No, I didn't." "Well, then, what the—who the ——" rang alongside, "Darling, I love you, I've loved you from the first." and it was only during the numbers, when the chorus yelled and the band was *forte*, that the play of mimic life got the better of actuality as it was fought out in the stalls.

The Sleeping Beauties

It was the witching hour of midnight before the recaptured scenery turned up, and during the lengthy and noisy process of fitting it together, with hammerings and slingings, cursing and reproachings, urgings and interferings, that the chorus, dressed in the bathing clothes of the opening number of the second act, possessed themselves of the boxes in which to snatch a welcome sleep. At one o'clock I returned to the theater—having partaken of supper with the lyric writer at a Shaftesbury Avenue club, where, to his annoyance and admiration, he had been served with cold roast beef and a writ by a man disguised as a waiter—and was met with a sight that I have never tried to forget.

The theater was in absolute silence, and, but for the slowly moving figures of several men who were putting the final touches to the set, an epidemic of sleeping sickness appeared to have attacked that swarming place. The members of the orchestra sat with sagging shoulders, while their leader was hunched on his seat in an attitude of despair. Among the worn-out people in the stalls who looked as if they had been gassed, Bouncy lay like a burst gas bag with his hair all over his face. Near by, the irresistible Tubby had given up the ghost, and the male dressmaker, among all his girls, was leading a chorus of snores. An ominous peace had settled upon the manager and stage manager who, with glassy eyes, were sitting elbow to elbow, looking into the future with little confidence. The principals and the small-part people had retired to dressing rooms. Drafts and ropes and shoutings had driven them away. But on the floor of the boxes, in every pose of fatigue, there lay the bodies of the chorus girls in heaps. Chilly, in one-piece bathing suits, some were covered with coats. Some, too tired to fetch them, were clasped in each other's arms. They seemed to resemble nothing so much as young and newly shorn sheep suffering from the effects of an impish frost after the fictitious arrival of spring. Rouge was on their faces and blackened eyelashes on powdered cheeks. Yellow heads and goose-flesh limbs were strangely intermingled. A sigh, a groan, a shiver, a murmur of protestation, a spreading movement, a resettlement, a closer gathering together and then silence again. Poor little souls!

One-Two-Three-Four-Kick

Suddenly, returning to the present, the manager said something to the stage manager, who came back, too, and rose. With a yell of "Second act, please," life came back to that place. The band jerked up and instruments were tuned. People in the stalls yawned and straightened, the principals emerged, and the chorus, with a burst of chatter and cheers, sprang to their weary feet, and no one would have thought, who saw them going with sprightly energy through the gymnastic intricacies of the opening number, as fresh as paint, that a moment before they had been lying apparently dead, unsung, unmourned, unmissed.

I watched them with renewed admiration and astonishment and echoed Tubby's praise. To the deliberate choice, the waywardness, the dire necessity, or the search for adventure that had brought those girls to that life, there were to be added courage and grit and high spirits, a commendable coöperation, a deep humanity. A spirit of democracy, too, which made it possible for ex-shop girls and servants, waitresses and needlewomen to mix in kindness and friendship with the daughters of knights and generals, parsons, doctors and squires—Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady, sisters under their skins. It was by no means improbable that among those forty girls there was one whose beauty and talent might lead to electric letters and stardom, international fame and pearls. It was on the cards, let them be cut as they might, that another was destined for headlines as a modern Nell Gwyn, the temporary toast of the town. And who could say that there was not one in that ever-moving line who—it had happened before and history repeats itself—would go one day from stage door to Chapel Royal to become the wife of a peer. She might not, as in a well-known case, then tall and regal, having acquired the most fashionable drawl, be handed out of her gleaming car by the uniformed doorkeeper at a certain hotel who was her proud inarticulate father, and give him the regular tip, while her husband called him "old bean" and smacked him on the back, but she might take her place in society and win respect and esteem.

But those less well endowed and lucky, less ambitious and shrewd must go from theater to theater, sharing rooms and meals and gossip, seeing "life," as they called it, and being in the hub of things. One-two-three-four-kick; one-two-three-four-spring—so long as youth remained. Then, if they had not been able to catch a man with brass and a sense of romance, or a Scotchman with a factory, and if the letters that stood for "No Blooming Good" appeared against their names—then, you may well ask, what?

HAYES-HUNT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

WHERE steel and wood and electricity
and steam bend their combined energies
to the skilled hands of master workmen,
creating motor car bodies of comfort,
beauty, and durability.

HAYES-HUNT BODIES

COMFORT, BEAUTY AND SERVICE

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

TO millions of American motorists who shift into second on hills, who step on the gas with poor results, who believed that some day a car would be built to change all this and still sell for less than a thousand dollars, the New Star Six answers the demand. ¶ With a 40-brake horse-power motor, quick acceleration, high gasoline mileage, comfort and quality in the beautiful Hayes-Hunt body, this newest six offers great value.

New Prices: Star Six Touring $695, Coupster $745, Coupe $820, Coach $880. Improved Star Four: Roadster $525, Touring $525, Coupster $610, Coach $695, Sedan $805, f.o.b. Lansing, Mich.

DURANT MOTORS INC.
250 W. 57th Street, New York City
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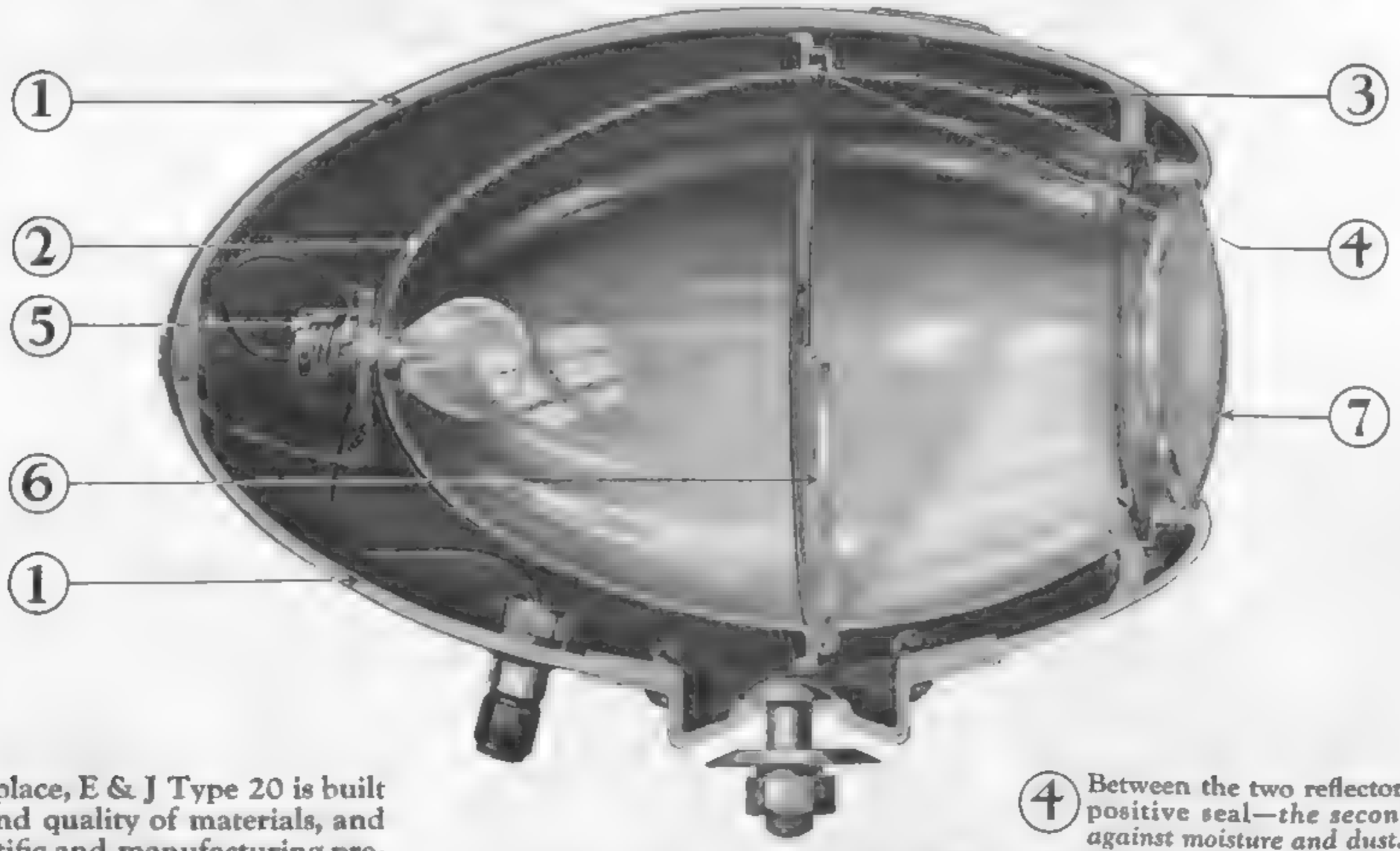
SIX CYLINDER COACH $880 f.o.b. Lansing Michigan

Why E & J Type 20 Is Worth *More* than It Costs



In the first place, E & J Type 20 is built of a kind and quality of materials, and with a scientific and manufacturing precision, never before attempted for motor car illumination.

In the second place, it illuminates the road 500 feet ahead and more—without spotty light and blinding glare—and is 200 to 300 per cent more efficient.

You may see headlamps which in a way resemble the beautifully slim stream-line effect of the E & J Type 20. But the resemblance stops there. *The real difference is on the inside and in the results.*

These results are revolutionary. You drive with E & J lamps *full-on all the time* —but there is no dazzling glare.

You see *into* fog and dust and smoke—you do not drive into what seems a blinding wall—for Type 20 beams actually penetrate.

Now let us see how and of what the Type 20 is made to give results which never before have ever been even remotely approached in motor road illumination:

1. The shells (or body) are die-cast aluminum of heavy gauge. The top shell of the body is *easily detachable,* and because the aluminum is heavy gauge, the two shells *fit so precisely that water and dust are permanently excluded.* The two shells are locked securely by a brass screw lock. There is nothing inside the Type 20 to rust or corrode.

2. The reflector is ellipsoidal in design. It is made in two sections, the rear section for the far-reaching beams and curb or roadside illumination;

3. the forward section for close-up illumination.

"The Safest Light in Motordom"

E & J Type 20

Complete per Pair $50

(Manufactured under Bone patents, 8-30-21 and 1-15-24, other patents pending)

4. Between the two reflector sections is a positive seal—*the second precaution against moisture and dust.*

5. The focusing device is a precise mechanism, carefully and accurately made. It is unique in performance, in that it gives complete control over the adjustment of *any* bulb.

6. The amber color filter—a costly and difficult lens to manufacture—filters out the blinding violet rays in the upper light zone.

7. The aplanatic front lens directs and distributes the rays, producing powerful and far-reaching illumination that does not glare. This lens also is provided with a seal, the *third precaution* against the entrance of water and dust.

Such a lamp, of course, costs more for us to build and for you to buy. But it lasts longer because it is better built. You can use the same Type 20 set on several cars in succession—for it harmonizes superbly with any body lines.

E & J Type 20 is welcomed by state authorities who are striving to improve night driving conditions. It is legal in *every* state.

Acquaint yourself with the amazing results the Type 20 gives and you'll want a set on your own car. E & J distributors and service stations, and hundreds of motor car dealers, sell and install them.

EDMUNDS & JONES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

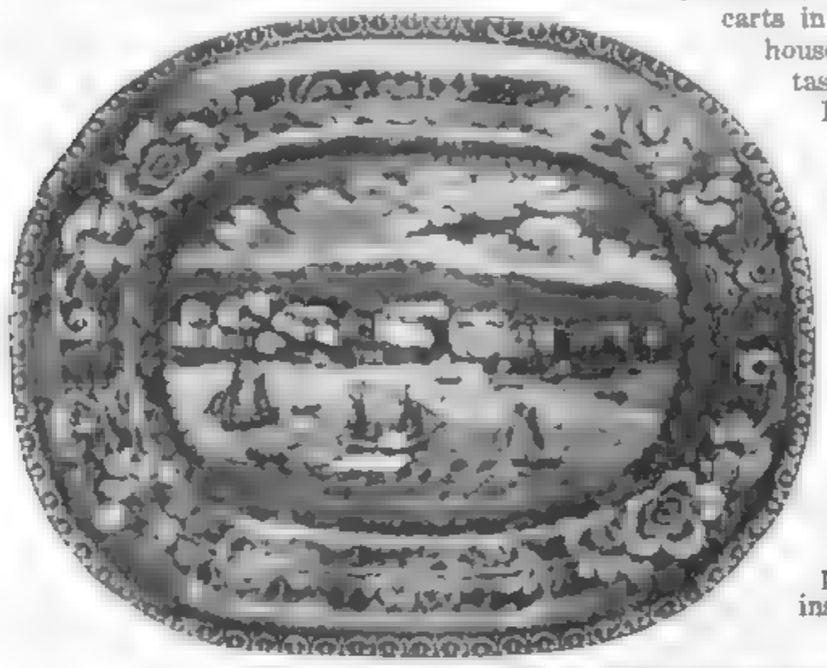
For Twenty Years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Quality Motor Lamps

AMERICAN ANTIQUES: GOOD AND BAD

(Continued from Page 31)

only with regard to Americana but to the artistic work of other nations. The more information he acquires, the more he will be able to see for himself. Catalogues of auction sales are also useful for study. Among the illustrations there are often a number of good examples; and as the descriptive text is usually the work of an expert, here is a chance to pick up some more information.

Thus, prepared by study and fortified with the assurance of knowledge, the lover of antiques—who is perhaps beginning to bud into a collector—may stroll forth in confidence to look around in one of those antique shops that line the principal streets and avenues of our great cities, or may even stop his car with impunity before one of those innumerable curiosity shops and tea



Blue Staffordshire Platter, Sandusky, Ohio. Length 16 Inches. Maker Unknown. It Brought $650 at the Kellogg Sale, November, 1925

houses that hang their tempting signs along every highroad where motors pass.

Our young collector will not have to depend upon the dicta of the proprietors of these shops; and he certainly will not—as he might have been a year or so before—be inveigled into loading up his car with Rebecca-at-the-Well teapots, dilapidated, rusty and worthless old pewter, brown animals—cows and dogs—that appear to have been carved out of tobacco, arsenic-green glass miniature top hats of the Horace Greeley rolled-brim model, fancy egg dishes in the shape of setting hens, petrolatum-colored glass candlesticks and other atrocities of the cheap American factories of the nineteenth century, now masquerading as antiques with Fifth Avenue prices on their attached labels.

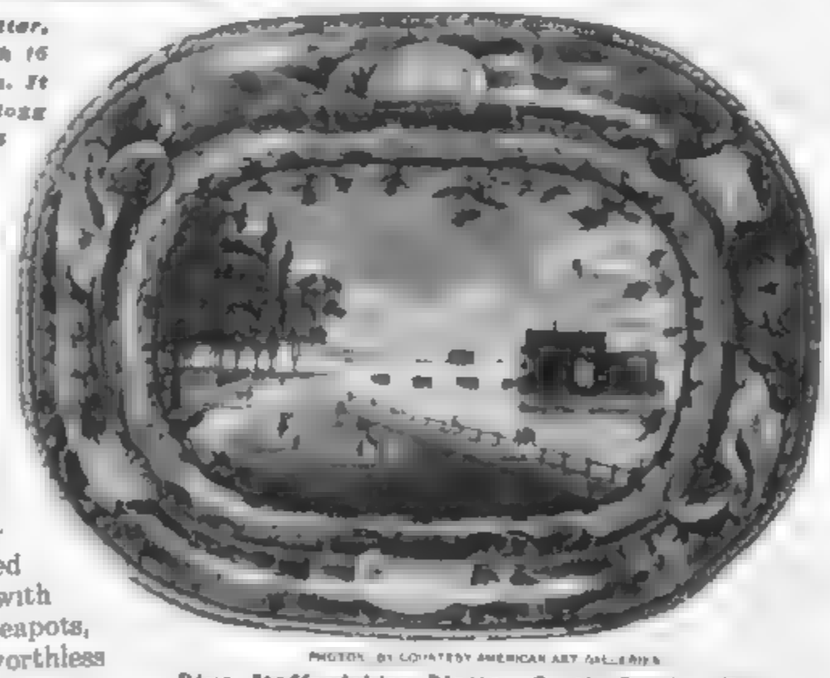
The Craze for Glass

Nor will the informed customer open his pocketbook to part with eight or ten portraits of George Washington for a certain kind of glass plate which an Eastern dealer has the temerity, or the ignorance, to be offering at the present moment as an American antique, but which, only a few years ago, was, with its fellow glass plates, turned out by the thousands to be given away as a prize with every package of a well-known breakfast food!

Regarding glass. Everybody is attracted to glass; its transparency, its color, its iridescence and its reflections give cheer and add beauty to the home. It is also one of the chief adornments of a table. Within the past two years this love for glass has developed into a positive craze; and a kind, heretofore unheard of in homes of elegance and culture and unknown to connoisseurs, was pushed forward into the spotlight by dealers with such insistence and success that many collections of it were made.

Historical Plates

Happily, however, the fad for Sandwich glass is abating. This is a very cheap and common pressed factory-made commodity produced by the Sandwich Glass Works—also known as the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company—from 1825 to about 1885. In these sixty years millions of pieces were turned out. This glass, made in enormous quantities, was sold from peddlers' carts in rural districts to poor households in which art and taste were unknown words. In all parts of the country cut glass sparkled in the homes of the wealthy and the well-to-do, and the people who lived in these homes placed pressed glass in the same category as pinchbeck jewelry. They would as soon have used the one as worn the other. In the South pressed glass was not seen outside the houses of poor or plain people and the cabins of the colored folk.



PHOTOS BY COURTESY AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

Blue Staffordshire Platter, Castle Garden From Battery. Length 15 Inches. Made by Wood & Sons. Sold for $400 at the Kellogg Sale, November, 1925

Plates with representations of Bunker Hill, Niagara Falls, the log cabin of the Hard Cider Campaign, portraits of Henry Clay, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Chancellor Livingston and Robert Fulton, designs of well-known steamboats, decorations of beehives and hearts and heads labeled The Wedding Day and Three Weeks After should be classed with wares that the cheap tripper brings home, labeled A Present for a Good Child, or A Gift from Margate.

Sandwich glass bore the same relation in its day to fine glass that five-and-ten-cent-store specials bear to fine glass today; and it is just as much out of place in a home of culture as would be the latest ten-cent product.

On the other hand, there is much to be admired in the products of the Wistarberg and Stiegel glass works. Wistarberg glass, the realized dream of Caspar Wistar, a native of the present Duchy of Baden, established the first flint-glass house on American soil, in Salem County, in the province of

The Reckless Driver

Save yourself from being wrecked some day by a reckless driver. Find out now the big difference between a *cushion* bumper that *absorbs* tremendous blows and a bumper without cushioning quality that simply serves as a guard against light traffic bumps. It is a difference which may mean the difference between your safety and serious injury. Biflex is a *cushion bumper* built on the tension principle that absorbs shocks. It is really a big live steel spring of great resiliency that swallows and dissolves tremendous blows within itself. . . . . .

THE BIFLEX CORPORATION,
WAUKEGAN, ILL.
The Halladay Company,
Decatur, Ill., *Subsidiary*

Halladay Bumpers also are Biflex Built

"To Save Your Life You Can't Get Better Protection"

Biflex
Cushion Bumper
REAL PROTECTION—WITH DISTINCTION

One Cold Day Repays You

Bitter cold—fingers aching—feet numb—and still a long way to drive. What WOULDN'T you give to be warm and comfortable again?

JUST one day—one drive—like this, and an Arvin Special more than pays for itself in the warmth and comfort it gives. On the coldest of days, it fairly pours heat into the car, circulating it everywhere.

There'll be many more cold days this winter, when you'll be mighty glad if you have an Arvin Special. It's available for Ford, Chevrolet and Dodge—the Arvin Regular for Ford and Overland. Accessory dealers everywhere sell Arvin. And you, or any garageman, can install it in a jiffy. Don't drive another day without Arvin heat in your car. Get your Arvin *now*.

Every Arvin is sold under a direct from factory to user guarantee of complete satisfaction. Get your Arvin NOW

THE LOW COST OF ARVIN HEAT

Special Type for

FORD	$6.00
CHEVROLET	6.50
DODGE	9.00

Also—Regular Type for

FORD	$1.75
OVERLAND	3.00

Prices Slightly Higher in Canada and Far West

Indianapolis Pump & Tube Company

General and Sales Offices—INDIANAPOLIS

Pump and Tube Div., Greenwood, Ind. — Arvin Heater Div., Columbus, Ind.

Dan Patch Coaster Wagon Div., Connersville, Ind.

ARVIN HEATER

Keeps You Warm in Your Car

"I'll keep you warm" -Arvin

New Jersey, in 1739, twenty-five years before the Stiegel manufactory was built.

Lovers of American glass will do well to pick up any specimens of Wistarberg that appear in the auction room or that are discovered in out-of-the-way places. They should be on the lookout particularly for large dark-green bowls; bulbous pitchers with flaring neck; glass balls—green, brown, amber, light and dark blue—that were used as stoppers for jugs and, when flattened at the base, covers for bowls; flip glasses; tiny scent bottles—that would seem to be imitations of Venetian glass—and little toys of all kinds.

Stiegel glass owes its origin to Heinrich Wilhelm Stiegel—Baron Stiegel—who came from Cologne, settled in Philadelphia in 1750 and married the daughter of an ironmaster whose furnace in Lancaster County he purchased. After having become rich, Baron Stiegel laid out the town of Manheim, Pennsylvania, and opened glass works in 1764.

Owing to the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, which taxed glass among other commodities, the Stiegel wares met a new demand. The products of the American Flint Glass Manufactory, as it was called in 1772, and whose chief markets were in Philadelphia and New York, are now snapped up whenever they come to light. The very dark blue, which is a characteristic of the Stiegel works as green is of Wistarberg, is particularly desirable.

Stiegel glass shows two influences—English Bristol in the colored and patterned pieces, and German in the gayly enameled mugs, tumblers and other drinking glasses. This is not to be wondered at, because most of the workmen came from the Rhineland.

In this section of the country we also find the quaint variety of pottery called Tulip ware, made by the Pennsylvania Germans. Every sort of article was made in this tulip ware—jugs, mugs, dishes and puzzle jugs—but the pie plate is the favorite piece today for collectors. This Tulip ware and the Stiegel enameled glass are the nearest approach to peasant art that the early years of our country can show. If the early immigrants had been encouraged to develop the arts they brought with them from those countries where a love of beauty and the skill to reproduce it permeate all classes, there would have been a different story to tell. Hands would have been guided by the instinctive love of beauty, and utilitarian articles would have been made pleasant to look at and pleasurable to handle.

Made-in-America Furniture

It is unfortunate that in some circles an opinion prevails that nothing should be classed as Americana that was not of native workmanship and, more particularly, of stern Puritanical character. This is certainly a very narrow view to take of the question. Were this idea universally accepted, the majority of house furnishings of colonial New York, Philadelphia and the South would be swept away. Our two most famous cabinetmakers of a later period, Duncan Phyfe, of New York, and William Savery, of Philadelphia, would also have to go.

In all the colonies, both Northern and Southern, many craftsmen flourished who were able to produce fine things. This is particularly true of the cabinetmakers and silversmiths, who could stand comparison with the best artisans of Europe, where they learned their handicraft and transplanted it to these shores. We have merely to read the advertisements in the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Alexandria, Charleston, Boston and Salem to know that this was the case.

Take for example John Brinner, who advertised himself in the New York papers as "Cabinetmaker and chairmaker from London" and hung out his Sign of the Chair in Broadway, where:

"Every article in the Cabinet, Chair-Making, Carving and Gilding Business is enacted on the most reasonable terms, with the utmost neatness and punctuality. He carves all sorts of architectural Gothic and Chinese Chimneypieces, Glass and Picture Frames, Slab Frames, Girondelles, Chandeliers and all kinds of Mouldings and Frontispieces . . . Desks and Bookcases, Library Bookcases, Writing and Reading Tables, Study Tables, China Shelves and Cases, Commode and Plain Chests of Drawers, Gothic and Chinese Chairs, all sorts of Plain or Ornamental Chairs, Sofa Beds, Sofa Settees, Couch and Easy Chairs, Frames, all kinds of Field Bedsteads.

"N. B. He has brought over from London six artificers well skilled in the above business."

This clearly proves that ornately carved and gilded furniture in the Chippendale style was made in great quantity in New York. Similar advertisements occur in the papers of other cities, so we cannot but draw the conclusion that a vast amount of Chippendale furniture was made in this country.

When the fashion changed for furniture in the Hepplewhite and Sheraton styles, the American cabinetmakers produced pieces that could easily have been mistaken in their day for London-made articles. In fact, the greater part of so-called Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton furniture that comes into the New York auction rooms was made in America.

The Staffordshire Blues

This furniture *de luxe*—chiefly mahogany—should certainly be classed as Americana, although it was made in the latest European fashion.

In the meantime, artisans in rural towns were making plain furniture for plain people, cheap pieces made of woods such as pine, maple and walnut, destined for humble homes and far-away farmhouses.

Within the past few years much of this last-named furniture has come into the market; and, although it commands extraordinary prices, very little of it has any æsthetic value. The reason that these goats, if we may so describe this utilitarian furniture, are cavorting so gayly in the field of Americana is simply that the best type of furniture is now almost impossible for dealers to find. Those who want really artistic pieces of American furniture must wait until these appear in an auction sale.

With American silver made by native silversmiths we are on very safe ground. Whether the pieces were made in Boston, Providence, New Amsterdam—and later in New York—Philadelphia, or Baltimore, the workmanship is always of the highest class and very frequently the pieces have real beauty.

The more we study American silver, the better we like it. The forms are simple and there is no ornamentation save a molding, a beveled edge or a beading and the engraved coat-of-arms or initials of the owner. Yet the work of these men, who were so often important citizens, ardent patriots and Liberty boys, is sturdy, honest, and gives evidence of a love for beauty.

Were we to exclude everything from Americana that was not manufactured in our country, out would go all the dark-blue Staffordshire ware decorated with American scenes. This particular ware, by Enoch Wood, Andrew Stevenson, James Clews, J. and W. Ridgway and others, was made especially for the American market. It is not fine ware and not of particularly skilled manufacture; its value lies in its representation of American scenes, buildings and events. Prices were small; but a single plate costing in its day from sixpence to a shilling, now brings hundreds of dollars! If anything may be considered as Americana, certainly blue Staffordshire is eligible.

Of far less claim to beauty but of equal historical value are the colored lithographs of Currier and Ives, which have become so popular within the past two years or so. Many phases of our American life from 1840 to 1880 are recorded only by Currier

and Ives. Therefore, if we wish to gain vivid pictures of our American home life and the pleasures, pastimes and occupations of the past two or three generations before the days of illustrated magazines and pictorial journalism, we must turn—and very gratefully—to Currier and Ives.

This firm seems to have covered everything—yachts and clipper ships, the early trains and railroad scenes, the first crossings to California, the Wild West, the gold seekers, burlesque negro scenes, all kinds of familiar views of American home life and country scenes.

The collecting of Currier and Ives is perfectly comprehensible, but these lithographs should be kept in a portfolio. They never were considered as productions of art and they cannot be ranked as such. The colors are violent and crude, and the atmosphere they exhale is decidedly common. When they were first printed, they were never seen on the walls of any house where there was the slightest pretense to culture.

How rough and uncouth they look when compared with a Pollard or an Alken colored print! Currier and Ives lithographs give a much better impression in black-and-white reproductions. Good Americana Currier and Ives are, when in a portfolio; bad Americana Currier and Ives are, when hanging on a wall.

By no possible stretch of the imagination could the hooked rug be called an artistic production. Its habitat is limited to a very small section of the country; and it was never heard of until a few years ago, when the junk of ancient farmhouse attics was tumbled out into the open daylight. To my way of thinking, the hooked rug is the horribly pathetic attempt of a feeble flame of artistic yearning in the mind of the overworked farmer's wife or daughter, far, far away from any contacts with the world.

In a museum exhibiting the industries of the country, or in a room reproducing a New England primitive homestead, hooked rugs should be included, but they are out of place in a home or clubhouse of elegance.

No country in the world has more homes of real beauty than ours. Taste has always been here; so has elegant living. Homes that expressed the social experience of their occupants have characterized America from the earliest settlements, and today such homes are increasingly numerous. Why then should we be led astray by such crude productions as Sandwich glass, hooked rugs, Currier and Ives lithographs and plain pine furniture, which totally misrepresent our country's past and present taste?

Perhaps, within a year or so, when the market for these primitive articles shall have been exhausted, we shall be asked by dealers to buy at fancy prices for our collections of Americana those cold, gray, mud-pie statuary groups made by Rogers; wax crosses wreathed in wax ivy leaves and protected by glass domes edged with a band of scarlet chenille; colored pictures of a white-robed, terror-stricken girl clinging to a ginger-brown, sea-washed cross, called the Rock of Ages; black haircloth sofas and rocking-chairs; wheezy melodeons; tin garden furniture painted bright green, and other atrocities that adorned the homes of the uncultured in the Garfield and Arthur period.

THE YES-AND-NO MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

He disappeared into his quarters. Presently he came out. He was playing furiously with his watch chain and was so embarrassed his voice was even paler than usual.

"Say," he began, speaking with difficulty, "I don't suppose you'd let me sort of wear your evening clothes a while tonight."

Before I could answer, he hurried on, "I've ordered some for myself. Tailor promised them tonight. He didn't make good. Shouldn't have trusted him."

"You can take mine of course," I said. "But aren't you getting a bit formal, Eustace, doing your work in evening clothes?"

"What work?"

"The work that keeps you from going to the theater with me tonight."

"That work? Oh, yes, yes, yes. Of course." He laughed loudly, unnaturally. "Important work, you see. Thought it would make me feel important if I did it in evening clothes."

"Oh, I see," I said. "Then you won't need my top hat, if you are going to stay in your room."

"As a matter of fact," said Tepler, "I would like the top hat too."

"To wear in your room?"

"It's very drafty in there," said Tepler. "Very drafty."

"Eustace Tepler," I said, "who is she?"

"She? What she?"

"The girl."

"What girl?"

"The one that calls for a dress suit and a top hat. Come on, tell me about her."

He twisted his watch chain and grinned.

"I suppose you'll think I'm making a fool of myself," he said.

"By falling in love? Of course not."

"I didn't say I'd fallen in love."

"You don't need to."

"Does it show?" asked Eustace Tepler anxiously.

"You are in love then?"

"Well, yes and no. I don't really know. I suppose it's sort of ridiculous to feel the way I do at my age."

"Love isn't ridiculous, even in a gray-beard of twenty-nine," I assured him.

"But there's no sense in it," he said. "You see, I've always tried to live my life on a rational basis. I believe in cold, hard logic, and now this happens, and I don't know just how or why, and it upsets me terribly."

"When is the happy event to take place?"

"What happy event?"

"The usual one—orange blossoms, rice and old shoes, indigestible fruit cake in little white boxes ——"

He looked rueful.

"I don't know. Never, I guess."

"Why?"

"Oh, who would marry a thing like me," he burst out. "Particularly ——" He tied knots in his watch chain.

"The most wonderful and beautiful girl in the world," I finished for him.

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say she is that," said Eustace Tepler. "I guess, probably, there must be more beautiful girls than Stella."

"Did you tell her that?"

"Well, I guess maybe I did."

"Idiot!"

"I did tell her, though, that she was the most beautiful girl I ever knew. But then she's the only girl I ever knew."

"I suppose you told her that too."

"I'm afraid," said Tepler, "it did come out in the course of my remarks."

"Eustace," I said, "you'll never win loving cups as a great wooer."

"I suppose not," he said miserably. "I ought to give all my attention to the piano business."

"You want to marry her, don't you?"

"Yes; no; I guess so; I don't know. There are so many reasons why I want to marry her, and so many reasons why she shouldn't marry a fellow like me, I don't know where I'm at. I try logic and it just doesn't work. I say to myself it's not sensible feeling like this, and wanting to be with her, and I'm going to cut it out, and then, first thing I know, I'm on my way to her house. It just doesn't make sense."

"Now, buck up," I said. "Put on my tails and topper, go to her house tonight, tell her the sun rises for her especial benefit, tell her you are the fellow who makes the

(Continued on Page 182)

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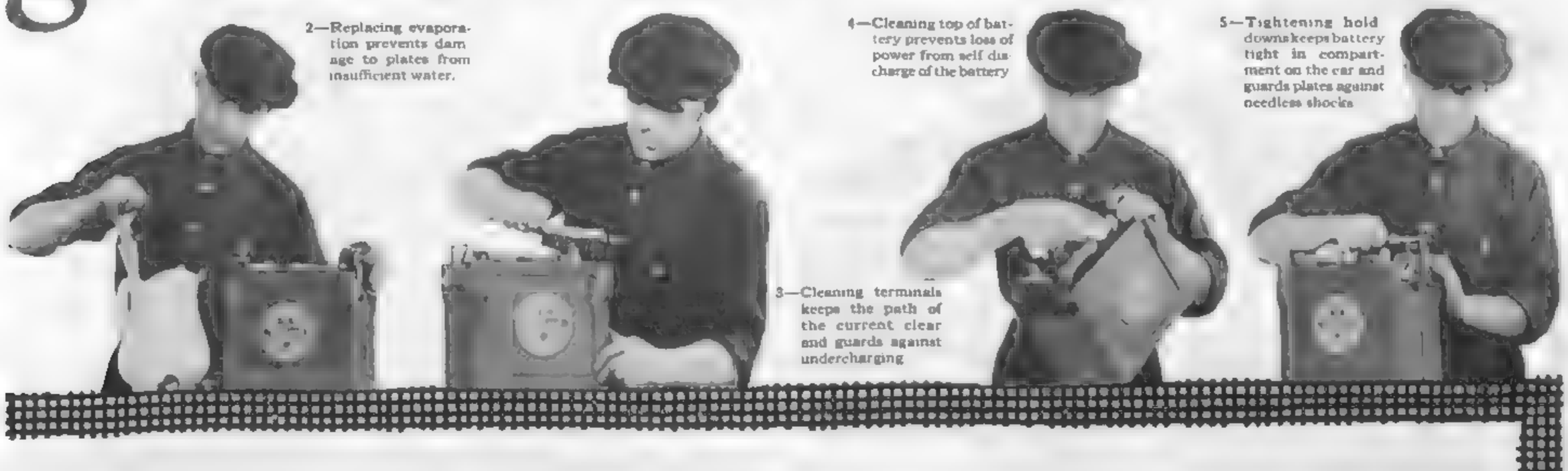
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(Continued from Page 179)

sun shine, tell her that compared to her all the other beautiful women in the world are misprints."

"But would she believe me?"

"No. But it wouldn't hurt your batting average."

"I wish," said Tepler, for him, fiercely, "I were a piano."

"Why?"

"I know some good selling talk for pianos. But when it comes to selling myself ——"

I was distressed for him, for I suspected what his technic of making love had been. I proved to be right. He admitted that his idea of winning the young lady was to sit about and tell her what a human zero he was.

"But I must be fair," he explained. "I've got some good points, I suppose, but I can't dwell on them. I have to present both sides of the case."

"Eustace," I said, "in love, chuck logic overboard. Don't be so infernally judicial. You'd make a good husband. You're honest and pleasant and decent, and you make at least five thousand a year ——"

"At least," he admitted. "But wouldn't it be risky, marrying on, say, seven or eight thousand?"

"Certainly not."

"But suppose I got hit by a taxi," he said, "or fell into a manhole, or had a safe fall on me, or, perhaps ——"

"Get your life insured."

"But suppose I forgot to pay the premiums."

"Not you," I said. "Now run along, and good luck."

"I think I'll begin to dress," he said. "I'm due at her house at nine."

"It's only six now."

"Well," said Eustace Tepler, "I might lose a collar button and have to hunt for it, or I might ——"

I left him putting studs in my best evening shirt.

At the office next day Bettle was in a badgering mood, and Bettle was a sharp and relentless badgerer. Why he picked on Eustace Tepler, I don't know. But he bothered Tepler all day. Once I saw him sitting on Tepler's desk and telling Tepler he believed that if Tepler had a bona fide chance to buy Fifth Avenue for nine dollars, Tepler would want to take a couple of days to hem and haw about it, and would then report that it might be a good investment, provided the seller would give a guaranty that the world would not come to an end inside of fifty years.

To the chaffing all Tepler answered was a mild "Maybe so. Maybe so."

I worked at the office that evening and came home earlier than I had told Tepler I would. I entered my sector of the apartment softly, so as not to disturb him. I was surprised to hear a loud voice, shrill with anger, in his room. He never had visitors.

The voice was saying, "So you think you're clever, don't you, poking fun at people, you smirking nit-wit. Well, you poor ape, everyone in the company knows you are a smart Aleck and a joke. Let me tell you that I have more brains in my thumb than there is in the whole Bettle family ——"

Then I recognized the voice. It was Tepler's. And I understood what was happening. He was alone, and he was conducting an imaginary dialogue with Bettle.

As the days went by it became increasingly clear that Tepler's romance was turning into a tragedy. He was even more silent than usual. His face was woebegone. He didn't wear his new suit any more; he reverted to his stodgy pepper-and-salt suits. He didn't hum in the bathroom. More than once I heard him sigh. Finally I asked him point-blank how matters stood.

"I had my chance," he said dismally, "and it looks as if I flubbed it. She's gone away to visit friends in Buffalo. I called on her the night before she left. I had a feeling that she expected me to propose; but I don't go by feelings. While I was trying to decide whether I should do it, and how I should do it, the evening slipped away, and I went home, kicking myself. Now she's gone. There's a fellow in Buffalo she likes. She told me so that night. He'll have more nerve than I, probably, and he'll ask her and she'll accept and then—well, I'll be sunk."

"Don't give up," I counseled. "Go after her."

"It's no use," said Tepler morosely. "I'm hopeless. I'm a mugwump, a straddler, a cipher. Let's talk about something else."

He was in genuine misery. So I said, "Very well. Have you heard anything more from Myler, the inventor, and his trick self-playing piano?"

From his face I saw that my choice of subject had not been a happy one.

"That's another thing," he groaned. "I've been thinking about it day and night, when I wasn't thinking about Stella. I told you how Myler wants me to go in with him and help market his invention. He's offered me a half interest for twenty thousand, ten down. I've investigated the piano thoroughly, of course, and it doesn't seem practical to me. At best there is only one chance in a thousand that it could be put over. I'd be an utter fool to throw away all my savings on a thousand-to-one shot. Of course, on the other hand, the invention may have possibilities; but I feel sure they aren't strong enough to warrant my investing in it."

"Then you'll turn down the offer."

"Well, in a word, I think so. I have until tomorrow to decide."

"Eustace, admit it," I said. "This new piano idea interests you. You're playing with it."

"Well, I am, and I am not. Anyhow, it doesn't cost anything to play with an idea, does it?"

"Neither does it make the bank roll plumper."

"I prefer to be on the safe side," said Tepler. "Well, good night. I have some writing to do."

At noon next day, Eustace Tepler stuck an agitated head into my office.

"Are you going over to the apartment this noon?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I can't go. Mr. Kendrick wants me to lunch with him—business. Will you do something for me?"

"Sure."

"I was sort of upset this morning, and I came away and forgot to mail two important letters. They are on the desk in my room. Will you please slip them into envelopes and post them?"

"Glad to."

"Thanks."

When I got to our apartment, I went through Tepler's living room, and into his bedroom. Usually it was very orderly; not today. A small cyclone had been playing there. Sheets of paper everywhere—on the floor, on the bed, crumpled sheets jammed in the wastebasket, sheets with a few words or a sentence on them; even his desk was littered with sheets of paper. I searched through the papers on his desk until I found two letters in his careful writing—letters complete, including his signature. I glanced at them hurriedly. The first one began:

"*Dearest Stella:* I need you and I want you. Will you ——"

I read no more, but slipped it into an envelope addressed to Buffalo.

The other letter began:

"*Dear Myler:* Yes, I accept ——"

I mailed that one too.

I was sitting in my room that evening when I heard Eustace Tepler come in. I heard him moving about his rooms. Then I heard him give a sharp cry. I leaped up. He came running into my room, his face drained of all its color; panic was on him.

"What have you done? What have you done?" he cried.

"Done? When? About what?"

"Those letters—on the desk in my bedroom?"

"Why, I mailed them, as you asked me to."

He collapsed into a chair.

"I'm done for," he moaned. "You mailed the wrong letters."

"They were the only ones I saw," I said.

"Oh, I don't blame you," said Tepler. "I'm the fool, the stupid, careless fool. I must have been dizzy this noon. I should have told you to mail the letters on the small desk in my living room."

"I'm sorry, Eustace, but when you said 'my room,' I naturally thought ——"

"It's too late now," groaned Tepler. "I made the mistake, and now I'll have to pay for it."

"But, Eustace, what harm can two letters do?"

"Well," said Tepler, "one of them was a proposal to Stella. The other was to Myler, accepting his proposition."

"But, good Lord, man, if you didn't mean them, why did you write them?"

"I'll tell you about that," said Tepler, more calmly. "I was brought up in the most conservative and cautious family you can imagine. From the time I was a baby, my parents hammered into me one principle: Play safe. I wasn't allowed to go swimming; I might drown. I wasn't allowed to play baseball; I might get hit in the eye. I wasn't allowed to spend my pennies for lollipops; I might swallow the stick. The safe place for pennies was in a bank; I put mine there. Safety first—I've had that before my eyes all my life."

He hesitated, then went on resolutely: "Well, when they wouldn't let me go swimming with the other boys, I'd go up to my room and pretend to swim on the floor. Later, when somebody annoyed me or bawled me out, I didn't answer back; not then. I waited till I got home, and then alone I told the other fellow what I thought of him. When Mr. Kendrick consulted me on some business matter, I always advised him to go slow. Then I went home and wrote him a letter telling him to go the limit. But I never sent such letters. I always tore them up. I guess you might say I really wanted to take a chance and propose to Stella. I guess I really wanted to go into the self-playing piano proposition and risk everything. That's why I wrote those letters; just to let off steam. The two letters I meant you should mail are still on my desk in the living room. The one to Stella is a formal note, saying good-by. The other, to Myler, turns down his offer. Well, it sort of looks as if I'm up against it."

"Eustace," I said, "come across for once in your life. Aren't you really glad I mailed the wrong letters?"

He answered after a minute.

"Well," he said, "yes, and no."

I picked up my newspaper and gazed at the picture of the Man Who Had Made a Million. I read the caption beneath it:

"This is Eustace Tepler, president of the Myler Self-Playing Piano Company, whose product has been such a sensational success. Although only thirty-two, he is already a millionaire. Mr. Tepler is married, lives in Pelham Manor and has two children."

Then I finished reading Eustace Tepler's words in which he set forth how he did it, for the benefit of those who might wish to go and do likewise:

"My advice to young men is to work hard and to be sure they have solid ground under their feet before they go forward. As, I believe, somebody has said, 'Be sure you are right, then go ahead.' A sound, conservative attitude—the golden mean—is best in the long run. At least I have always found it so."

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THE GENERAL

(Continued from Page 23)

"All right," said Bayou Willie in a voice choked with excitement, "we'll take the job. Hey, Bennie Joe?"

The little man's own heart was pounding, but he continued to hug his grouch obstinately.

"Well," he said firmly, "anyway, we'll have it in black and white. Yonder comes the Petrel. We'll stop it and have Cap'n Wink draw up a contract."

The fat man laughed heartily, but the partners did not see the cold gleam back of the crinkled eyes. When the Petrel came up and stopped, the three men went aboard and Bennie Joe explained. Captain Wink was in a hurry, but nevertheless he drew up a contract and the three interested parties signed it.

"And if I don't carry out my part of the contract," said the big man, "you boys can have the Pelican!" He chuckled hugely, but Captain Wink did not smile. Instead, he solemnly wrote this latter clause into the instrument and signed as witness.

"You keep that contract for us, Cap'n Wink," said Bennie Joe as the three went over the rail. "Me and Bayou Willie—we'd lose it sure."

All that day they continued to lie at the edge of the sand dunes. The fat man's geniality did not abate and he gave them each a cigar, questioning them upon their ability to navigate the river, particularly at night. Bayou Willie assured him that they could travel any part of the east coast waters, night or day.

"Unless they's a fog," he said frankly. "Ain't a man on earth that can navigate this river in a fog, unless he keeps soundin' all the time."

The fat man considered this carefully.

"You could take the Pelican outside the inlet?" he asked—"say, at high tide tonight?"

"Sure!" said Bayou Willie. "There'll be a fine moon most all night. We can do it easy."

No more was said on the subject. But as evening approached, the fat man began again his nervous pacing of the after deck. As it began to grow dark, it was apparent that he was drinking. His warm geniality had entirely disappeared and he seemed to be in a surly mood. Night came on and the wide mud flats were alive with splashing fish and the reeds that fringed the flats were full of cries, where the water birds quested for food. The moon arose and the vast sheet of shallow water shone like polished silver. Early in the night the fat man came abruptly into the little engine room, where the old partners were dozing.

"Tune her up!" he ordered. "No lights!" Bayou Willie scrambled forward into the pilot house and Bennie Joe started the engine. Their employer followed the skinny partner into the pilot house and took his stand beside the wheel, peering ahead through the window. "North!" he ordered curtly.

He did not speak again until they were passing between the two sandy whalebacks of Agony Bar. Many a craft has come to grief on these low whalebacks.

"I've got a little schooner lying off the coast," he remarked. "You're sure you can bring her in and take her up north a mile or so?"

"If she ain't too deep," Bayou Willie assured him. "What'll she draw?" The fat man told him. "Why, sure," said the pilot. "But we got to hit this channel over Agony Bar or she'll ground. We got to hit between the whalebacks at high tide—prompt."

"Well," said the fat man, "that's your business—to hit between these whalebacks at high tide."

"I'll try," said Bayou Willie.

"You'll do it or wish you'd never undertaken the job!" A vitriolic note had crept into the man's speech, and suddenly Bayou Willie was conscious of a wistful yearning to be back in the little palmetto shed. The words of the marooned darky came back to him, further adding to his uneasiness. He was afraid of this fat man.

For half an hour they ran steadily up the wide river, then the fat man took an electric flash light from his pocket and sent three flashes ahead. They were presently answered by three gleams from the dark fringe of palmetto on the eastern bank. The fat man went back into the engine room.

"Shut her off," he said to Bennie Joe.

The Pelican drifted idly upstream with the sluggish tide, and Bayou Willie saw a skiff emerge from the shadows along the shore and come alongside the after deck. A man got out and clambered over the low rail.

"Hello, Ed," he heard the fat man say. "Everything jake?"

"All set, boss," came the voice of the visitor. "Got the lighters hid up in the shadow of the palmettos yonder and the trucks parked in the scrub—and nobody drunk."

"Fine! And that reminds me—the pilot says if we start now we'll hit the tide about right coming back. But a little drink won't make any difference. Come in, Ed."

They disappeared inside the cabin and Bayou Willie slipped back to the engine room, where Bennie Joe smoked sulkily.

"Bennie Joe," he whispered, "they's sumpin crooked about this trip. I wish we was out of it!"

"I told you so!" said Bennie Joe bitterly. "Me, I was agin it from the start; but you was hell bent ——"

The cabin door opened suddenly and the men came into the engine room. The stranger swept the two old men with a brief flash from his light.

"This them?" he asked. He had the hoarse, croaking voice of a man with a whisky throat.

"That's them," said the fat man.

"Not so good!" said the visitor briefly. "Where'd you get 'em?"

"They're a couple of old water rats," said the fat man. "I found 'em camped down the river a few miles."

"Not so good! You better watch 'em, boss. Too much at stake. Who knows—maybe they been planted there for just this thing! You can't trust nobody in this business, see? You know that. Not nobody at all! You keep your eye on these two old bums, boss!"

"Look here"—Bennie Joe's smoldering rage was fanned by a wind from a new quarter—"who you reckon you're callin' a bum, hey? Say, I ain't goin' to stay on a job where I'm insulted! I'm through!"

"Me too!" said Bayou Willie. "Bennie Joe and me—we're goin' straight home!"

"Didn't I tell you?" croaked the Ed man harshly. "Quitters—and maybe worse! I spotted 'em first off! Spies, prob'ly!"

The fat man thrust his face close to Bennie Joe's face.

"Going home, are you?" he chuckled, and Bennie Joe's heart turned cold at the sinister quality of the chuckle. "Let's see you do it! I've got a schooner lying off the inlet—loaded with booze. How high d'you suppose you two old river rats stack up against a hundred thousand dollars and better? You signed a contract and you're going out there with us and pilot that schooner in. One of you goes aboard the schooner and the other stays with the Pelican. If you put either boat aground, the fish will get a treat!" He turned savagely upon Bayou Willie and jammed the cold muzzle of an automatic against the mariner's skinny neck. "Get into the pilot house!" he said. "Let's go!" Over his shoulder, as he followed the demoralized Bayou Willie "Hold a gun on the little one, Ed, all the way."

Bayou Willie obeyed, handling the wheel mechanically, for he was scared. He was scared so badly that the whole thing seemed a dream to him. His toothless gums jiggled together and his knees barely kept him erect. Still in that horrible dream, he guided the Pelican back between the whalebacks and down the inlet to the surf, sending her straight out into an unreal ocean. When the gray outlines of the unlighted schooner appeared out of the spectral moonlight it seemed to the terrified pilot merely a fantastic thing out of the dream.

Affairs moved swiftly and in silence. The Pelican drew alongside and the man Ed forced Bennie Joe aboard the larger boat. There were no words, until the fat man spoke, giving Bayou Willie his new orders.

"Back through the inlet," he directed. "Not too fast. Keep the schooner in our wake."

Bayou Willie had not spoken wildly when he asserted his ability to navigate the inlet. They made a clean passage of the bar and left the disappointed surf safely behind them.

The Pelican was nearing the channel between the whalebacks when suddenly Bayou Willie's dream turned into a nightmare. The silence of the night was broken suddenly by the popping exhaust of a new boat and the hoarse yells of men.

"Trapped!" came the raucous howl of the man aboard the schooner. "We're trapped, boss! Beat it, quick!"

Bayou Willie's next acts were the automatic ones of a man gone suddenly mad with terror. He swung a bony arm sidewise and caught the fat man in the mouth, knocking him down. Another moment and he would have been shot; but in another moment Bayou Willie was not there. Straight through the pilot-house window he went, and when he came to the surface he struck out on the long swim to the dunes. He did not look back, and the water that was splashed about by his flailing arms drowned further noises of the pandemonium out in the inlet. He was half exhausted when he dragged himself from the water and tried to still the thunder of his heart. By and by he stood up.

All three boats had disappeared and the inlet showed nothing on its surface of rippling moonlight. Far outside the mouth of the inlet he heard faint sounds of gunfire and then silence followed. Bayou Willie gulped and a great loneliness fell upon him. Poor Bennie Joe!

The long partner's ragged clothing stuck to him like a sheet of ice, for even in Florida the winter nights are chill. There was nothing to do but go home. He could not help Bennie Joe. He struck out across the dunes toward the place where they had left the old motorboat, and presently another figure appeared, wet and soggy, dragging miserably across the heaped sand. It was Bennie Joe.

"Twenty dollars a day!" the furious little man greeted him. "For three months!"

"Why ain't you yonder with your boat?" sneered Bayou Willie. "Seems to me you're a deserter!" Now that his little partner was safe, Bayou Willie expressed his vast relief in studied contumely. Their quarrel began anew. It continued in a deadly crescendo, and as they entered their little shed it suddenly reached its peak.

"You been insultin' the memory of my grandfather long enough!" Bennie Joe cried in a hoarse, unnatural voice. "Just because you happened to find that old motorboat—and us pardners for twenty years ——"

"Yah!" sneered Bayou Willie with a tantalizing laugh, and the little man's reason flew to pieces like broken glass.

"All right then!" he panted. "You found that old motorboat and it's yours! All right! Well, I found the Sea Wolf, so the Sea Wolf's mine, hey? All right! Well, you know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to get into the Sea Wolf and row up to St. Augustine and find me a job shuckin' oysters, or maybe cleanin' fish. I'm through! Yes, sir! And you can get you another pardner! You're durn right! And first time you start deridin' his grandfather I hope he knocks the tar out of you!"

A long shocked silence followed, for Bennie Joe's hideous pronouncement had frozen the long partner's tongue and placed a queer, sickish feeling at the pit of his stomach. Moreover, Bennie Joe was busy over in a dark corner and he could not see what Bennie Joe was doing. This worried Bayou Willie.

"Well," he said, breaking the silence at last with factitious cheerfulness, "I reckon we better get to bed. We've had a hard day."

No answer.

"I hope that fat Yankee got himself shot up good. He certainly had it comin' to him. Big fat alligator! Callin' us bums!"

Still no reply. Bennie Joe came out of his dark corner with an old overall leg. He took his tin plate and stuffed it, together with the rest of his meager belongings, into the improvised bag, tied strings around the ends and his packing was done. Bayou Willie hung round watching with mounting uneasiness. Still without words, Bennie Joe took up his overall leg, marched out of the shed and down the bank to the skiff, depositing his luggage in the Sea Wolf and climbing into the craft with plain finality. He gathered up the oars and swung the skiff's doddering old bow to the north. As he passed the stern of the motorboat he glanced up the bank and the moonlight fell upon his wicked, mirthless grin.

"Call her anything you want to!" The tone was a deadly insult. "But don't do it too harsh or she'll maybe sink on you!"

Bayou Willie made no reply, but stood gazing stupidly after the departing skiff. Bennie Joe quitting him? It could not possibly be true! The thing was cataclysmic and his numbed mind could not grasp it. After twenty years together! He must still be dreaming! As Bennie Joe passed into the vagueness of the farther moonlight the little man spoke again, his voice raucous and rasping, like the squawk of a heron:

"Call her General Damnation if you want to! I don't care!"

Then he blended with that ghostly vagueness of the moonlight and was gone.

Bayou Willie went back to the shed and sat down upon his bundling frame. He tried to build up a fire, but the wood was wet with the sheer dampness of the air and his half-hearted efforts merely filled the neighborhood with a diabolical smoke. The silence appalled him. He tried to whistle, but the first notes frightened him and he quit abruptly. Any sound he made merely accentuated the utter loneliness of the place.

By and by, unable to stand the silence, he wandered forth again and looked out across the mile-wide sweep of mud flats. He strained his eyes north along the boat channel, but to no avail. He took off the wreck of an old hat which had clung despite the long swim in the inlet and rubbed his head.

"He didn't have no right to do it!" he complained to himself. "No right to go and get as mad as all that! Couldn't he take a joke? Tryin' to row all the way up to St. Augustine—pull his two arms out longer'n a clothesline before he gets there! Serve him right, too, li'l' old snappin' turkle!"

But all the while he was muttering these things he was looking up the boat channel and hoping that his partner would realize the futility of his mad enterprise and come back

"Shakin' his dad-blame old fist under my nose!" Bayou Willie was still struggling to keep his virtuous indignation alive. "Cussin' me uphill and down ——" He broke off and began worrying again. "He'll more'n likely make hisself sick, tryin' a fool stunt like that." He caught himself again, cocked his wet hat jauntily on the side of his bald head and sauntered casually back to the shed, trying not to look over his shoulder at the haunted river. At the door of the shed he stopped again, and almost without his own volition his feet

(Continued on Page 188)

A chiffon *built* for dancing *but worn* for all occasions

Allen A

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hosiery
for men, women and children

Underwear
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

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All silk with an invisible "inner foot" of lisle to stand extra wear

Perhaps you don't *expect* chiffons to give long serviceable wear. Then here's a pleasant surprise! It's a sheer all-silk chiffon with an *invisible* service foot of lisle, woven inside the silk. It puts an end to those embarrassing "peek-a-boos" and runs that used to start at the top of slipper heels.
Ask for this special chiffon hose by name and style. #3785 *"The chiffon for dancing"*

Let us send you the name of your nearest Allen-A merchant

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.

$2.00 *the pair*

Full fashioned pure thread Japan Silk from top to toe
Priced slightly higher West of the Rockies

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TIMKEN
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ROLLER BEARINGS

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

A Letter From The Architects

Here is a letter from Sieg & McDaniel, one of the leading architectural firms in Memphis, designers of the Jones house shown and referred to on this page:

Memphis, Tenn., October 2, 1925

Pratt & Lambert, Inc.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Responding to your request for further definite information as to the exact number of people who went through the house designed and built by us in the section known as "Bellenir Woods," for Mr. Frank G. Jones, we regret that we are unable to give you the exact figures.

We did, however, keep a careful check the first week and by actual count, the number was 24,756 It is a conservative estimate that not less than 36,000 people passed thru the house during the two weeks it was on exhibition.

As we previously advised you, "61" Floor Varnish was used throuout on all the floors, and it is a pleasure and satisfaction to repeat that the varnish did not show any appreciable signs of wear. We consider this a really practical floor varnish test and the most severe one that has ever come to our attention

Many people commented upon the way the floor finish stood up under the unusual wear to which it was subjected.

While it is our usual practice to write only "open" specifications, we have determined to specify and use nothing but "61" on floors, after witnessing this remarkable demonstration of the durability of "61" Floor Varnish.

If we can give you any further information we shall be glad to do so.

Yours very truly,
Sieg & McDaniel, Architects
by R. L. Sieg.

RLS KB

Facts are always more impressive than claims. Speaking of facts, most good varnishes are waterproof and *durability is more important than waterproofness.*

It is a fact, too, that "61" Floor Varnish is only one of the hundreds of varnish products made by Pratt & Lambert-Inc. Among the better known are Effecto Auto Finishes, Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel* (Architectural, Automobile and Railway), and Vitra*loid*, the new pyroxylin coating used by manufacturers of automobiles, furniture and other wood and metal products.

Whatever your varnish and enamel requirements, be they household, architectural or industrial, there is a perfect Pratt & Lambert finish for all—76 years' studying, manufacturing and testing make that a logical fact. Let us help you with your finishing problems.

And remember, "61" Floor Varnish stands the hammer test! *You* can prove that to be a fact!

Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Copyright 1926, P&L

36,000 People who went through this house prove the durability of "61" Floor Varnish

NO LESS than thirty-six thousand people tramped over the floors of this beautiful home in Memphis, Tennessee, during the two weeks it was open to public inspection. The floors, finished with "61" Floor Varnish, were still in good condition at the close of the exhibition. A letter, giving the interesting details, appears in the column at the left.

The properties of "61" Floor Varnish, which enable it to withstand such punishment, lift it above the common run of varnishes and make it an ideal floor finish. Ordinary varnishes may be beautiful; they may be waterproof, but if they do not have a tough, inherent elasticity, they are not suitable for floors.

"61" Floor Varnish is not only durable and wear-resistant but possesses more than ordinary beauty. And of course, water and other liquids, hot or cold, do not spot or turn it white.

"61" renews and protects linoleum and similar floor coverings. On furniture and woodwork, it lasts even longer than on floors. Sold in Clear Gloss, six woodstain colors and the popular Dull Finish.

Send For Free Sample Panel

finished with "61," Color Card and names of local dealers. Try the "hammer test" on the panel!

Guarantee: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. Save the surface and you save all

Canadian Address: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 184)

carried him back to the edge of the bank, where he stood looking down, studying the swirl of the water that was now running northward, rippling about the stern of the motorboat

"Tide's runnin' out now," he thought, "strong. It'll boost Bennie Joe along noble till he tries to cross Agony Bar."

He hadn't thought of Agony Bar! Nor had Bennie Joe thought of the place, where this river, running north, met the river coming south through the two wet whalebacks, mingling their waters there and going down to the breakers in the long quarter-mile suck. A desperate place was the suck when the tide was running out. It was a vicious thing that hissed and dragged, but did not crash and tumble about as honest rough water should. Yes, sir, Bennie Joe hadn't thought of the suck, either! He'd get into it before remembering, and it would take him down to the breakers—sure!

These were thoughts Bayou Willie was thinking as he cast off the shore line, fell into the motorboat and began cranking frantically, uttering strange ejaculations in an incoherent, sobbing voice. The old scrap heap came to life with an asthmatic grunt and began to throb. Bayou Willie gave her all the gas she would stand without shaking herself to pieces and the worm-eaten old wreck went wheezing along the channel, missing shots, oozing water through every square inch of rotten wood—but going.

II

BENNIE JOE pulled doggedly through the night, his blind rage still seething within him. Mechanically, he favored the port oar, for it had been cracked and then patched with a piece of scantling picked out of the river. Occasionally this cleat worked loose and then the little man was obliged to stop and hammer in the nails with a chunk of coquina rock. This always sent him into a fresh fury, so his journey was made without regard to geography or the proper study of the tide.

He was beginning to hear a louder moaning of the breakers, though he gave it no heed, for he was accustomed to it. Far behind him, he thought he heard the erratic putt-putt-putt of a following boat, but he could not be sure. And next instant something seemed to seize his skiff and wrench it bodily to starboard. He glanced over his shoulder.

A hundred yards ahead of him the tide was fighting its way toward him between the whalebacks of Agony Bar. In between, the rivers were meeting and sending their mingled waters fighting down the suck in a long hissing undertow. Beyond the inlet, the northern dunes lay gray and ghostly; and at the mouth of the inlet, the breakers were leaping and shaking their white manes in the moonlight.

All this in that one glance. Then Bennie Joe was far down the suck, fighting for his life. It was a losing fight, for the tide was at the top of its ferocity and would not be denied. Bennie Joe began to tire at last and the Sea Wolf yielded. Desperately he strove to cross the suck to the south and land at the bottom of the southern dunes, but a murderous eddy caught him and whirled him round and round a dozen times, then shot him contemptuously back in the suck again. Bennie Joe gave a mighty heave, striving to throw the boat's nose toward the dunes again—and the patched oar snapped in two.

For several moments the little old fellow sat staring at the useless fragment remaining in his hand, then dropped it slowly overboard. He looked ahead at the breakers and tossed the sound oar after it, spat over the side and took out his pipe.

The roar of the surf drowned all other sounds in the little man's ears and the first intimation of rescue came when the slimy, pockmarked nose of the Beauregard plowed past. Next instant a long stringy arm reached across and yanked Bennie Joe into the motorboat, where he fell like a sack of potatoes. Bayou Willie twisted the wheel hard over and the General Beauregard wallowed about, broadside to the reaching ocean.

"Stan' by the in-jine, pardner!" yelled Bayou Willie above the uproar of the water. "Keep her snortin'!"

Miraculously, the palsied old craft came about without breaking itself in two or killing the engine. As it squared away toward the top of the suck, a terrific crash sounded behind and they glanced back to see the Sea Wolf filling the air in a thousand fragments that showered against the face of the moon. The same breaker came on and spanked the General Beauregard so hard that it jangled like a load of scrap iron—but it kept on going. Wheezing and sneezing, yawing drunkenly, missing shots dozens of times, but never quite dying, it won back to the end of the whaleback. Here—and he never knew why—Bayou Willie swung north between the whalebacks instead of taking the river toward home. He was beyond reason. The General Beauregard valiantly snorted past the beacon and its downward-pointing board marker, neared the upper end of the channel over Agony Bar and the comparatively safe waters beyond—and then, with this heroic epic added to its log, the General Beauregard gave a tired grunt and quit.

"Pinch her tail, pardner!" screeched Bayou Willie madly.

Bennie Joe cranked with frenzy, but only long hopeless sighs rewarded him. They were drifting rapidly back again, and Bayou Willie left the wheel and caught up the rusty anchor. As he made to swing it overboard he slipped and dropped the anchor upon the cheesy bottom. It went right on through and the brown water boiled up in a flood.

They were drifting past the beacon again and Bennie Joe snagged the palmetto post with the boat hook, but was promptly snaked overboard. He clung to his boat hook, however, and scrambled ashore; but Bayou Willie, utterly bereft of reason, continued to bail frantically with his ridiculous old hat. Bennie Joe ran down the slippery whaleback just as the Beauregard was swept round the lower end of the sand bar. The little man made a desperate sweep with his boat hook and by sheerest luck caught the leather belt that held Bayou Willie's trousers in position. The long partner came overboard with a mighty splash and Bennie Joe dragged him ashore. A moment later the Beauregard disappeared, and all that was left was a long snaky iridescence that undulated its way down the suck toward the sea. Bayou Willie slumped upon the sand, suddenly all wet rags and utter decrepitude.

"Ruined!" he moaned.

Stricken to the heart, Bennie Joe realized at last the enormity of his conduct during the last day or two. Remorse choked his throat and stung fiercely in his eyes.

"Aw, hell, Willie!" quavered the repentant little sinner, awkwardly patting the bony shoulder of the stricken mariner. "Aw, hell, pardner!"

"I had it comin' to me," mourned Bayou Willie miserably. "Tauntin' and jeerin' you about your grandfather! And I bet your grandfather was a better fighter than Robert E. Lee!"

"No, sir!" objected Bennie Joe stoutly, though his voice trembled with emotion. "It was all my fault—me an' my hellish temper."

For the second time that night they had crawled from the cold waters of the inlet. The first time they had landed on the safe shores of the dunes, where they were able to walk to their boat. Now, however, they had no boat; moreover, they were marooned upon the narrow, slippery ridge of the whaleback, where they would have to stay until the tide turned, for on all sides of them raced a current that no swimmer on earth might dare. The moon went down just before daylight and it was very dark.

"I see sumpin," said Bayou Willie.

It was indistinct in the darkness, faintly white, and seemed to be floating in whatever direction the tide carried it. As it neared them it floated close to the whaleback and scraped gently by—a boat, with all lights out.

"It's the Pelican!" exclaimed Bennie Joe. "Goin' adrift!"

The little man was the faster thinker. He caught the stern rail as the boat went by and hauled himself over the side, racing for the engine room. Bayou Willie swarmed over after him and hurried to his old place at the wheel.

They tied the dainty little boat to the bank where only yesterday had wallowed the slimy old General Beauregard.

"Willie," said Bennie Joe with deep feeling, "from now till we let her go, I'm goin' to imagine we own this boat! Yes, sir, for once in my life I'm goin' to know how it feels to be rich!"

Coming along the river a few hours later, Captain Wink found them there, busy polishing brass and washing the decks.

"I see you boys have got a new boat," he said.

"Found her adrift," said Bayou Willie, "last night. Another minute and she'd have been dragged out to sea. What you reckon we better do with her, cap'n?" The captain's grin broadened.

"Well," he said, "I reckon you better take her up to Jacksonville and fix everything up with the authorities. Yes, and I'd give her a new name. Pelican is all right, but it'll always smell like booze. You wouldn't like that."

"You mean we ought to keep her?" asked Bennie Joe incredulously. Captain Wink nodded.

"You salvaged her, didn't you?" he asked. "Besides, the man promised to use your services for three months. If he fell down on his contract the Pelican was to be yours. I've got the contract in my locker. Sure the boat's yours!"

"But, cap'n," protested Bayou Willie feebly, "suppose that fat Yankee comes back and makes us trouble."

"He won't ever come back," said Captain Wink. "They caught him, early this morning, trying to get North on one of his trucks. He had abandoned the Pelican. They captured his schooner outside the inlet last night. He's one of the biggest booze runners on the east coast and Uncle Sam's been laying for him a long time. Now Uncle Sam's got him! He'll never come back!"

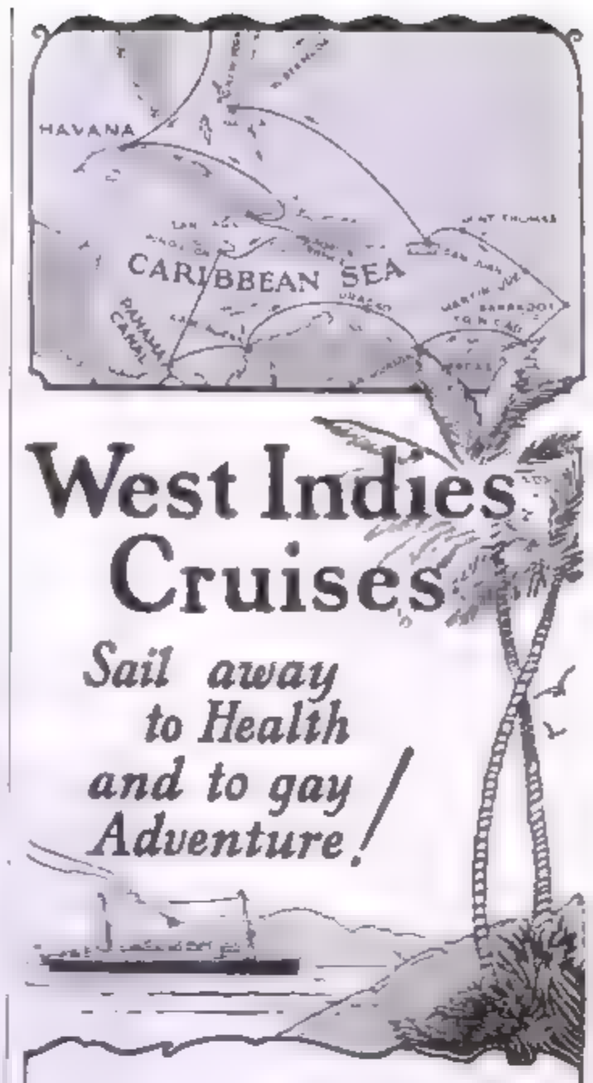
About a week later, Captain Wink was jogging northward again, and halfway through Fox Cut he saw a saucy little cabin cruiser flirt round a bend in the high walls of coquina rock and come gliding down the channel. Her snow-white paint and polished brasswork gleamed in the Florida sun. As she drew nearer the captain studied her bow with lively interest, and presently he chuckled. Evidently a generous compromise had been effected, for upon the bow, done in blue and gold, now appeared the dignified legend General Prosperity.

As the beautiful craft slipped by, there came three loud toots of the cruiser's whistle, and Bennie Joe's wrinkled face appeared for a moment at the pilot-house window, split by a grin that reached from ear to ear. His whiskers had been trimmed.

Sitting upon the after deck in a wicker chair, and protected from the sun by a gay red-and-white awning, sat Bayou Willie, smoking a large influential cigar. The white flannel trousers he wore had originally been built for a fat man, but Bayou Willie had gathered them together at the correct point and fastened them shrewdly with a safety pin. His white yachting cap, also, had once been planned to fit the large head of a brainier individual than Bayou Willie, and it draped itself about its new owner's ears—but no matter.

"Which way?" bellowed Captain Wink as this startling apparition passed.

"Pa'm Beach!" screeched Bayou Willie, his childlike face wearing a grin of conscious pride. He leaned indolently toward the rail and flicked the ash from his wealthy cigar. On the flicking finger a near-diamond half as large as a small door knob flashed in the sun.



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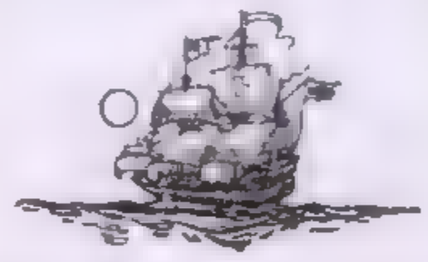

Itinerary: New York, Havana, Santiago, Port au Prince, Kingston, Panama Canal, Curacao, La Guaira, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau, Bermuda.

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Floor Polishing Outfit for $5.00

This Hand Outfit consists of

1 Quart Johnson Liquid Wax	$1.40
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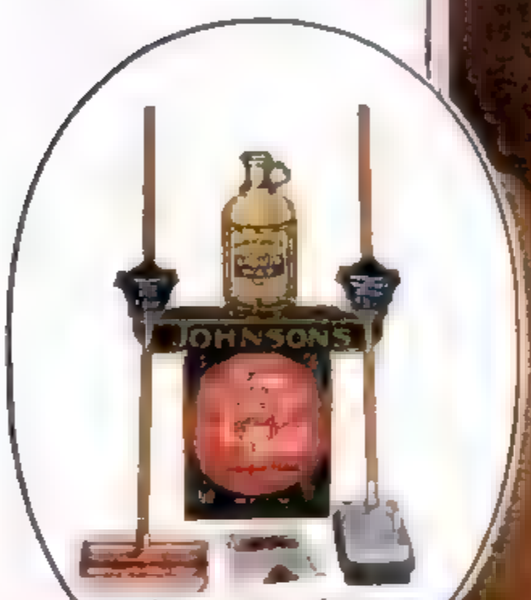

At dept., grocery furniture, hdwe., drug, paint stores. Same price ($5.00) in Canada.

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At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for $2.00 a day. In just a few hours you can polish all your floors—by Electricity.

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Polished Sanitary Floors—*at low Maintenance Cost!*

HERE'S a new, easy, economical way to have bright, clean floors in business and professional offices, hotels, clubs, institutions, schools, stores and homes. Whether the floors are of wood, linoleum, rubber, marble, tile or composition, try the Johnson Wax treatment and you will be surprised at the ease with which they are made beautiful. It takes only a short time and there is no hard work—no stooping or kneeling—no messy rags and pails.

Easy—Quick—Economical

Just spread on a thin even coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor, acts as a germicide and deposits a protecting wax film which is quickly brought to a beautiful polish with a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush or Electric Floor Polisher.

And *after* your floors have had a Johnson Wax treatment they can be kept in perfect condition with half the care. Washing is seldom necessary.

¼c Per Sq. Ft. Per Month

Records show that in one large office building the entire cleaning, waxing and labor cost on thousands of square feet of waxed linoleum averages but ¼c per square foot per month.

Here's what the Building Manager of an immense public utility corporation says: "*Once, as an experiment, we tried a floor without wax. Samples of* **waxed** *linoleum that had been down six years showed less wear than the unwaxed linoleum showed after six months.*"

Endorsed by Linoleum Manufacturers

Read this disinterested statement made by one of the foremost manufacturers of linoleum: "*Instead of trying to keep a linoleum floor clean by daily mopping with a strong soap solution, a far more pleasing appearance and much longer life may be had by* **waxing** *the linoleum. This reduces daily care to the minimum. Simply remove the surface dirt by sweeping—wet mopping is entirely unnecessary. On the main traveled areas re-waxing may be necessary once or twice a month. A scrubbing should be required not more than two, three or four times a year.*"

A Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit is all you need to keep floors in fine condition. Get either a *Hand* or *Electric* Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit—both include a supply of Liquid Wax and a Lamb's-wool Wax Mop.

Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher

This wonderful new machine polishes floors ten times faster than any other method. It cuts floor maintenance costs in half. Simple—nothing to get out of order. Easy to operate! Light in weight—only 9 lbs. Runs from any light socket. Polishes under desks, cabinets and other low pieces without moving them.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON "*The Floor Finishing Authorities*" RACINE, WISCONSIN

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

PEOPLE EX REL. CLEMENT

(Continued from Page 27

and wind had passed, but there was no moon. Carman's pocket flash light directed them to the carriage step, below which waited a small open car. Carman went forward to crank, the engine roared and shook, he stepped in beside Joe Clement and drove the car slowly in a quarter circle that ended on the hard road. He switched on his side lights and the two devisees under the last will and testament of Jarvey Clement traveled swiftly down the Gunners Point road.

The Widow Dunzey, who lived on the other side of the railroad tracks, provided Joe Clement with room and breakfast and sympathetic interest for a total consideration of one dollar. At half-past nine on the following morning Joe Clement, sitting behind the widow's honeysuckle and digesting oatmeal, fried porgy and potatoes, coffee, raised biscuit, beach-plum jam and incidentals, decided to await no longer the promised coming of Carman; he sent the widow's lad for Hollymont's solitary hackman. At ten o'clock he was crossing for the third time the mile and a half of pine barren that lay between the farmed lands of the township and wooded Gunners Point.

"This here's a public road going on to Dayport," said the hackman, chewing the good five-center that Joe Clement had given him, "but over there where it turns off into the Point it's a private road, or so Millionaire Leybourne claims. And being that he's got heaps of money, I guess what he says goes. People say he ought to be lawed about it, but the town don't want to spend money."

"But my uncle had something to say about closing that road."

"Shucks!" sniffed the hackman, shrugging his dusty shoulders. "The privater it was, the better Queer Jarvey liked it." He draped his thin gray beard over the seat back, letting the nag go his own gait. "There was a road down through there for forty years, mister, and there wasn't no question of public or private till this Millionaire Leybourne come along two years ago and started to build himself a big place down on the end. He started to row with the folks here straight off, and then he wouldn't use a stick or a hand from Hollymont; put up bunk houses for a bunch of foreigners and colored fellows, and freighted everything in by schooner. People who seen it from the water say his house must have cost him half a million, and he ain't through spending yet.

"Well, that was all right, but then he buys up nigh the whole durn Point, and he fences with barb wire, and posts the woods, and the next thing is his keeper puts a load of birdshot into Bart Frazer for trespassing. That was downright unneighborly, and Hollymont wanted to know about it, and Judge Muncie give that keeper six months in Riverhead. And Leybourne closed up the road and put a man there, and him and Hollymont ain't had nothing in common ever since, and that's nigh two years ago."

"His man wasn't on the job in the rain last night," said Joe Clement, looking past the driver. "He's not there this morning either."

They had come to the head of the forbidden road. The obstruction and warning sign that the hackman had pushed aside on the previous evening were still lying where they had fallen; the road, over which arched a leafy roof dappled with sunlight, was open. The hack made the quarter turn into it from the highway to Dayport.

"The water ain't a thousand feet away on either side," said the driver. "Not more'n a couple of hundred feet in places, but you'd never know it this time of year, with all them trees. Used to be that there wasn't no road here at all, and people holding here, mostly fishermen, used to go to and from by boat from Dayport across Jones Bay. That's where Leybourne got an argument about the road."

The vehicle traveled on steadily between virgin woods. At intervals the standing timber thinned and patches of sunlit blue water could be seen beyond it.

"Queer Jarvey's place was along in here somewheres," said the driver. "He didn't have it fenced or nothing, but you could see it from the road. Don't see it nowheres, do you? Gosh, we run smack into it last night, and there ain't no road we could ha' turned off into till we come to it."

"Any fishing in those ponds?" asked Joe Clement, looking at a large pool in a hollow a few yards from the road.

"Nothing," said the driver, whose brow was contracted in puzzlement. "Three or four of them on the Point, about big enough to navigate a duck. Trapped rain water. You don't see that house nowheres, do you?"

"We didn't come to it yet. It's farther on."

"It ain't neither. In through here somewheres. That's funny. Get along there!"

He urged the old nag into a trot. They went onward for another two minutes, when the trees suddenly receded and they were crossing open country. "Whoa!" said the driver, pulling the conveyance to a halt.

The peninsula down which they had been traveling had narrowed to six or seven hundred feet in total width, and they could see all over it. Directly ahead of them were the open waters of the Great South Bay, the semi-landlocked sheet of salt water that skirts the south shore of Long Island for seventy miles. On either side of them were the inlets that, running back into the land, formed Gunners Point. The road ran straight on, passing under an arch of ornamental iron resting on brick columns, penetrating formally landscaped grounds, turning and vanishing on the farther side of a huge country residence. The driver was staring at this building's sloping roofs of red Spanish tile and at its smooth walls of cut stone. It was finished, but untenanted as yet.

"Millionaire Leybourne's place," he said. "I'm durned, durned if I'm not!"

He went to turning the hack around.

"We missed it," said Joe Clement, laughing.

"That's the very word I was trying to think of, mister. Giddap!"

They drove back into the Point. They came to a section where the woods opened out, giving place to scattered scraps of meadow, and the driver said, "It's along in here. It's right about ——" His pointing finger wandered uncertainly.

He drove on. He had been studying one side of the road with an air of confidence, but now he favored both sides equally and was clearly at a loss.

"Where's the shell road that leads down to the dock?" suggested Joe Clement, who had begun to feel uncomfortable.

"Seems to me like they was such a road when I was a boy," admitted the driver. "They was, too, by jingo, and it cut acrost the Clement piece. We had ought to be able to find that road, mister. Used to call it Thurber's road; Nat Thurber rented a piece of the bay front from Queer Jarvey's dad for drying sheds and built the dock. It was along in here somewhere. Here 'tis!"

A mere suggestion of the old dock road remained. Its bed was choked with undergrowth, and saplings stood thick and tall in it; only a good axman with a bullhook could have traveled its three hundred feet to salt water in the course of a morning. There were wheel tracks skirting it, leading windingly from the Point road. The driver alighted and followed these tracks back among the trees.

He shouted, waved an arm and returned at a staggering run. He swung the horse aside and led him down the poorly defined tracks.

"Where are we off to now?" asked Joe Clement wonderingly.

"Where we went last night," said the driver grimly. "You got to see this for yourself, mister. I ain't saying nothing!"

The conveyance halted when it had gone twenty yards. It was ranged alongside a shallow excavation whose retaining walls were the outer foundation walls of a house. It was a substantial structure that these ancient and green-grown stones had upheld, a structure thirty feet in width and fifty-five feet in length, with walls of brick, both curtain and partition; fragments of brick were gripped yet in the flinty cement mortar on top of the old foundations. Massive blocks of masonry suggested the sites of the vanished structure's two fireplaces.

"Here's your house, mister," said the driver.

"Nonsense!" said Joe Clement with a nervous giggle. He threw out a hand to indicate the first-growth timber among which the hack had found straitened passage, and was about to say, "The house couldn't have gone from here," when the absurdity of debating the matter stopped him. "This isn't the place," he said instead.

"I ought to know best, mister," said the hackman, though he had the grace to walk back to the road and take a final look about. "I been in these parts sixty-two years, man and boy, and this here's where Queer Jarvey's house was at. And there wasn't never no other house on the whole blamed Point!"

"Pull yourself together, pop," said Joe Clement. "A two-story brick house doesn't blow away over the tree tops."

The old man went to the horse's head and began to turn him.

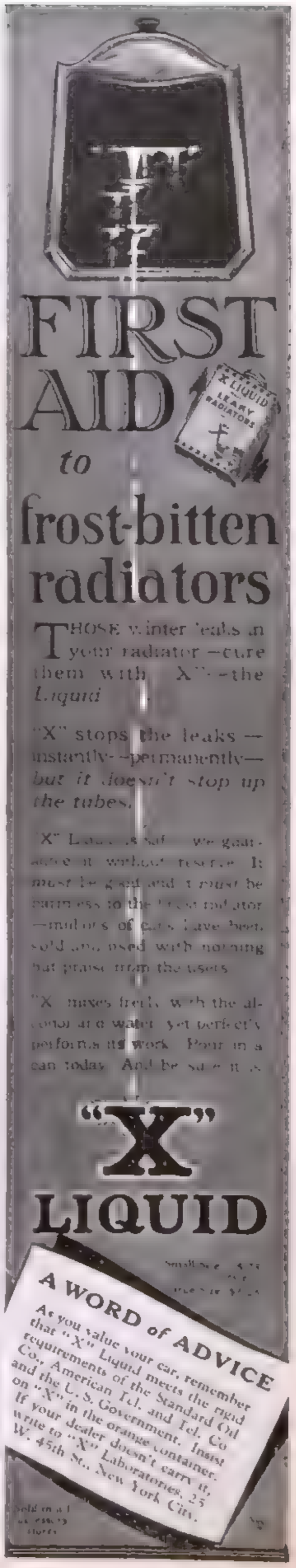
"It's a queer business," he said, evidently washing his hands of the affair. "Going back to Hollymont, mister? Then it'll be half a dollar." He left Joe Clement standing in the road.

In the course of the day the greater part of Hollymont's people visited Queer Jarvey's forty acres on Gunners Point. They wandered about aimlessly and gathered to gape at all that was left of Queer Jarvey's house, and asked Joe Clement the same questions over and over until he was driven nearly mad. As the day wore on, the staggering fact was brought home to him that the stoutly built house he had visited the evening before had disappeared from the face of Gunners Point, leaving behind—except for these bare foundation walls—not a stick or a brick or a broken slate of all its ponderous fabric.

II

THE extraordinary affair of the utter vanishing of the sturdy house of Jarvey Clement from Gunners Point, in the township of Hollymont and county of Suffolk, made extraordinarily little public commotion. The newspapers of New York, sixty miles away, were callous to tales of supernatural flavor emanating from remote rural sections that could use some free advertising; two of them sent reporters when news was slack. The reporters came and looked and talked to the Hollymonters, and went home with their tongues in their cheeks; the story was handed over to the newspapers' funny men, who improved it out of all recognition, changing all names for fear of libel suits, inserting gags and making it good for half a column inside on Monday morning.

The authorities at Riverhead, which is the county seat, were not much more impressed. Joe Clement found his way to them and pestered them into promising to do something. They put the matter into the hands of an assistant district attorney just out of law school, who subpœnaed witnesses, only to discover that there was no available Hollymonter who would swear that he had seen the house inside of a year. He sent a process server down to the Leybourne mansion, which had just been opened and which was fully staffed, but the


FIRST AID
to
frost-bitten radiators
THOSE winter leaks in your radiator—cure them with "X"—the Liquid
"X" stops the leaks—instantly—permanently—but it doesn't stop up the tubes.
"X" Liquid is not a gum—goes on without trouble. It must be used and it must be guaranteed to the radiator—millions of cans have been sold and used with nothing but praise from the users.
"X" mixes freely with the alcohol and water and perfectly performs its work. Pour in a can today. And be sure it is
"X"
LIQUID
A WORD of ADVICE
As you value your car, remember that "X" Liquid meets the rigid requirements of the Standard Oil Co., American Tel. and Tel. Co. and the U. S. Government. Insist on "X" in the orange container. If your dealer doesn't carry it, write to "X" Laboratories, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

process server could find no one who was not newly come or who had been on Gunners Point during the night in question. He examined a disinterested house wrecker, who testified that a house such as described to him could not have been wrecked and carted all away in less than a week.

The strangest testimony of all was given by one Edward McGinty, of Dayport; McGinty swore that he had seen the house in the act of departing for parts unknown. He swore that he had been out fishing with two friends in a Great South Bay cat, and that after drinking two bottles of whisky to raise their hearts, they had lost control of the boat and had drifted onto Gunners Point in the darkness—he believed it was Gunners Point; that he had seen lights in the woods and had heard voices; that he had forced his way toward the lights to ask questions, and had then distinctly seen a large two-story house; that even while he was looking at this house, there had come a sudden unearthly noise, and the house vanished like a puff of smoke and was gone. Which so alarmed Edward McGinty of Dayport that he bolted for the boat and sailed it very competently out onto open water. His testimony was not highly regarded.

The assistant district attorney was conscientious. He went in person to Gunners Point and looked long and shrewdly at the old foundation stones of Queer Jarvey's house. He considered the trees spaced about and saw at once that no house of thirty feet in least dimension, or of even twenty, could have been insinuated among them so as to get clear off and away. *Ergo*, the house had flown up or had sunk down; in sheer desperation, he had a hole dug within the foundation walls at the expense of the state. The hole was sunk eight feet, when it came upon bed rock that rang like steel but that flaked nicely under hammers. *Ergo* again, he had found excellent building stone, a noteworthy find on Long Island, but it didn't so impress the district attorney, whose head was buzzing with law.

He wrote a report. He wrote that he had failed to find the *corpus delicti*, and that the *res gestæ* indicated the commission of no malfeasance or misfeasance cognizable by the state. He had consulted all authorities, going back even to Blackstone, and past him, to Coke upon Littleton, and had found no precedent for predicating a charge of larceny upon the theft of a brick house. It couldn't be done; realty couldn't be stolen. Conversion by severance might be alleged under Section 537, but where was the larcenous taking? Wherefore he respectfully recommended that his superior forget it and send Clement about his business. And that was done.

There were surely persons, perhaps many, who possessed information that would have been helpful in explaining this amazing occurrence, and it is to be supposed that they would have come forward, one or more, if the tale of what had happened on Gunners Point had been trumpeted abroad by the newspapers. But the killing of the story and of the investigation apparently left these persons unapprised of the need of their services, they were evidently not residents of Hollymont township or village. The story of the spiriting away of Queer Jarvey's house in the dark of the moon became a local legend, and for want of acceptance by the knowing outer world, it lost faith and credence in Hollymont itself.

Joe Clement became that melancholy figure, the man with an irremediable legal grievance, a long-faced haunter of courts, a puller of lawyers' coat sleeves. His occupation was gone and there was nothing waiting for him in Iowa, he drifted into New York when the law offices of Riverhead wearied of his importunity.

Carman never reappeared, but the last will and testament of Jarvey Clement, late of the county of Suffolk, deceased, was probated in due course The will was offered by Byrne & Saft, a New York law firm. They had been retained by Carman to prove the will in the first instance, but professed to know nothing of his whereabouts, and were acting in behalf of a judgment creditor of Carman. The will was admitted, and Carman's share was promptly sold under the judgment, being bought in by Nasby Leybourne, of Gunners Point.

Joe Clement was cited in the probate proceeding, and his right to a distributive share in the estate was established without cost to him. He took under the will "the land on the left side of the shell road from the old dock"—an ambiguous description that was cured by the phrase "it being the side my home now stands on." A surveyor, equipped with the descriptions in the old deeds of record, picked up the old monuments, and, the former site of the house being known, the land intended to be devised was plotted with certainty.

Joe Clement's distributive share in his uncle's estate was then so much of the forty acres as lay south of the old shell road and east of the Gunners Point road; it was a strip or gore of land about three hundred feet in length and with a mean width of one hundred and ten feet, and was in area something less than an acre. In this strip of land, which was valued by the transfer tax appraiser at forty dollars, Joe Clement held a conditional fee subject to defeat if he rented the strip or sold it for less than one hundred thousand dollars, with remainder over to the Carty family of Liverpool, England—meaning, in effect, that Joe Clement received nothing of value whatever.

Carman and his successors in interest received about thirty-nine acres, being the entire holding of the late Jarvey Clement except the gore on the east side allotted to Joe Clement. This property was appraised at twenty-five hundred dollars. The division was startlingly uneven, but was not necessarily inequitable. If Queer Jarvey's substantial residence had been saved to his young kinsman, he would have received the greater share of the estate, which was, in all likelihood, the result that Queer Jarvey thought to accomplish when he sat down and took pen in hand and wrote, "In the name of God, amen."

III

ON THE same night that Joe Clement lost his house on Gunners Point in the truly rural county of Suffolk, that rising criminal lawyer and patron of midnight Broadway, Counselor Ambrose Hinkle of Center Street, was rooked out of eighteen hundred dollars in a fashionable Times Square gambling hell; the backer of this gaming house, Nick Laban by name and a financial power in the underworld, refused redress when angrily appealed to.

The synchronism is mentioned because it was a hunch to Little Amby when he learned of it; it has no significance *per se*.

There was a November wind blowing in Center Street on the afternoon when Joe Clement strolled along it. Men who had overcoats wore them; men who hadn't, dropped into O'Reilly's Prospect House on the corner and bought inside overcoats in the shape of tall seidels of lager fortified with stock ale. Joe Clement had no overcoat and had the necessary nickel to fee O'Reilly, but he was slouching along toward his job as a ticket chopper in the Worth Street station of the Subway, and he couldn't afford to arouse the anger or envy of a superior by exhaling the fumes of drink. The wind blew up his sleeves and down the back of his neck, and made him look longingly at the cathedral glass of O'Reilly's windows. His mourning gaze shifted to the three-story-and-basement brick house next door, and swept up the house's dingy façade to the battered cornice. Whereupon Joe Clement turned with the certitude of an ancient mariner and crossed the street On the cornice was a great black-and-gold sign saying, Ambrose Hinkle, Counselor-at-Law, and the instant that Joe Clement spotted a lawyer he knew the man that must hear him

A powerfully built man wearing a scarlet sweater under an open pea-jacket was on the stoop of the house. This man was balancing a derby upended on his nose his heavy arms were stretched out, barring passage, his small and greenish eyes were intent on the teetering hat, and his yellow shoes were shuffling in time to a tune that he whistled through his teeth. It was a feat, but the equilibrist was equipped for it; his nose, originally wide, had been smashed flat, and his hideously swollen ears stood out ready to catch a fall. The man jerked his eighteen-inch neck, and the six-and-a-half hat sat down neatly on his cranium.

"What's eating you, son?" he asked.

"I want to see the lawyer," said Joe Clement. "I got a case for him."

The man's small eyes sized up the ex-second baseman of Dubuque.

"Got no appointment? Write us a letter and we'll send for you if we want to see you. 'At's the only way, son."

He seemed to dismiss Joe Clement from his mind. He threw his head forward, causing his trained hat to erect itself again on his nose; this time, however, it pitched forward and dived for the street. Joe Clement shot forth a hand, palm down, and the hat rolled along his arm, when he picked it adroitly from his shoulder and presented it to its owner.

"Say, kid," said the big man admiringly, "show me that one again!" Joe Clement showed it to him again. It was no great trick for a professional ball player in that bygone era of hard hats, but it pleased Tug Gaffney. "Kid," he said, "you're there! I thought you was just a lobbygow. Go on up and take Cohen by the ear."

Joe Clement climbed the uncarpeted stairs to the outer office. Cohen, the counselor's hard-driven managing clerk, was a bit of a juggler himself. With a fuming cigar gripped between his teeth, he was talking into a telephone and dictating at the same time by snatches to a stenographer sitting by. He saw Joe Clement enter, brought him to the desk with a jerk of the head, and snapped, "What is it?" He was a fat and shapeless man, a physical sloven. His large and expressionless eyes dwelt on Joe Clement while he talked to Clement and to the stenographer and to the person on the wire, aiding each to pick out his own by the intonation of Cohen's rasping voice.

"Hello, hello, I'm waiting—'wherein your petitioner was charged with having on the twenty-eighth day of December, 1907, committed the crime of murder in the first degree. That a certified copy of said indictment is hereto annexed and made a part hereof. That your petitioner'—Well, why don't you speak?—'has fully and fairly stated the case to Ambrose Hinkle, his counsel'—No, no, we won't do that! What's in it for us? We're not in business for our health, major—'who resides at the Grand Manhattan Hotel, Forty-second Street and Broadway, and that he has a good'—Did you say Leybourne? What's the first name?—You better come up here and talk to me about this. No, I won't see you today. Supposing he is; let him stay there. But I tell you I won't talk on the wire. Good-by, good-by—'and substantial defense on the merits, as he is informed by said counsel and verily believes to be true.' Sit down over there, Clement."

Joe Clement had deposited on Cohen's desk, by silent direction, a sheaf of dog-eared papers, and had taken his seat in a row of waiting clients against a wall. Cohen proceeded about his multifarious business, glancing down occasionally at the papers, which he had disordered, glancing up at the newest candidate for the widely esteemed services of the firm. He held whispered communion with the telephone and brought Joe Clement to him again.

"He'll see you," he said, snapping a thumb toward a doorway. "At the end of the hall. Knock."

The Subway ticket chopper did not know that he was signally favored; he had always found it easy to get a first audience with a lawyer, though very hard to get a second one. He passed through the indicated doorway, knocked on the glass panel of the last door in the hall beyond, and was bidden to enter.

The dapper little man by the window overlooking the Tombs prison nodded briefly and walked to the great mahogany desk and reseated himself. He asked Joe Clement a few guiding questions, and then sank back in the swivel chair and let the young man talk. Joe Clement had told the story in dozens of law offices and was drilled in it. The little lawyer took a gold-tipped cigarette from an onyx box, the movement causing four diamond rings on his slender hand to flash, and smoked it leisurely, while the black eyes in his triangular and ivory-hued face were fixed on Joe Clement. The boy had never run foul of the criminal law, and did not know that the foppish little man to whom he was speaking was the first criminal lawyer in New York, was the formidable, determined, astute and unscrupulous Little Amby.

"But where does Leybourne come in?" asked Little Amby dissatisfiedly.

"Oh, Mr. Leybourne got nothing to do with this, except he owns the property next, and he bought Carman's part," said Joe Clement apologetically. "I guess I might have mentioned his name outside, or it's in the description, or something."

Little Amby picked up the copy of the will of Jarvey Clement, read it through and threw it back on the desk. He swung around toward the windows, but turned suddenly back to take up the will again.

"You weren't in your uncle's house at all that night," he said bluntly. "It's impossible, from what you tell me."

"No, sir," said Joe Clement, his blue eyes full of earnestness. "It was certainly the house, because the tin box was right where my uncle said it would be in the letter."

"Which is that letter?" Joe Clement handed him eagerly the oddly sealed letter that had guided him to the secret compartment beside the fireplace that night on Gunners Point. Little Amby's thin lips curved, but he opened the envelope and drew out the closely written sheet of foolscap, now limp with handling:

"*Dear Neffew:* I take my pen in hand to write you these few lines. I am not feling good it is the old troble and I gess it is all day with me. Well, neffew, people has it I am not right, but they are not right, my head is sound as a nut. Well, neffew, I take my pen in hand to tell you some things you ought to know for yore advise.

"I am leving you the house and land accept what I am leving to Philip Carman for the money I loned off of him. I do not know what to think, him pesting me to sell out, but I leve him for what I loned off of him. Well, neffew, they will try to come around you like they tried to come around me to sell out but I was one too many for them. They dug all over the Point, nine holes, leting on they want to see where is the rock, but they can't rub that on me. Your great granddad was rich as a Jew, and spend cash like water, kept trotting horses and died drunk, and nobody knew what he done with his money and loked all over.

"Well, neffew, I fond the map and all papers and when I am got it well studded out I will lok around where he burred it. The map shows the house and forty acres like it was in his days made by a surveyor; he owned nine farms in the county and sold them out for hard money and nobody never fond a cent.

"Well, neffew, it is in the old drying oven behind the wanscoten next the herth in the living room in a tin box in the closet. Lift up the forth hook that side and it will open. I figer it is a hundred thousand dollars anyways, so do not sell out till you find it. I put it in the will.

"Well, neffew, more later from

"UNCLE JARVEY."

"Your uncle was eccentric," said Little Amby. "It doesn't run in the family, does it? Or are you lying in the hope of getting public attention? Your uncle's form of the family complaint inclined him to privacy, I understand."

(Continued on Page 197)

NUCOA is a natural pure white product made from delicious cocoanut, peanuts, milk and salt. A color capsule approved by the Government of the United States is supplied by the grocer with every package. You may color NUCOA *any shade of yellow you like, for table use, cooking or baking.* NUCOA *is obtainable at any of the best grocers' in your community*

DOES this New Delicacy ACTUALLY Save Money

YES!

IN FACT, every time One Million Women use Nucoa for one year, they save *Thirty Million Dollars.*

This new delicacy cuts one of the most vexing costs of the family table practically in two.

And the most gratifying thing about it is that Nucoa brings you *also* a positive gain in the family *standard of living.*

On your table, you serve dainty Nucoa Pats with your bread. In your kitchen, you use Nucoa in preparing other foods.

And what do you find by *comparison?*

Flavor?—The *advantage* is all with Nucoa—and with *you.*

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Just how Nucoa can give you this combination of *economy* advantage and *food* advantage is explained by the *two basic facts* of Nucoa:

1. Nucoa is *not* a thing of chance in either ingredients, methods, quality or price—It *is* a creation of the high food science of this advanced scientific day.
2. Nucoa is a natural, pure white product, made of nutritious, palatable cocoanut, peanuts, milk and salt. Nothing else. It is made under rigid scientific *control*—under model conditions of *sanitation*—and with every appliance to keep human hands *away* from it.

How many food products do you know that can claim as much—and make the claim on FACTS?

The Best Foods, Inc.

New York Chicago San Francisco

Nucoa

"The FOOD of the FUTURE"

Serve dainty Nucoa Pats on the table with bread and use Nucoa in the kitchen to prepare other foods

How utterly foolish not to wear

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE . . . You know as well as you know your name that weather like this happens every winter and happens often.

You also know that you can't have dry, warm feet or clean, dry shoes unless you wear rubbers when the ground is wet.

Now you are saying to yourself, "*Yes, but I HATE to wear rubbers.*"

How much do you hate to wear rubbers? Do you hate it worse than you do spoiled shines, ruined shoes, soggy stockings, wet feet, or taking quinine?

Do you hate it worse than paying carfare or a taxi to carry you a walking distance, only to step off into a puddle of slush?

Do you hate rubbers so much that you like to stay away, because of wet, sloppy streets and melting snow, from places you want to go?

Do you hate rubbers enough to set an example before your children that encourages them to run around on the wet, cold ground in thin little shoes with perhaps holes in the soles?

Do you hate rubbers more than you hate to track mud and snow into the living room and sitting around in mud-stained shoes or shoes that are wet?

TRADE MARK

A FREE *Booklet*
"More Days Wear"

If the stores where you usually buy do not sell 'Ball-Band' Footwear write us for the name of a dealer who does, and our free booklet, "More Days Wear," showing Rubber and Woolen Footwear for every member of the family.

"BALL-BAND"
Rubber & Woolen
FOOTWEAR

rubbers on a day like this

BE SENSIBLE . . . Get yourself a pair of "Ball-Band" Rubbers. Don't wait until a storm drives you into the first store. Go today. Get fitted. Ask for "Ball-Band" (Red Ball), the quality rubbers that look well on your feet.

Do this and you will quit hating to wear rubbers. You will like them and be glad that you were born in a century when such blessed protection and comfort as "Ball-Band" Rubbers give, are possible for every man, woman and child.

Over ten million people in town and country know from experience what the Red Ball Trade Mark stands for when stamped on rubber footwear.

That trade mark has stood for good rubbers for more than a quarter century. It is so well known among men and women who are hard on rubber footwear that literally millions of them say "Red Ball" when they buy.

Look for the Red Ball on the rubbers you buy. It appears on the heel or sole—you can't miss it.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO., 467 Water St., Mishawaka, Ind.
"The House That Pays Millions for Quality"

TRADE MARK

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If you do not sell "Ball-Band" Footwear, write us for information about "Ball-Band"—the complete line of Rubber Footwear, Woolen Footwear, Work Shoes and Sport Shoes. We make nothing but Footwear, and we know how.

"BALL-BAND"
Rubber & Woolen
FOOTWEAR

FULL Havana Filler

How to avoid "cigar disappointment"

Have you ever found a cigar that just suited your fancy, only to discover a few months hence that the taste had changed?

A keen disappointment, to be sure. But easily avoided. Especially if you seek a cigar made by a company whose resources are great enough to insure the same sweet taste and mellow flavor year in and year out—a cigar like Rob't Burns.

The General Cigar Company can—and does—buy up and keep constantly on reserve tobacco from the best Cuban crops. Not here and there but in quantities enough to insure that the FULL Havana filler is always the best the market affords.

Actual size of Robt Burns PANATELA

Robt Burns

PANATELA	PERFECTO	INVINCIBLE (foil-wrapped)	STAPLES
10¢	2 for 25¢	15¢	10¢

General Cigar Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 192)

"But, Mr. Hinkle, the driver of the carriage ——"

"I wouldn't give a hoot if all Hollymont came here and swore they saw the house sail off. I wouldn't believe them. The thing is impossible, and no weight of testimony could convince me. Why, my boy, if you lost your front in a crowd anywhere in New York, I'd undertake to work it back to you in forty-eight hours, and tell you the gun who took it. And you want to tell me that some mob slipped into that village down there and lifted a brick house and blew with it, and nobody the wiser. Nobody peeped at all, eh?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hinkle. I got a lot of letters telling me how it happened, but the district attorney wouldn't pay attention to them. There are four of them, and I have a whole bunch more home, but I don't think the writers know much about it, do you, Mr. Hinkle?"

Little Amby read the four letters, which were postmarked, in the order given below, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Perth Amboy, New Jersey; Jamaica, New York; and Hollymont, New York:

"Mr. Joseph Clement,

"*Honored Sir:* The application of the mystic Oriental art to a brick house so as to levitate it seventy feet in air, which I am told is the height to clear the tree tops, represents an astounding advance. But to be candid, honored sir, it is my opinion that we have here rather a case of dematerialization induced by change of plane. In my own life are examples even more astounding to the senses, and if you let me know where I could have a good talk with you I will tell you things unheard of.

"Yours in science,

"Charles Lopez."

"J. Clement, Esq., Hollymont, L. I.

"*Dere Mr. Clement:* I am thinking a lot about how you come to losing yore house at above locality, and it stumps me having experence in house moving all kinds for twenty years. But if I will come out and tell you what I think, I think it slipped and fell in the dark. The way to do with a brick house is have a regular crib and not depending on timbers and grease blocks like a frame house. If you will have any more houses to move, I am equipped to give you a good job anytime after next year when I come back North, but no night jobs and two hundred feet a day is stepping. Yours truly,

"Matthew Hagenbow."

"Mr. James Clement, Hollymont, L. I.

"*Dear Sir:* If you will inclose $1000 in cash or stamps in a securely sealed envelope and put it alongside the Black Angel in the middle of Hillside Avenue near the Donovan mansion midnight of any day this week you will get information leading to the recovery of your house. If you inform the police or try to catch us you will never see your house again.

"The Under-Cover Boys."

"Mr. Jarvey Clement, Jr., Town.

"*Dear Mr. Clement:* This is my explanation: There was a deep cavern under Queer Jarvey's house like they have down in Kentucky. Then there was an earthquake that broke in the top of the cavern and made the house turn right upside down, so the foundations stuck up. If you are going to offer a prize for the best answer, please put this in for the prize. For a prize I would rather have money, as I am not so well fixed. That is, if I win it, ha-ha! Hoping I win the prize, I remain,

"Yours faithfully.

"Carrie Wittel."

"Cranks," sniffed Little Amby. "You got others too, did you? Send them down here. We'll study the matter over and see if there's any angle to it that will show us both a profit."

"Somebody owes me something, Mr. Hinkle, that's sure," said Joe Clement, yearning for a word of cheer.

"We'll try to get something out of somebody whether they owe it to you or not," said Little Amby. "Good day, my boy. Leave your address outside."

Cohen came in with legal papers after Joe Clement had left.

"What do you think of that midnight mystery, chief?" he asked, helping himself to a cigarette.

"Nothing," said Little Amby over his shoulder. He was standing at the window staring unseeingly at the gray Tombs across the way.

"The will was probated by Byrne & Saft. And if any monkey business went on down there, and Leybourne was in the neighborhood ——"

"That's the only reason I talked to him," snarled Little Amby, wheeling, suddenly intense. "There's nothing in it for us; I wouldn't take the forty acres as a fee, and this young fellow hasn't got two dimes to rub together. I believe he was jobbed, somehow. And if that house had wings, I'm betting we'll find feathers in Leybourne's whiskers.

"What's Fordan doing? Turn this thing over to him. Tell him to go down there and study the ground over; tell him to run down all these loony letters for—tell him to see me as soon as he comes in, and we'll go over it together."

IV

ON AN afternoon during the Christmas holidays of the year 1908, an elegant closed roadster with sheeny maroon body and enough and to spare of gleaming nickel trim might have been descried approaching Gunners Point on the Dayport road. The observer so descrying could have perceived behind the glass of the roadster a strongly built man in a red sweater and a sallow little man in a bearskin coat; and then, if his knack for descrying were not played out, he should have descried, behind the roadster and attached to it by a rope, a one-lung automobile of the class of 1902 whose upright steering wheel was being manipulated by a fat man of cold and cross aspect. If now we may further suppose, without asking too much of an observer who was really not about at all, that he had been in his time incarcerated in the Tombs for dipping or moll-buzzing or what not, or had been immured in a criminal courts jury box for lacking political influence, he should have recognized the strongly built man as Tug Gaffney and the fur-wrapped man as Little Amby, and he should have recognized Little Amby's managing clerk in the unfortunate who cut the cold wind behind them and breathed in their exhaust.

The roadster came to a stop by the roadside; Cohen jammed on the brakes of his antique and it came squealingly to a halt.

"There's the place," called Little Amby. "Go right in, Cohen, and collect."

Cohen got down stiffly, with a look of positive hatred for his master, threw off the rope and went to cranking his car. The engine refused to fire.

"Not getting cold feet, are you, Cohen?" jeered Little Amby. "It was your own idea, you know, and I wouldn't stand in the way of your picking up a piece of change. You're hooked for the fifty you paid for that rattler and you might as well try to collect."

"I'll turn it over for you, Moe," said Tug Gaffney, getting out. Under his powerful urging, the moribund engine began to fire. He went then to the rear and pushed the decrepit car, running behind it until it got fairly away from him, when Cohen steered it into the Gunners Point road, departing in noise and smoke.

Had Cohen had leisure and a disengaged mind, he must have seen much to admire in the new Gunners Point, much of performance and more of promise. A handsome gatehouse of natural stone was under construction at the head of the road; stone boats were hauling the unshapen blocks from a quarry in the woods. The woods themselves were no longer riotously luxuriant. They had been thinned judiciously, and the impassable brakes of undergrowth had been swept away. Gunners Point had taken on the clipped and garnished aspect of a private park. There were summer houses and artistically rustic retreats, bluestoned paths wound about, passing newly sodded expanses of lawn, skirting groves in whose covert were statues of marble and of bronze; there were artificial rockeries and tiny waterfalls; the frozen surface of an artificial lake was dull black under the winter sun. But Cohen, nervously intent on the affair in hand, had eyes only for the road ahead.

He passed the foundations of Queer Jarvey's house, now sunk in brown weeds, and chugged along some two hundred yards to where laborers were filling in a pond in a hollow beside the road. The road level was being carried back over the pond; a cart that had just discharged a load of dirt and broken rock down a steep declivity into the roiled water was pulling back onto the road. The cart was blocking the roadway for the moment.

"Hi there!" shouted Cohen, charging down on it at a headlong speed of fifteen miles an hour.

The somnolent carter looked up in alarm, which was turned to vacant wonder when he saw the oncoming car turn toward the pond to avoid a collision, while its stout pilot prepared to jump. The car went on over the brow of the declivity, somersaulted and sank with a great splash; Cohen landed a-sprawl in the road.

"Good gosh, neighbor!" said the carter.

"Brakes jammed and I must have stepped on the gas," said Cohen, rising. "How am I going to get my car out?"

"You ain't, just," said the carter. "They's forty feet of water in that hole."

"Then somebody's got to pay me for it," said Cohen, starting down the road afoot toward the Leybourne mansion.

A stone stable and a stone garage had been erected on the landward side of the Leybourne residence. Beyond the stable was a dirt track on which a half-grown youth was exercising two blooded horses. A tall and big-stomached gentleman in a gray sport suit and gray stockings tufted in red was standing beside the iron fence that inclosed the kennels and speaking to a deferential man in corduroys. Cohen looked keenly at the stout gentleman, noting his bulk, and his jowls swollen and purplish with good living, and his close-clipped black mustache, and made for him with the determination of a bulldog.

"Can you tell me where I can see Mr. Leybourne?"

"I'm Leybourne," said the big man, rolling the Havana between his thick red lips.

"I had an accident down the road, Mr. Leybourne," said Cohen, smiling placatingly. "I came down your road, thinking it was a short cut into Dayport, and the car went off the road into a pond on your property, back there where they're filling in."

Leybourne grunted as if Cohen had prodded him in his capacious midriff. His gray eyes brightened and his black brows drew down and he looked at Cohen with utter bleakness.

"You're going to leave your car there, I suppose," he said.

"Well, I just bought the car, Mr. Leybourne," said Cohen. "I thought you would have no objection if I was to bring around a wrecking car so we could grapple around down there and fetch my car up. Perhaps we could send down a diver to study the situation out."

"What's your car worth, in your honest opinion?" asked Leybourne, withdrawing his cigar to look at it.

"An offer of twenty-five hundred dollars would take it," confessed Cohen. "It's a Roadburner, and I just bought it. But I wouldn't be hard with you; if you didn't want the car salvaged—say, two thousand dollars."

"Cheap, too, I daresay," said Leybourne. He turned his back on Cohen and spoke to the man in corduroys. "How's Tiger feeling today? Out of sorts, as usual?"

"He don't seem to get any amiabler, Mr. Leybourne, and that's a fact," said the

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man, glowering at an ugly mastiff behind the iron fence. "He offered to take my hand off this morning."

"He ought to be let out for a run," said Leybourne. "That last tramp must have disagreed with him." He shook the iron gate demonstratingly, whereupon the great dog approached it, walking with stiffened legs, with rising crest and a deep-chested snarling in his throat. Leybourne led Cohen a few paces from the fence.

"Last week," he said, speaking with a feeling that darkened his face and interfered sensibly with his enunciation, "a state inspector of health—so he called himself—came here and ordered me to drain that pool. I gave him a hundred bucks and told him I'd fill it up, and he went away happy. Yesterday comes an insurance investigator—so he called himself—and tells me his company has been paying claims on dozens of stolen cars, and that he has a tip that the cars weren't stolen at all but were stripped and sunk in that deep pond. And he wants to go fishing for them. Well, I'm thick—oh, I admit it!—anybody can take me for a gallop—and I give that snoozer half a grand to square him. Now you breeze in and want to send a diver to look for your car, and I suppose the least I can do for you is to slip you two grand."

"I didn't know you'd feel that way about it, Mr. Leybourne."

Leybourne drew out a diamond-incrusted watch and poised it in his hand.

"I'm going to give you ten seconds to make your get-away," he said, "and then I'm going to turn that dog on you. If he doesn't eat you up—and I'll lay you two to one he will—go back to your boss and tell him I'm ready for a show-down."

He returned to the gate.

"Look here, Leybourne," blustered Cohen, "don't you try to run anything like this on me, because you won't get away with it. I may be technically a trespasser, but "

"Time!" shouted Leybourne, looking at the watch and putting his hand on the gate. The dog lurched forward eagerly.

Cohen kept talking as he walked slowly away. Each step was more rapid than the last till he was half running.

"Five—six—seven ——" counted Leybourne.

Panic swept Cohen. He threw his burdening dignity away and tore down the road like a commuter. His legs twinkled; he did not run with any great speed, but he had never run so fast, and the ecstasy of effort cast out fear. He clutched at the air to pull himself along, his straining eyes yearned over the distant prospect.

He did the first half mile in five minutes flat, which was tall running for a stout man of thirty-eight who smoked rank cigars incessantly, and then, a back-flung glance persuading him that the dog must long since have sat down in despair, he brought his gait down to a puffing walk, which he continued to the waiting roadster on the Dayport road.

V

"WHY, good afternoon, Hinkle," said Leybourne, in a voice that had seductive trills in it; his hand was outstretched hospitably as he crossed the polished floor of the room. "And to what do we owe the honor of a visit from the famous barrister, solicitor and advocate?"

"Matter of business, Mr. Laban," said Little Amby in a flat tone. "Good afternoon." He permitted Leybourne to shake a lifeless hand and seated himself in a chair that commanded a fine view of the maroon roadster and of the Great South Bay beyond.

"Don't mention it," said his host, as a Japanese entered bearing a waiter on which were fined cocktail glasses. "And by the way, my boy, the name is Leybourne; no offense, but I believe in keeping things separate. Will you join me in a Bronx? Mr. Hinkle first, Fuji. Well, here's happy days and nights all pleasure! Have you looked over my little place here?"

"It's quite an establishment."

"It has set me back a few. But what's money for? I've come to a time of life where I want to get some use of my money. Doctor suggested it, in the first place. Blood pressure, Hinkle; look out for it. So I decided to unbelt and live like a gentleman. Gentlemen is what there's nothing but down this way, Hinkle. Vanderberg got a five-million-dollar place in Oakdale, west of here, and a step to the east is Southampton, which is full of the *crème de la crème*. Why, say, the tax collector don't bother to see who lives along in here; he gets a Blue Book and there he's got us like a stand-up."

"Not a bad place to open up for business," said Little Amby.

"Oh, nothing like that. Well, I'm not saying but what if the right people wanted to shoot their dough against a bank roll that can take a beating, among surroundings befitting a gentleman—I'm not saying but what I'd oblige. But I'm pulling out of business of all kinds. I've got enough to scratch along on if I never make another turn. You know I never bothered with small stuff. What would you say, Hinkle, if I told you, between you and I, that I'm worth seven million bucks?"

"I'd say it was a lot of money whether you had it or not."

"You always were a kidder. But you know me. You know I can throw you things if you stand right. Fact is now, to be perfectly candid, I was thinking of putting you on a retainer. How does that listen?"

"Drop down to Center Street some day and we'll talk it over. I'm not in a position to take a retainer from you now."

"What's on your mind?"

"I'm acting for a young fellow named Clement whose uncle had property here on the Point. He came into the office last month and told me a very strange story. I had it investigated, and now I've got the truth. So, before starting anything, I came down here to see you and find if we can get together."

"Like two fingers in the mud," said Leybourne heartily. "What's the matter with you, Hinkle? You know me and I know you. What have you got?"

"That boy's uncle made a will; he was his own lawyer, so naturally he had a fool for a client, and he made a foolish will. There is, or there was, an old road running from your main road out there to the bay, and cutting across a corner of the Clement property; the testator left all the property on the left side of that road to my client and all the property on the right side to one Carman."

"I see, Hinkle. You understand that this is all news to me. I bought some property that used to belong to old Clement, but my attorneys took care of it."

"That's why I'm feeding this thing to you slowly. Now that description would be no use if the old fellow didn't go on to say that he was leaving to his nephew the property on the side where his house was. That settled it. But the old fellow was of a brooding and fanciful nature, and he became convinced that there was a pot of money buried on the land somewhere. What gave him this cracked notion was, I believe, the fact that a neighbor of his dug a number of test holes roundabout, and also, probably, because his neighbor tried to buy the forty acres."

"Let's call names, Hinkle. I tried to buy his property and offered him all the way up to seven thousand dollars for it, which was twice what it was worth. And as for the holes, we were looking for building stone. We had his permission."

"So the old fellow," resumed Little Amby, "wrote into his will that the nephew was to have the property only on condition that he didn't rent it or sell it for less than a hundred thousand dollars. That was so as to be sure that nobody else would buy the land and cabbage the supposed buried treasure. Since there was no treasure, the testator was making the property worthless to his nephew, but that's how his mind worked, and that's what he did. Now, let's suppose that the neighbor wanted that property. Let's suppose that he had bought up all the Point but this forty acres, and that that piece of land cut his holdings right in two."

"But that's just how it was. That's why I bought in what had been left to Carman—so as to join up my pieces. Of course, there's the strip that went to young Clement and that can't be sold, but I can get along without that. But go ahead, go ahead."

Leybourne lit a cigar and leaned back easily.

"Now let's suppose, just for fun," resumed Little Amby deliberately, "that the house had been on the other side of the road, on the thirty-nine acres. Let's suppose that that was the piece that couldn't be sold for less than a hundred thousand dollars."

"Yes, it could too," said Leybourne, blowing smoke at the ceiling. "By getting a deed from young Clement and also from whoever was the heir in England. McCarthy or some such name."

"You always were a quick thinker, Nick," snickered Little Amby. "No sooner do I mention the problem than you have the answer. You are some ready reckoner, I'll say. I'll suppose, too, then, that the rich neighbor didn't want to take a chance on buying the deeds in the way you just thought of. Here then is the situation: The house is on the thirty-nine acres, about five hundred feet from the shell road, and the neighbor—a sporting man who'd take a chance on anything—has a month to do something, with complete control of the neighborhood. What's the answer?"

"I give up," said Leybourne calmly.

"I have here a letter," continued Little Amby joyably, "from one Matthew Hagenbow to J. Clement, speaking about the loss of a house. This letter got mixed in with letters from cranks and was lost in the shuffle.

"Hagenbow is doing a job down in Jacksonville, Florida, and my man saw him there four days ago. But last June Hagenbow was doing a big job of moving over on Pine Island, not so far from here, where the sea was encroaching and the summer cottages on the front had to be moved back. When he finished there, he went looking for business before moving his equipment back to Perth Amboy, and he was employed to move a brick house on Gunners Point. He was employed by the man he found living in the house, who gave his name as Jarvey Clement, but who was, I take it, known at the time to others as Philip Carman."

"Find Carman," said Leybourne crisply. "Prove the goods on him and put him in stir."

"I'd have some hunt for him, I'll bet," said Little Amby. "But I'm not interested in finding him, or in putting anybody in jail, though it may come to that if I have to go to the district attorney. I'll be satisfied to have Nashy Leybourne's certified check for a hundred thousand dollars, and for it I'll give him a quitclaim from young Clement to the whole forty acres. There'll be no difficulty in proving where the house formerly stood, even though the foundations were moved. There happens to be an old survey in existence."

"Hinkle," said Leybourne, getting up and clapping the little lawyer on the shoulder, "your brains are dusty! Supposing that somebody tried, just as a sporting proposition, to put across the sort of thing you're gassing about, do you and I have to quarrel? You're clever, and I know it, and I want you on a retainer. I'm going to write you a check for ten thousand dollars—you personally. You know what I mean?"

"Absolutely," said Little Amby, rising. "And I'll be very glad to have it when this business is settled. You can see me tomorrow between the hours of ten and five at my office in Center Street. Don't come without a certified check for one hundred thousand dollars. It's a bargain, with your improvements, and allowing for the fact that you yourself closed the road and will be in no position to claim a right of way, it's worth more to you. Don't disturb me after five o'clock because I'll be talking on the long-distance to the district attorney of this county."

At half past four in the afternoon of the following day, the door to Little Amby's private room in Center Street closed behind Mr. Herman Saft, of Byrne & Saft, leaving Little Amby and Joe Clement facing each other across a certified check for one hundred thousand dollars.

"Then the house was in the middle of the Gunners Point road that night when I was in it," said Joe Clement dazedly.

"It was," nodded Little Amby. "It was being moved down to its new location, where the old foundations had been set up to receive it."

"And it went into the quarry when they tried to move it in the dark."

"They were turning it around. Hagenbow says he had had to put together a crib to support the house, as he had not the proper tackle for the job, and it could be pulled only in one direction. What could they do? They were caught with the goods and had to have a story for daylight. They were evidently going to claim that the house had stood where they placed the foundations, and that they were moving it under some previous agreement with your uncle. They would have had to manufacture the agreement, but that was the easiest part.

"And in the dark, Hagenbow's man didn't get the order to stop the donkey engine in time, and he pulled the thing askew, when it side-slipped, and down it went, crib and all. There was forty feet of water in that hole. All the stone for Leybourne's buildings had come out of it, and when he was done with it and stopped the pumps, it filled right up to the water level of the bay on either side of the Point. Some people must have known it was an abandoned quarry, but that didn't connect up with anything in their minds, and they weren't encouraged to snoop around. Leybourne went to filling it in as soon as he was frightened."

"But this is what I don't understand—how they could take such a chance. I might have come back on them any time in the future."

"Why, my boy," smiled Little Amby, "you wouldn't make any trouble for them. They were sure they could square you, judging you by themselves. Suppose people came to you—and it is odd that they didn't—and told you that the house had been moved; what would you do about it? Would you set up a holler? Not if your head was level. You'd get your thirty-nine acres under the will, and you could neither rent it nor sell it. They would show you some forged agreement with your uncle, and would you contest it? Not in your sober senses. You had to get around that will or the property was useless to you. What would you do, after consulting a competent lawyer? You'd stand right in with Leybourne, and sell him the property for six or seven thousand dollars, and thank you.

"Do you get it? You wouldn't sell him the property nominally, but you'd make a deal with him on the quiet. Does it begin to penetrate? What Leybourne bought from you today is the investment he himself has made in the property in the last six months. He figured this thing out very shrewdly and was all ready to square your holler; but when you didn't make any, and when it seemed that you'd never get wise, he couldn't resist the temptation to bilk you out of your fair percentage."

"I see what you mean," said Joe Clement, frowning studiously. "Then they didn't much care whether the thing was found out or not, so long as it wasn't too public. How much will your bill be, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Yes, friend Nick never could learn to let go of money," murmured Little Amby pensively. "What do you owe us? The bookkeeper is making up the bill. It will be our expenses, and just eighteen hundred dollars."

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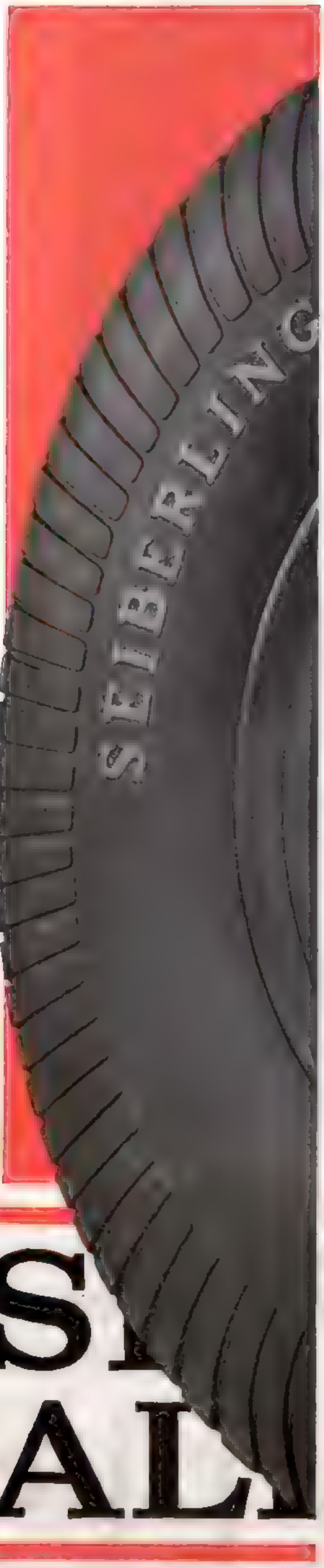

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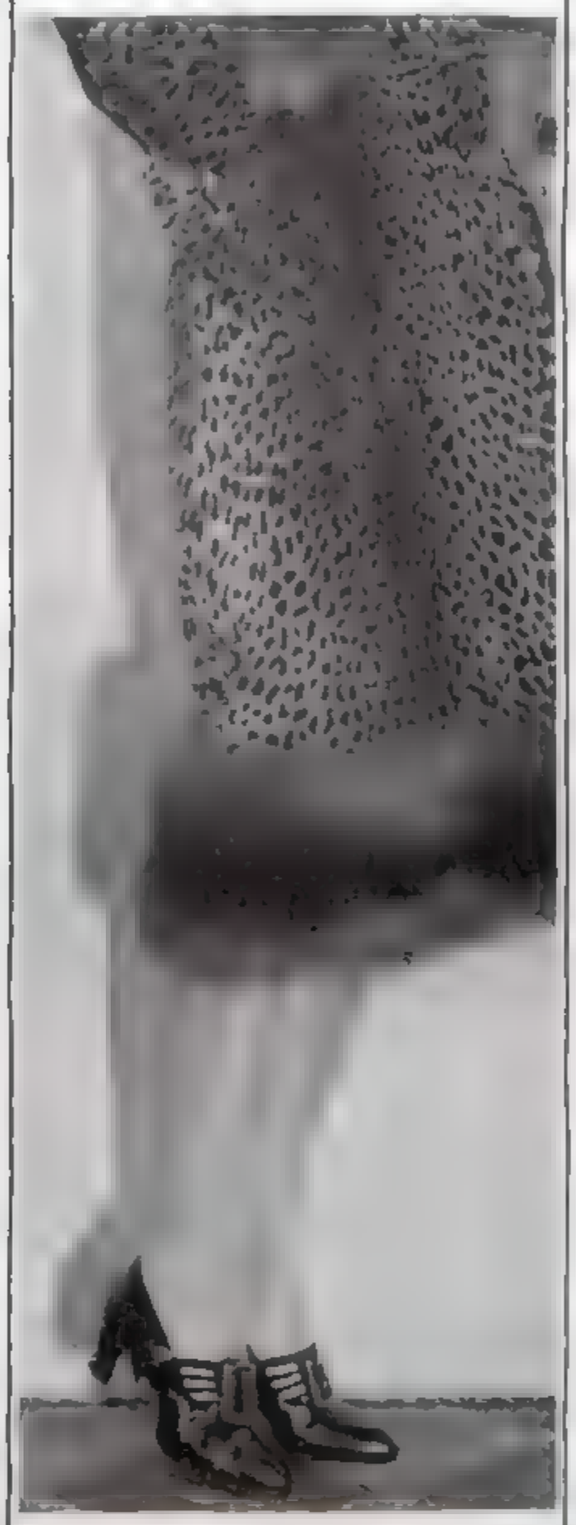

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IN SHORT, HERKIMER

(Continued from Page 11)

to be, watched her from the room with something like relief. She did not feel like discussing their conjugal future before so literal-minded a witness.

"When I finish the buns," she said, "we will go tell my mother."

Phineas looked genuinely alarmed. "She'll have company," he demurred.

Mary-love swung her curls in negation. "How could she have company? We don't know anybody here. Only Mr. Herkimer, and he hasn't come yet. She will be reading. She reads and reads. That's why I liked you so much."

"It should be enough for me that you do," he said; "but what has your mother's reading ——"

"Oh, not that!" she exclaimed far from lucidly. "But the other people—we know such lots of people like your brother, and they all read and write—all over. And none of them can talk to me." She paused to look lovingly at the man whose gift for wonderland conversation nearly equaled that of her mother. "You," she said, and pointed her spoon at him for greater emphasis—"you wouldn't write books."

"Oh!" said he, reddening. Even before this baby he disliked sailing under false colors, and so ran up as honest a red blush as his browned skin could show. "Why do you think I wouldn't write books?"

"Because I couldn't read them," she said quite simply. "I can't read yet—not very much. So, of course, you wouldn't, because we are friends."

Phineas could not break through this delicacy with harsh and after all negligible facts. He reached for her crumby paw and kissed it.

"I am so glad you are going to marry me," he said.

Mary-love sighed, partly because she was happy, partly because she could eat no more buns. She slipped down from her chair.

"Let's go tell my mother," she said.

He waited gravely while she went through ceremonious motions, apparently rolling up an enormous piece of knitting, and then offered to carry it for her. Flower picking postponed to another day, they set forth together for the Methuen Hotel.

"And how came you, Mary-love, to stop here on your way around the world—this most unlikely place?" he asked, momentarily absorbed in the very satisfactory sensation of her hand in his. The words were no sooner spoken than he regretted them. He should have waited for John to tell him that. But Mary-love had no grown-up scruples.

"It can't be an unlikely place, because it's been so for a long time, I should think. Of course Mr. Herkimer was coming with us. But he was de-tained. What does that mean?"

"Sometimes it means a lot, sometimes nothing. It's not a word to put any dependence on. But where is your home, honey?"

"I haven't got any," she said cheerfully. "They took away all our things in big wagons to keep safe for us. I don't like New York. It's too thick. And we like to travel. But when I've been all the way around the world, then I can live with you—and Belinda," she added politely. "Can't I?"

He assured her that she might. There was a faint sense of apprehension in his mind. This idea of John's that Mary-love's mother should see Methuen and of course Herkimer College under his aegis—well, there was a scarcely welcome seriousness about it. He had never, lately, thought of John's marrying, John choosing to live with a companion so concerned with the concrete as is a woman—but of course if he had discovered some feminine prototype of his own—a woman who read his books—and certainly he hadn't the slightest wish that John should not marry—it was only ——

This is the way his thoughts ran, half finished, incoherent. The big brick house where the Herkimers had lived for five generations, which for Indiana had quite a tang of Domesday Book—John, of course, in the brick house—and he, Phineas?

Mary-love's voice, patiently repeating some question and drawing at last an answer, brought the oddness of it all sharply before him. Why, it might indeed really be her house, as he had in Castilian flourish assured her. She might pick her own flowers in that garden. If John married this bluestocking who could become pink with interest over plurality of reals, for example—could there be such a woman? Certainly Mary-love had no flavor of a metaphysical mother!

He remembered suddenly that they were on their way to see her. This was the oddest part of all. Why had not John told him of their coming, sent him to offer his services in whatever form they might be needed or welcome, until Cambridge no longer detained him? Did John feel that he must explain first? It couldn't be that John would think —— Why, he would be quite content wandering off somewhere—in any direction—it didn't matter—it was only at the first—to know nothing and to be wondering; wondering, like Mary-love, about his supper. Supper. Somewhere, of course. Lots of sustaining meals. Only—where?

In the lobby of the hotel, where everybody nodded and smiled at him with appreciative glances at the little girl, he paused and looked down at her. She understood him before he spoke.

"No, Mr. Phineas!" she said. It was what Belinda called him.

He continued to search her face for a sign of relenting. To disappoint a child was quite impossible to him, and yet he was genuinely loath to accompany her farther. Any curiosity he had about her mother was quite swamped in a feeling that John should be the one to present him, a punctilio largely abetted by his characteristic diffidence toward new acquaintances of adult importance. But Mary-love was not going to let him off.

"You got to come with me," she said implacably.

"But ——"

His feeble monosyllable went unheeded. With a mere tightening of her hold on his big hand, she led him to the elevator. He followed her into the lift obediently, but when they were released from its cage he sent her off down the hall ahead of him to tell her mother she had brought a visitor. She darted around a corner out of his sight and ran plump into her mother coming out of their sitting room.

"Long-lost," was her mother's greeting, "I was just going to look for you."

Mary-love plunged into the herald's part. "Mother darling, I've brought him. He's Mr. Herkimer's brother. But he doesn't write books and he's right here."

He was, to be sure, turning the corner at just that moment. Mrs. Chastain, one arm around the child, the smile on her face one of interest in her announcement as well as welcome for the visitor, looked at him with a delightful composure. His homely face with its extraordinary effect of rugged beauty seemed quite immediately that of an old friend. His quiet clasp of her hand was like a familiar touch.

She was so utterly different from the last picture Phineas had formed of her that he might have needed excuse for awkwardness. But he was in that moment as easily confident as his polished brother. She looked like Mary-love grown up—the same rippling bright hair, the same delectable face with the added enchantment of womanhood. Was this the woman who thrilled to the notion that psychical causality requires no substrate?

He knew a great deal about women, this apparently unobservant man, and he was quite aware what Nature was up to when she made them beautiful; it was certainly not that they should become absorbed in metaphysical moonshine. But his effortless response to her self-introduction and her welcome was, for all its readiness, purely automatic. She filled him with an astonishment that bewildered him.

He found himself following her into the room, where a few personal belongings strove to mitigate the barren formality of the hotel furnishings; found himself watching her intently as she sat down and drew Mary-love close to her side. It was going to be very hard to stop staring at her. He drew his first conscious breath since their meeting and pulled himself together. She was asking him something—he did not know what.

But luckily Mary-love had had nearly eight years in which to become accustomed to her mother's radiance and could give her whole attention to more fugacious matters. She took it upon herself to satisfy her mother's curiosity and to correct her impression that it was his kinship to their friend that had brought them together.

"I really was lost," said Mary-love. It explained everything. "And Mr. Phineas said how could I be lost when there I was as plain as plain?"

"She is an inveterate wanderer," said Mrs. Chastain. "But I have never ceased to expect a child to find its way home when it is hungry."

"I am not hungry," said Mary-love, climbing into her lap. "I am full of buns."

"Homemade buns," amended Phineas quickly, and Mrs. Chastain's smile deepened with understanding. "Yes, we had a sort of tea party, and she told me you knew my brother. So I thought you would not mind my coming home with her—to carry her knitting," he added, laying an imaginary bundle carefully down upon the table.

The woman's eyes grew even brighter as she watched him, and Mary-love was solemn with delight.

"I am going to marry him," said Mary-love. "He's got a house with a garden."

Mrs. Chastain laughed. "You will think my daughter very mercenary, Mr. Herkimer."

He stood near them and looked down at his small fiancée very seriously.

"No, she is quite right; a man without a garden is a poor thing. Look at Adam!" His deep-set eyes came upward to her face and smiled into her own. Her loveliness smote him anew.

"But you are not in the least like your brother!" he heard her say suddenly.

Was he not? Not even in wanting to see this woman often, and all the time?

"I have always thought there was nobody in the world like him," he said gently.

She flushed slightly, but with an unmistakable rose. And in that moment his heart broke at her feet like a box of nard.

II

IT WAS the impulse of Phineas, next morning, when he walked slowly across the smooth green turf of the lawn toward his breakfast table in the early shade, to bid Belinda's husband, George, bring out the garden shears and strip every blossom from the plants and shrubs. He wanted to send Mary-love's mother a whole garden, nothing less. But second thought told him it would please him better to bring her to the flowers. He sat inattentively ruining his chances of a long life with one cup of coffee after another while he elaborated this idea.

The night had not been of this cheerful complexion. No, he had put in grisly hours of darkness. There might be in a world where every variation of imbecility seemed not impossible a man or men who could be in love and not know it. He had read of such curious creatures in fiction, but no author had ever made it convincing to him.

Moreover, love at first sight was a phenomenon he had never doubted. His belief in it was founded upon a knowledge that love was not a thing rooted in reason. If it were, why should he not by now have grown to adore Belinda? He had, through a long association with her, become aware of her sterling worth, her patience, her piety, her rectitude, her capability, her interminable inventory of virtues. He was not the sort of man in whom familiarity breeds indifference. Yet Belinda might be the town pump for all the agitation she awoke.

Not that he could not have oversung Paris himself on the subject of his Helen. He could give reasons aplenty why, in the moment of greeting her, he had recognized her as the one woman in the world. She was of a beauty, a charm, a delicacy, a radiance, that made adoration imperative. In those first exchanges of half-apprehended words, of revealing glimpses into her eyes, he had quite simply tendered her his heart, all else forgotten. It was not until her sweet face had flushed like a rose at the mention of his brother that he had felt the heart slip through his hold and break.

It was this that had made the night so long and dark. But with the morning had come a new courage. It was quite natural that she should love John—John, beside whom he showed as rough as a split rail against well-burnished lacquer. There had been in him no hope, when he had so inevitably given her all that he was, that she should in exchange give him so much more—herself. He had never thought of it. He was like that, Phineas Herkimer.

For the fact was Phineas knew next to nothing about himself. Neither did John, for all his highly specialized intelligence. It would be difficult to say which one of them would have been the more thunderstruck by the revelation that Phineas had the face of a creator, infinitely filled with beauty, while John's was merely smugly drawn in lines of assured conventionality; which one of them would first have smiled at the pronouncement that Phineas was made for love and John for show.

No, Phineas drank up the whole pot of coffee, his resolutely cheerful mind occupied with an extension of his early morning thought. Phineas was thinking of a picnic, like any boy. John's motor, so long idle in the garage, with Belinda's husband at the wheel, could take them—Mrs. Chastain, Mary-love and himself—to a spot he knew and often visited; Belinda would see to it that the luncheon hamper contained all the surprising items he was now checking off on his fingers, and he would have his perfect day to remember as long as he lived. On the way home he would bring her here and cut for her as lavish a tribute of blossoms as she could enjoy—and she could remember him as long as the flowers lasted.

Belinda, with a small basket of snowy sopping table linen, was even then in sight, hanging small squares of damask on the line. He rose, finished his coffee standing, and with the cup forgotten in his hand went over to join her.

"Berlindy," he said—it was his way of expressing his affection for her to call her so—"I want a picnic basket, for three."

She took a wooden pin from between her lips, looked at him and exclaimed her "Mr. Phineas!" impatiently.

This was not expected. "What's the matter, Mrs. Wilkins?"

Belinda gave him up for the ten thousandth time and put out her hand to reach into his pocket.

"Will you look where you put your cup?" she reproached him. "I never did!"

He was surprised but quite reasonable. "You never did," he agreed. "But then you have no pockets. I suppose I felt the need of gestures. You can't do yourself justice with a china cup in your hand like the Mad Hatter. Look!" he went on, to the accompaniment of swift demonstrations. "I want sandwiches as thin as this, one slice white, one slice brown. I want a mold of chicken, pounded with almonds, as

(Continued on Page 207)

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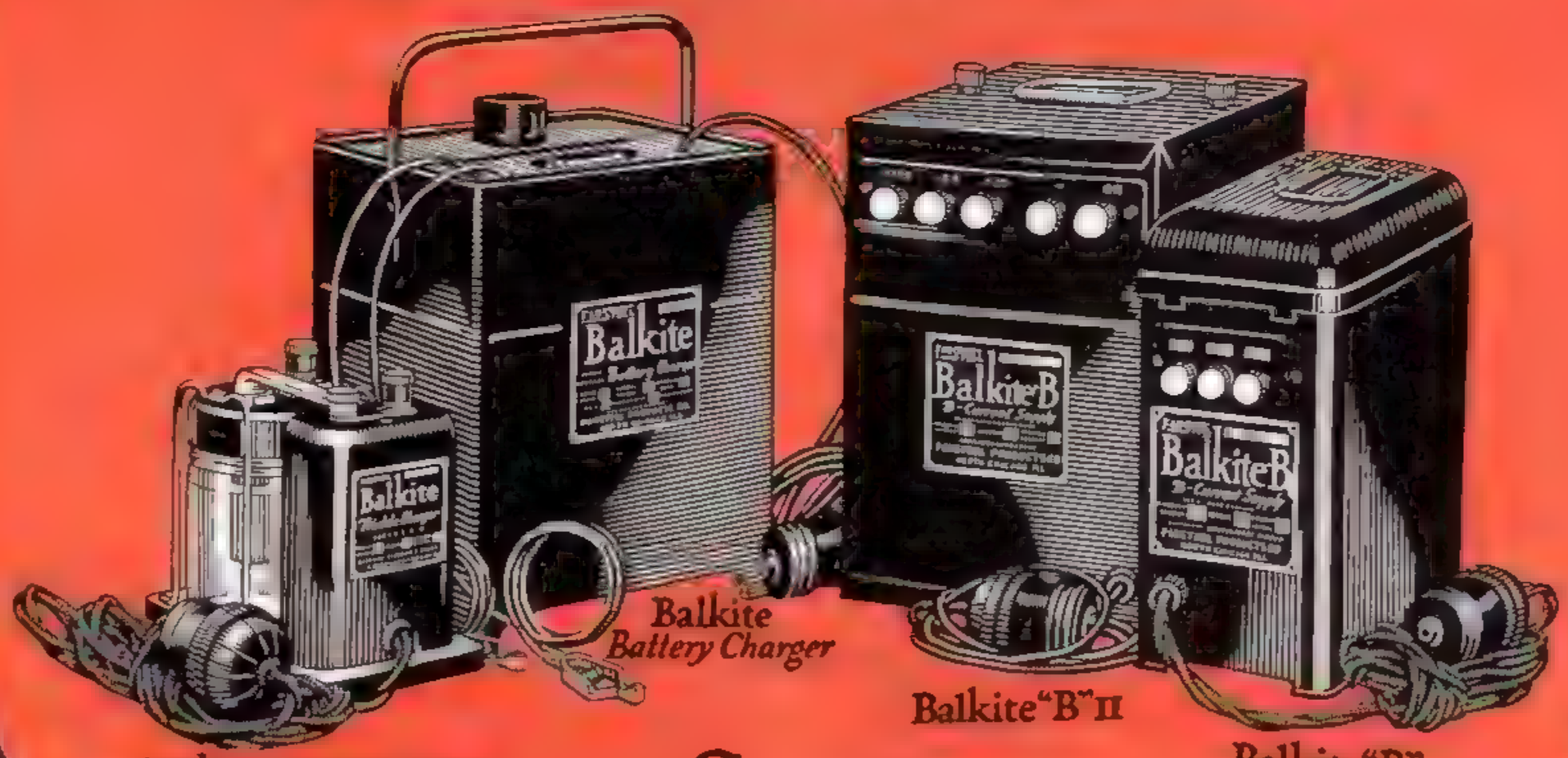

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(Continued from Page 202)

big as this. I want little cakes as light as this. I want ——"

Belinda cut him short with a frown above a broad smile. It was merely a frown of consideration; the smile was one of genuine pleasure. Belinda was a culinary artist who delighted in a chance to show what she could do.

"Leave it to me, Mr. Phineas," she said, and stabbed the last napkin to the line with a driven pin.

"It's witchcraft I want, Berlindy."

She put the cup into her empty basket and turned with it under her arm.

"Get along with you," she said in dismissal, and departed in the serene confidence that she could give him more than he asked.

And so well founded was her assurance that perhaps never before in the history of *al fresco* banquets had so many surprising things come out of a picnic hamper. George went off with the motor, not, as Mr. Phineas had suggested, quite so far as Peking, but far enough to leave them in an apparent solitude *d trois*, after settling them and their comforts in the very center of Elysium. At least so Phineas had called it, and neither of his guests found reason to doubt his claim.

It was a small semicircular clearing among the trees on the edge of a limestone cliff, not too imposingly high for comfort. Below, the river turned a bend, making a pleasant noise about it, if a trifle fussily exaggerating the importance of the matter. The sun shone full into the open, on sumac and goldenrod and grass, but there was shade at the edge of the woods, and a little outcrop of rock that made a wonderfully comfortable foundation for their rugs and cushions. Belinda and the gods had spared no effort to make it a day of days, yet none of them could bestow permanence. The day would not last; neither would the sandwiches. They could not stay forever in this enchantment.

Mary-love was untroubled by this reflection, so entirely the fruit of experience. Her mother was only beginning to realize that she could taste regret, as tart as Belinda's grape jelly. Phineas refused to think at all. It was not disloyal to John if he could forget him for this brief hour. If ——

How did it come that they were talking about him? Phineas could never remember. The luncheon hamper had been repacked, the remaining evidences of their tiffin burned in a near-by scoop of rock, and Mary-love was trotting about within sight. Phineas lay at a little pace from the one woman in the world, his chin propped on both hands and a lazily smoking pipe between his teeth. She sat drawing a little wild flower through and through her fingers, looking at the back of his uncovered head where the sunlight flickered in gold of his brown hair—and talking about John.

She had met him in London and had seen him often. In fact, they had gone about together, it would seem, almost from the day they met. She had known about him a long time through his books. But somehow he was not quite as she had expected him to be. It was odd how one formed a sort of picture ——

"I—I think you know that he has asked me to marry him?"

"Yes," said Phineas. He turned his pipe about in his hands and looked at it as if it were a curiosity. He did not dare to lift his eyes and let her see what must be in them.

"Ah, he told you?"

"No," said Phineas.

"But how did you know?"

He put the pipe down on the grass because it seemed to be shaking in his hand.

"I don't know that I know how I knew," he said. "There's a verb for you."

She was silent a moment. It did not seem to occur to her that this was very odd talk for herself as well as for him.

"It has been impossible for me to give him an answer," she said presently, as if she were communing with herself. "I can't quite understand it. I have the greatest admiration for him. Really, his work is wonderful, and it shows so much more of him than he does himself. I seem to care for him when he isn't there! I wonder at myself then for not saying yes, but when he comes to ask me again —— It is something indefinable, some chill touch ——"

Her voice dropped into another silence. Phineas swung around and sat up, taking his knees into his embrace, but still with his face turned, as was hers, toward the little open amphitheater where the child played. He could not turn and look at her—not yet. It was to him almost as if he were eavesdropping, listening to things she did not mean to say aloud. If it were a thing to make one tremble, this being allowed to look into a woman's inmost heart, what was it to know that the thought she held there was of his own flesh and blood, his own brother, so nearly he himself and yet so bitterly another man?

She was speaking again, but here and there the words escaped him. How could a man not be in pain that blotted out all else as the wave of it rose about him, like a sea rising to his very lips, to hear her speak in that beloved voice, the voice that made all happiness for him forged into words that made him ache to his very bones? The figure of Mary-love flitting now just in front of him seemed utterly cut off from him. The whole picture—woods, field and sky were no longer a part of life. There was nothing that could reach him except this voice.

His fingers locked on one another and his mouth set grimly. No, he must not let himself drift like this. She must be answered in some wise. She must not know. He tried to listen to what she was saying.

She had been a widow within six months of her marriage—a very young widow, just over twenty. She had gone to her father then, whose delicate health kept him in the South of France, a man with only one interest in the world so surely drawing away from him—books. They had been very happy. Books and her baby. That had been all her life until at her father's death she had set out to satisfy her longing to see the whole round rolling earth. And here it was, her conclusion. Of all the books she had ever read, she found his best. She had lived so long with books that they took in her life the place that living friends might have held. She loved the books and expected she should love him. But did she?

Something like this was what he gathered in the slow, hesitant phrases. Her father had spoken of him as a man among men, a remarkable personality, who could turn as exultantly toward play as toward his life work. She, of course, had not cared for the metaphysics as had her father. It was far beyond her. But the novels! She even traveled with them. This last one, almost fresh from the press—she had read it shabby. Fortune's Ice!

It seemed to Phineas that the scene he stared at was slowly turning upside down. What was she saying? John's novels—Fortune's Ice—his fingers unlocked to support his head.

His wits seemed swimming as if he were faint. He found his forehead wet. What in God's name had happened?

Mary-love, not quite so vehemently, suddenly wanted to know too. She had seen an unearthly pallor strike the color from his face, and in one quick rush she was down beside him.

"Oh, Mr. Phineas, what is it? Mother, he is sick. He is all ghosty."

They were all on their feet in another moment, child and mother with brows drawn in exact duplicate of apprehension and distress, Phineas with a half smile forcedly turned toward their scrutiny.

"It's nothing at all," said he. "Sun in my eyes, I fancy. I'll teach you, Mary-love, to call me a ghost!" He swung her up in his arms to show her how substantial he was, and held her so against his shoulder. "It is growing warm here, don't you think?"

"But how can you be shivering so?" asked Mary-love.

"I am extremely delicate," said Phineas. "Every shaking aspen has a silver lining." He was talking desperately, desperate nonsense. At Mrs. Chastain he did not dare to look. No, before he could meet those eyes again he must have a chance to fight his way out of this fog. "I'll bet a blue penny you can't whistle through your fingers."

"What's a blue penny?" inquired the practical Mary-love.

Phineas looked down at her, trying to remember what he had been saying. Had he been rudely abrupt? Had he broken off her confidences with his drowning clutch at the child's interruption? Mrs. Chastain did not seem to think so. She had seen the pallor which had frightened Mary-love and had watched it change to his normal color. The memory of the sunlight making gold of his brown hair reproached her. He may easily have sat too long in the glare.

"I think perhaps," she said gently, "it would be cooler if we rode a little while in the motor, once we get out of the woods."

"I was just thinking of it, but does one ever get out of the woods?" said Phineas. . . . "Come now, Miss Chastain, can you whistle through your fingers?"

"No," she confessed shyly.

"Well, I can." He set her down, put two fingers to his mouth and let go a piercing prolonged F sharp in alt. "It's partly natural talent and partly practice. But the odd part of it is that George thinks it is his name. In a minute you'll see him come for the basket. There! He heard it and it said 'George Wilkins.'"

"But if I heard it," said his fiancée, "it would say Mary-love, wouldn't it?"

All during the drive to the big brick house, all the time they spent in denuding the garden of flowers, Phineas kept the child close to him as if he feared the first step out of wonderland toward the miserable country of reality, where there waited for him a lurking horror. His fantastic play with Mary-love never flagged for a moment; and the little girl, running back and forth between the car and her betrothed, carrying the flowers in installments, left behind her a bubbling wake of laughter.

Mrs. Chastain strolled about near by, watching them. If she and Mary-love were much alike in feature, they were equally so by nature, and she found herself, too, thinking him the nicest man. The feeling that he was an old friend persisted. Curious that she did not recognize that ancient camouflage!

But slowly there grew upon her a sense that she had done all this before. There was something she could almost recognize as having heard, in the bantering wildness of Phineas' talk. His astonishing fertility of invention seemed reminiscent. She listened and laughed, but with a pucker on her brow and in her brain. She, no less than the child, loved to laugh. It was what she missed, she knew, in John. He had the most engaging smile, but it came from manners, not from a sense of the ridiculous. Often she had marveled that a man who wrote such books, with delicious fancies rolling like tumbleweeds in the gusty laughter, could be so apparently deaf to humor.

And, of course, some inkling of the truth came to her, she could scarcely tell how; like a little crack in the dike and no classic youngster there to stick his thumb into the hole. On the contrary, another classic adolescent, commonly pictured with a bow and arrow, began pulling at the breach until the sea rushed in.

The car was full of flowers by that time, and she could escape from the garden. With the familiar touch of his hand again upon hers, she found herself saying inwardly, "It never was John. It wasn't John at all." She was glad to get away. Dreadfully enough, Phineas was glad to have her go, though she took the light of day with her.

John Herkimer came home the next morning and was met at the door of his house by Belinda, but Belinda distraught

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as he had never seen her. For the first time in his life he saw her crying.

"Oh, thanks be to goodness, you have come! I can't do a thing with Mr. Phineas!"

"What's the matter?" asked John, in a dull voice. He looked very tired, far more so than a man should even after a long journey on the railroad.

"He's been out in the garden all night," sobbed Belinda. "No dinner, and now no breakfast. I'm near beat with scolding and worriting."

John looked at her a moment, but not at all as if the news surprised him. Some of the self-assurance of his bearing seemed to have deserted him. Without speaking, he turned and tossed his coat and hat upon a chair. In the hall mirror he, oddly enough, looked at himself as if he saw a stranger. Then he turned to her again.

"It's all right, Belinda," he said kindly enough, but with an infinite weariness. "In half an hour bring us out some coffee and things."

He could not more effectually have dried her tears. She caught up his disregarded coat to hang it in its usual place, and went off, comforted, to matters she understood better than a man who would not eat.

John found his brother in the garden. Phineas was sitting in the early shade, head bent above his clasped hands that hung between his knees. He looked up as John came nearer and drew himself erect upon his feet.

For one instant the expression of his face underwent no change, then suddenly the hard-drawn lines softened. He did not smile, he did not look sorrowful, but somehow he seemed to do both.

John met him eye to eye, and his hand meeting his brother's across the rustic table wrung it hard.

"It's all right," he said earnestly.

Phineas sighed like a man putting down a heavy weight. "John," was all he said.

They stood so a moment, face to face; and then, as Phineas dropped back into the garden seat, John moved around and sat beside him.

"I have never been so miserable in all my life," said he very simply. "I've felt like a man after a railway accident who finds he has lost an arm; like half a man, when I thought I was whole. I never told her I had written those novels."

"For a while," said Phineas slowly, "I thought—no, I couldn't think. I just ached here in the garden. But it came to me at last that I was a born fool. You were John, and I knew you hadn't. We must think no more about it."

"No, but I must tell you more," said the other. "When I met her in London, even for a long time afterward, I had no idea she had ever heard my name. She is not the sort of woman who purrs to you about your wonderful work—the kind we are blest with here in Methuen. I had—I had even asked her to marry me before I knew that she —— Evidently her father had led, with her, a life of surprising seclusion. He was ill and morbidly sensitive about it. And they both seemed to have lived with books as a substitute for friends."

"She told me that," said Phineas. "John, I can guess it all. Why go on? What on earth do books matter?"

"You must listen," said John patiently. "They mattered so much to her that she—she told me she used to sit, looking at the sea below their terrace, wondering if she would ever meet the man who wrote those novels. She did not say so, but she made me know that—she loved him even then."

Phineas made a despairing gesture.

"I tried to tell her in that very moment. But it stuck in my throat like Macbeth's 'amen.' I tried again and again afterward. It seems quite incredible to me now, but I could not force it to my lips. Well, she knows now. I wrote her a letter." He rose and walked up and down a pace. "She sent me a little note about your meeting. But though I had written my letter before I received hers, I figured out that it would not have reached her till last night. She knows now."

"Yes. Well," said Phineas. He ran his hand through his hair. "What of it?" he suddenly burst out. "Damn all books! Doesn't it strike you as incredibly ludicrous that we are talking like this at all? We are not made of ink and paper, the lot of us."

"No," said John. "But ——" His face settled slowly into a heavy introspection. He was thinking solely about himself. "I'm not a young man, but I'm getting some curiously immature reactions. I want to get away from this place. I had thought ——" He looked half dazedly about the garden. "They want me at Harvard," he said, and fell silent.

"We always knew you'd go sooner or later," said Phineas.

"Well, I'm going," said John heavily. "I accepted, after I had written her."

Phineas looked genuinely bewildered. "I don't understand ——"

"I put an end to all this," said John. "It was a kind of glamour—she doesn't care for me. She never could."

"John," said Phineas shortly, "we can't talk about that. I have no part in that."

"You have no ——" repeated his brother slowly. He turned to look at Phineas, and some of the truth of which he had been ignorant struck at him like a fist. He was a fool not to have understood it from the first. Phineas had seen her—well, he knew it needed no more than that. He sat down again and took his head in his hands. Phineas was conscious of a feeling of suffocation.

"Look you, John," he said with an effort. "I know what you are thinking. But do let us keep as sane as we can. The flat truth is that a woman cannot be in love with a baker's dozen of books."

"She has been for years in love with the man who wrote them," said John. "She kept looking for you in me, and finding nothing. And now ——"

Phineas got up suddenly. "I can't stand this!" he said painfully. "I can't talk about her—not even to you." He walked away restlessly, only half aware that he was passing Belinda coming out with her breakfast tray until she stopped and addressed him.

"You're not going to scrat off, now that Mr. John's come to make you eat," she said fiercely. "Come now, Mr. Phineas!" He halted and looked at her vaguely. "You come and drink some coffee or I'll take to my bed. You've never worried me so much since you put on long pants." She stood her ground defiantly, waiting for him to turn back toward the bench. Phineas seemed slowly to become aware of her.

"I beg your pardon, Berlindy," he said listlessly. "I haven't an idea what you said."

"Lord help a woman!" she prayed vexedly.

The prayer of the righteous was immediately answered. In at the gate turned the small figure of Mary-love. She was walking with a certain sedateness, quite unlike her usual lightly running pace. And she made no motion of greeting. Straight across the lawn she came at Mr. Phineas, and stood before him. She was empty-handed, but evidently purposeful.

"Mary-love," said Phineas gently.

"I am a letter," she announced—it might be in apology for her early appearance.

Belinda was cheered to see that the child seemed to have roused Mr. Phineas from his dratted abstraction, and with a nod at her, went on with her tray. Phineas took his wallet from his pocket and produced a postage stamp which he gravely affixed to the middle of Mary-love's forehead. Then with his pencil he made a soft black lattice upon it.

"Now you are all right," he said. "You had to be canceled. But that is not the worst of it."

She put her hand in his and started him off after Belinda and her tray.

"What's the worst?" she demanded confidently.

"You've got to be opened," said Phineas in a sepulchral voice. "The thought is terrible. But perhaps I could open you with a muffin."

"I think," said Mary-love as they reached her objectrve, "Mr. Herkimer will have to give me the muffin. I am a letter to him."

John looked at her in bewilderment. But ——"He lets me open his mail," said Phineas. Gravely he buttered one of the muffins and offered it to her on a little plate. They all sat down. Belinda went off again toward the house. But both men seemed to be unable to take an interest in breakfast.

"Last night," said Mary-love, who seemed to consider the necessary preliminaries at an end, "my mother started to write you a letter." She dealt this sentence obviously to John. "She began two or three and tore them up, and over the last one she put her head down and cried. I couldn't stand that, you know."

"No," said Phineas. He was looking at her very kindly, but his voice sounded very odd, like a croak, she thought. He seemed to be somehow miserable.

She took a bite of her muffin and seemed to gather courage to continue: "So I went over and took her all up and she cried a little on me. She said she was very unhappy and she didn't want to marry anybody and it seemed very hard to put it in a letter. Well, of course, she doesn't have to marry anybody, does she?" She gave a fleeting glance at Phineas as she ventured this opinion, but her eyes came to rest, gently, on John.

"No," said he, in very much the same tone as Phineas. As he rose his brother put out a futile hand to detain him. "No," he said again, in response to this gesture. For a moment he stood there, and then he turned, forcing a smile to his lips. "I'm going up to the library," he said casually. "There will be a lot of matters to arrange about my leaving, and I have my letter of resignation to write."

"John," said Phineas, "don't do anything in a hurry."

"But I am in a hurry," said John. "I want to get away. I'm sorry."

It wasn't a very successful smile he had achieved and Phineas was glad to see the last of it.

But he watched his brother walk away through the garden and set his face toward the hill of the Grecian temples. In a few moments John was lost to sight.

"Oh, Mary-love!" said Phineas sadly.

She had taken the decoration from her forehead to stick it on her hand, where she might enjoy it.

"You mustn't be so sorry," said she with a maternal touch of tenderness. "She has got me, you know, and we are going on all right, right round the world. The world is only flat at the poles, it says in my book, but it all looks as flat as flat to me except where they push up a hill."

"It all looks as flat as flat to most of us," sighed Phineas. "I hope your mother stopped crying."

"Well," said Mary-love reasonably, "you can't cry forever. We went to bed. So I thought I'd just be the letter, and then she wouldn't need to write one."

"Of course she doesn't know you've come?"

Mary-love shook her head violently. And at just that moment Mrs. Chastain came into the garden hurriedly, stopped and looked and seemed not to know what to do. But as they both rose, the child ran toward her, calling, "It's all right, mother. I was the letter, and he knows."

Mrs. Chastain drew her close in one arm, and slowly she came on to meet Phineas.

"You must find some way to win forgiveness for me," she said softly. "I cannot forgive myself. Oh, dear, it is a miserable business'"

Phineas stood looking down at her. "I have certainly been utterly wretched. A moment ago—but where you are—it all dissolves—I ——"

Her lovely color rose to flush her face.

In the little silence Mary-love looked from one to the other, and like a small barbarian went on eating her muffin. Having finished it, she wondered if they had nothing more to do than look at each other. She waited patiently.

Then Phineas put out his great hand and took Mrs. Chastain's fingers.

"Mary-love tells me," he said—there was no croak in his voice now—"Mary-love says the world is round."

"Yes?"

"I am thinking that if it is—if, mind you!—and you keep going, you'll come back perhaps—to me?"

"Yes," she said again in a mere breath.

"I told you I would come back," said Mary-love. "But what will you be doing all the time we're gone?"

Phineas, with that magic touch upon his hand, faced his risk like a man.

"I," he said brazenly, "shall write a book."

THE ILL WIND

(Continued from Page 16)

"I asked if she was pretty?" answered Brigida timidly.

"Pretty! Pretty! These are not words for ladies like Doña Henriqueta! You are pretty; flowers are pretty; any common thing is pretty. But she she had no more need for prettiness than she had for dusty bare feet that leave tracks all over the floors or a smell of garlic on her breath. Yes, you can grunt back there! I tell you, when I looked at her, as she walked or stood or sat, I had in mind the likeness of some keen-edged, hot-colored jewel. Her life seemed to glow in her and shine forth from her.

"She was not tall, as you measure by spans; yet there was that in her mien that gave her the quality of loftiness. Commonly, she moved slowly, pacing upon her way with a grand decorum; while yet, in her every gradual movement, one had a sense of nervous fires in restraint, ready to sprout into flame at a breath. A scarlet cloak she wore when she strolled in the courtyard or the groves, a long drapery of scarlet silk with a foot of gold fringe at the hem of it, she had a Castile comb like a coronet in her hair. But there was that in her face that blinded you to all these glories when once you had set eyes upon it.

"Dom Luis, too—a seemly gentleman, that! Much older than the senhora, as is proper, with a big mustache, blue-black in color, that curled like the horns of a ram on each side of his mouth. He was a short man with a majestic stomach and a thick neck that was blue where it was shaven. Not a fine figure, you would say; and it is true that in a storekeeper or clerk it would have been somewhat foolish in appearance. But these high people have the manner that makes of short legs and a big belly the framework of dignity, of power, of superiority. You do not laugh at the figure of a saint because the nose is broken off; you know you'd better not. And so with Dom Luis. He was an angry man; anger was forever bubbling in his face; the oaths and curses overflowed from his mouth; and close behind his wrath there followed the cowhide whip, the irons and the jail. Ah,

(Continued on Page 213)

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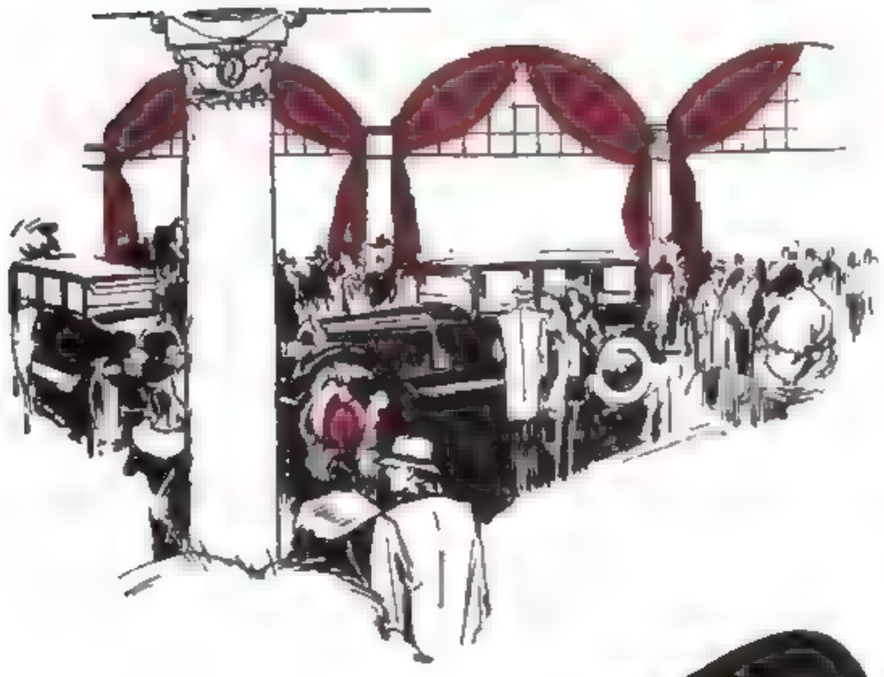

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(Continued from Page 208)

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"You know Bandero and how it lies? But perhaps you have not seen it. There is a deep bay, and the town curves round the foot of it, the colored fronts of the houses rising in terraces on the slope of the land toward our groves of tall palms with our big white house standing back amongst them.

"From the windows one beheld the bay like a blue floor, and the ships, when they came, standing strangely upon it, each ship reflected from water line to the tops of its masts as clearly as in a glass mirror. It chanced that I was looking forth from one of the windows of Doña Henriqueta's chamber when the brig came in."

"Brig?" repeated the sexton thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Ana. "It means an English ship with two masts. I was to learn that later.

"Some of her sails were already furled. It was high noon and there moved but an occasional sigh of air. She moved along that still water as smoke drifts across a moon, with so gradual and noiseless a motion. I watched her in mere idleness, till I saw at last the splash where her anchor plunged and heard the loud noise of the anchor chain running out. Then a boat came away from her, and I could see the white clothes of a man who sat in it and the black backs of Kafirs who rowed. And then I turned back to my work with no further thought of her. So might one walk upon the earth where one's grave shall be dug and know and think as little.

"For the earth does not speak to you. It does not tell you of that day when the cart shall go creaking through the dust, with the driver sitting upon the coffin, to where the priest waits with his boy holding an umbrella over him against the sun. And what should speak to me, in that great house of order and propriety, where the hours were appointed each to its task, of the night when we rowed forth, under a sky resplendent with great still stars, to where the brig towered on the water? Doña Henriqueta and I were in the one boat, with the captain of the brig steering it. Dom Luis in the other with his boy, Timoteo. And that strange and terrible dawn when the sunrise inhabited the whole heaven, and save where, very far away, the land made a thin bar of blackness, the world was turned to a vast plain of water!

"All that happened in its due time. It seems—I heard it from Timoteo later—that there had come to the bay a big dhow from some land accursed of God, with half its crew dead and overboard and those that remained rotting to death where they stood or lay while they sailed her in. And from them—Arabs they were, I think—the far-borne pestilence had gone ashore to walk the streets of little Bandero and knock at its doors. There was a name to that plague which I have forgotten, but the manner of it none could forget. A man walking soberly upon his way would pause as though one had touched him upon the shoulder; while one looked there would come a change in his face; and then up would go his arms, tossing in a frenzy of pain, and the life would rend itself from his body in screams. And forthwith he was carrion. The two doctors and the two priests died early; the *intendente* shot himself; Kafirs, fleeing from the town, carried the infection to the villages; every boat was seized by those who sought to escape by sea.

"At first it seemed as though it would leave us alone. All of us felt that in our great house was sanctuary; we were accustomed to be safe there in the shadow of Dom Luis and Doña Henriqueta. But when one of the two priests had fallen on the steps of the very altar, who could hope further? And then it arrived. I heard the screams and afterward I saw the body. It was a little girl named Madalena—just such another as Brigida."

A startled "Eh!" sounded from behind the old woman's shoulder.

"Yes," affirmed Ana with gusto. "And that night we left. I think—I cannot be sure—that there had been a difference between Dom Luis and his lady as to whether we should go or stay. She would have stayed, I think; but I'll tell you! It was when the screams had finished and a number of us had crept near to where the little body lay on the flagstones of the courtyard, whispering among ourselves and clinging together, fearful yet curious, when someone cried out and we turned and parted hastily to make way for Doña Henriqueta.

"She wore her scarlet cloak with the gold fringes and tassels; she wore, too, her high fashion of countenance as we tumbled aside, shrinking and bowing. She came through, live and shining in her beauty, to where there lay that sprawl of limbs that had been Madalena. And drawing the gorgeous cloak close about her, she bent to look at the upturned face.

"The pest had done its work and set its seal there. The little face that had been pretty and joyous lay in a carrion ruin. And thus for a while they faced each other. Then Doña Henriqueta stood upright and, speaking to none, returned whence she had come. And that night, bearing of our possessions only a few bundles, we left. Death, you see—the due straightforward death of mankind that shows itself in a composure and dignity, that touches grief on one side and religion on the other—death she could face, for she was proud and brave. But not that! Not that flaying from the body of all that makes the flesh a fit garment for the soul, that transfiguration that affronted the daylight with its charnel horror."

"A-ow!" wailed Brigida. "You said—you said she was like me!"

Felipé, the silent, let go a click of laughter.

"Be silent," said Ana, "or I will send you to bed by yourself and you will dream of it, as you did when I told you of the grave robbers in Mozambique! Be silent!"

The first gasp of a further wail broke off short upon the threat. Little Brigida crouched closer to the old woman.

"The captain of that brig, it transpired, was more than only a captain," went on Ana, "for the ship belonged to him. He was English, of course, with those strange manners which make his race so useful and disagreeable. He was a tall young man, looking to be not much more than thirty years of age, with a short pointed brown beard and a thin face cooked by the sun to the color of dry tobacco leaves. He was quick in his ways and brisk in his speech; he had a certain gallantry of bearing and a strong directness of address; but of manner, of polish, of fineness and delicacy, he had nothing at all. To Dom Luis he spoke and behaved as he did to his mate, another Inglés; and when, upon the afternoon of our first day at sea, the wind began to make the brig lie over to one side and bump her way unevenly across the waves, and Dom Luis experienced sensations that drove him to his bed, he laughed.

"'You do not think ——' Dom Luis had begun to ask.

"The captain interrupted him. 'It's not the plague,' he said with levity. 'This'll do you good; scour you out and leave you clean. Better go and get it over.'

"'Scour me out!' gasped poor Dom Luis. Then he understood and departed, groping and making noises in his throat.

"So at supper in the cabin that night Doña Henriqueta and the captain faced each other alone across the table. The captain had given her his room and I had attended her there. A strange little place it was; I should think no woman had ever entered it before. There was a shelf of strange books and a rack for pipes; for decorations there were some photographs of ships, a swollen dried fish hanging from the ceiling and a wavy Eastern sword nailed to the walls. Doña Henriqueta was interested.

"'After all,' she said, 'a man does not need a large bedroom when the whole world is his house.'

"And it was in that fashion they conversed over their meal. Timoteo served and I aided him, and the senhora made the captain tell her of the manner of his life, weaving to and fro across the ocean, of the many ports where he was at home, of Dutch and Spanish and Chinese and English islands, and of England itself, which, it seemed, he desired never to see again.

"'This is English soil,' he said, and stamped his foot on the deck under the table. 'The best part of England is here. I don't like the idea of a native land that stays forever in one place.'

"He laughed; the senhora smiled, watching him with wise eyes.

"'There is one adventure yet to come to you, Senhor Captao,' she said. 'The most perilous of all. You may marry, and what then becomes of your floating mother country?'

"He reddened a little through his tan. 'I'll never be a traitor to any country,' he said, and laughed again. From behind him, in a little cupboard of a cabin where he was packed like a hen in a basket, came faint outcries and gurglings from Dom Luis on his bed of pain.

"I was young then and nearly as ignorant and witless as Brigida. Don't shove us, child! Experience enriched me with a passing of years and wisdom grew from it. We never learn what food is wholesome till our teeth are gone. Yet I burn to think that even then I did not see what was brewing. I had put faith in the pride and greatness of the senhora; I did not know—only think! I did not know—that women are remote only to women, and men only to men, and that between a woman and a man, though one be a *mendigo*—a beggar—and the other wear a crown, there is always at hand a ready and an easy bridge across the chasm.

"It was to Marcassone we were bound, where there was hope we could land clear of the plague. Five days it took, worrying our way through a stubborn wind that would not suffer us to steer thither directly. And during those days Dom Luis remained in his berth, sometimes calling aloud upon a selection of saints, frequently cursing in a dying voice but fluently, and twice summoning strength to rise on his pillow and hurl things at Timoteo. They say no one ever dies of seasickness, but I know Dom Luis expected to, and in the end he hoped to. But, as it happened, he lived.

"And while he writhed and bellowed and was scoured out, Doña Henriqueta trod the deck in the wind and sunlight, and the captain beheld her in her splendor. Of course, I could not station myself to hear their talk, save at table; but I saw him teaching her the mystery of the machine with which daily he made mathematics out of the sun. Also she would stand at the helm and he would stand behind her, holding the spokes with his hand over hers. And when he laid out his great maps and drew lines on them, she would bend over the table beside him, shoulder to shoulder.

"'There's the makings of a sailor in you, senhora,' he complimented her once.

"'That is what you will one day say to your wife,' she answered. 'You are practicing it on me.'

"'Oh, hang my wife!' he said with irritation, and rolled up his papers. The senhora laughed softly.

"It was in the afternoon of the fifth day that we came sailing in toward the mouth of the harbor of Marcassone. Two headlands reached toward each other with a gap between like a broad river; the town is out of sight around the corner. Upon the southern point is an old fort with a high mast mounted upon it. The negroes of the crew took in some of the sails as we approached. We moved then more tranquilly on our way, and Dom Luis, groaning and tottering, made his way to the deck and sat upon the skylight, saying 'A-ah!' at intervals and gulping much air. Doña Henriqueta frowned and then smiled as she looked at him where she stood by the captain at the rail. He, with a long telescope, was watching the mast on the fort.

"A string of tiny flags went crawling up, and recognizing them through his glass, he

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named them as letters of the alphabet and called them out to the mate. The mate had a book in his hands and fluttered among the pages.

"'Stand off and await orders,' he said aloud.

"The captain uttered an exclamation and exchanged looks with the senhora.

"'Cheek!' he said. 'I'm going to take her in. They can quarantine us inside if they want to.'

"And the brig held on upon her way to the harbor mouth. More flags went up ashore; he did not take his glass to read them.

"'You do not take orders then?' the senhora asked him.

"'Not from ' he paused awkwardly.

"'Not from a damned Dago—is that it?' she smiled. 'Not from any damned Dago, eh?'

"One could see that an answer boiled in him, but words were wanting to speak it. A call from the mate came to rescue him.

"'Ship comin' out—steamboat!' cried the mate. And then a second later: 'By the Lord, cap'n, they've declared war on you! It's the gunboat!'

"And there she was, a broad black shape with a high white bridge that seemed to slide swiftly between the high green capes. Upon the fore part of her there was the long finger pointed in accusation and menace. She grew greater as the distance lessened.

"The captain cried orders and the disposition of our sails was altered, so that we pointed no longer at the harbor mouth, and lay, moving only up and down, upon the water. The black ship came round in a curve and presently lay beside us, some thirty or forty feet away. Upon her bridge a fat man in white began to shout to us.

"Then our captain answered him. 'Oh, go to hell!' he called. 'We've got no sickness on board and I don't want to go into your dirty harbor anyhow. But I've got two passengers here whom I want to land, Senhor Dom Luis da Sousa and his lady. So shut your mouth and send a boat for them.'

"The white officer in white shook both fists at him and screamed. 'Send a boat!' he squawked. 'I'll send a shell into you if you try to land anyone here. You'll anchor out here and fly the quarantine flag till you're passed as clean—and I'll sink you if you don't!'

"Our captain swore at him. 'How can I anchor here, you fool?' he cried. 'The glass is falling now! Think I'm going to slip cables here every week for you to pick up and steal? Haven't you got a sailor on board that bumboat of yours?'

"That was the style of their conversation for a while till the gunboat went ahead and the voices would no longer carry. But the fat officer had his way, and amid the lamentings of Dom Luis the brig was stripped of her sails and anchored. And by midnight the anchor was up again and we were fleeing seaward with a great wind roaring in our rigging, and Dom Luis was once more in his throes. But I heard Doña Henriqueta laughing with the captain, and I caught again the words 'damned Dago!'

"In the morning again there was no land; the idiot sea gamboled about us in its dreary unrest; the gray skies were low over us. I was not seasick, but I was hungry to tread earth once more. But that was possible to endure till the blow that had been poising over us—like the stick that aims, recovers and aims again at a dodging snake—fell at last. It was in the afternoon. From the little place in the middle of the ship where he contrived his cooking the cook stepped forth. He was a big Indian with a curly black beard, a cheery, friendly creature. He came out upon the open deck and turned as though to look or cry out to the after part of the ship. But when he cried out it was the scream of a spirit rasping free in torment. He tore at himself with his hands and then pitched to the deck upon his face, writhed and lay.

"The captain came running with great strides. 'Keep off!' he shouted to the others, though none approached. Alone, he went to the body, lifted it in his hands to the rail and slid it over.

"'The cook!' he was saying as he came back. 'The blooming cook! And every soul on board has eaten the food which he had handled!'

"Timoteo had run aft and told Dom Luis, and the news had all but cured him of his seasickness. He was in the cabin when the captain, having washed himself and thrown his clothes overboard, came thither. Dom Luis, in his nightshirt and barefooted, wailed at him. Doña Henriqueta sat at the table and looked from one to the other. Timoteo and I were in the doorway.

"'See!' Dom Luis was babbling. 'What have you brought us to? What is our choice? To die vomiting or to die screaming?'

"'Die as you like!' snapped the captain. 'Listen to me! If I cared a curse for those people ashore I'd stand out to sea till all hands were killed or clean. If I hadn't got the lady aboard I'd do it anyhow. As it is, I'm going to land you.'

"And he told us what he intended. By the following night the wind would have abated and he would run in under the land to the south of Marcassone. He had in the ship a little boat called a dinghy which he would give us that we might row ourselves to the shore. 'And then you can look after yourselves,' he said. 'You can go and poison every friend and relation you've got in the world for what I care.'

"'You have just thought of this resource?' asked the senhora.

"'Yes,' answered the captain.

"The senhora nodded. 'That is good,' she said. 'You have not carried the idea about till it is at home in your mind. You can throw it off and be—er—be clean again, as you put it.'

"'Eh?' He stared at her.

"'If I were a leper I would report myself at the lazaretto,' she went on. 'If the plague is in me I will keep it to myself. Did you think otherwise of me? I will not steal ashore by night, an angel of death in a gold-fringed cloak. I will go back to sea!'

"There was a loud howl from Dom Luis. 'Terror has softened your brain!' he bellowed. 'Senhor Captao, your idea is excellent, perfect! I shall forever be your debtor. I beg you to pay no attention to the ravings of my poor wife.'

"The captain's face was grim, but upon those last words he looked quickly at Doña Henriqueta and something like a smile passed between them.

"'Senhor,' he answered then, 'your wife and yourself must settle your difference of opinion between you. The dinghy is at your service when you want it.'

"He left them together, and from then onward, till he went down into the dinghy, Dom Luis did not cease to talk. He sought for and recovered some rags of his old-time dignity; it sat strangely on his unshaven shins and his dirty pajamas. He was wrathful; he was prayerful; he was tearful and blasphemous by turns. Much of it took place out of my hearing, of course, but I heard more than enough of it.

"And all to no purpose. He made a last effort when the dinghy lay in the water beside the ship and all was ready for leaving. The night was dark; the shore showed like a black cliff and there was the noise of the far beating of the surf.

"'Henriqueta,' he said to her then, 'tell me this: Is there any reason you have for staying besides this fear of yours of spreading the plague? Tell me yes or no and I will ask no more.'

"'You promise that?' she demanded.

"'I promise,' he replied.

"'Then,' she answered, and hesitated. 'yes,' she said finally, 'there is another reason.'

"He turned at once to go over the rail. I saw his face in the shine from the cabin skylight—silly, rueful, chagrined, but not tragic. He dropped in the stern of the little boat, and when I had kissed the senhora's hand I followed him. Timoteo had one oar to pull and I the other.

"Timoteo shoved off. The brig above us at once seemed bigger. She was at the rail.

"'Go with God, Luis!' she called, but Dom Luis made no answer.

"Rowing as we were, Dom Luis had his back to the brig, but we could watch her. We saw the high tiers of her rails change shape as she swung away and fade to a pale blur upon the field of darkness, and by the time we reached the beach there was nothing. The sea had recovered her and the wind was rising again to hurry her forth.

"'Don't stand staring there, you lazy swine!' said Dom Luis. 'Pick up those bundles and follow me!'

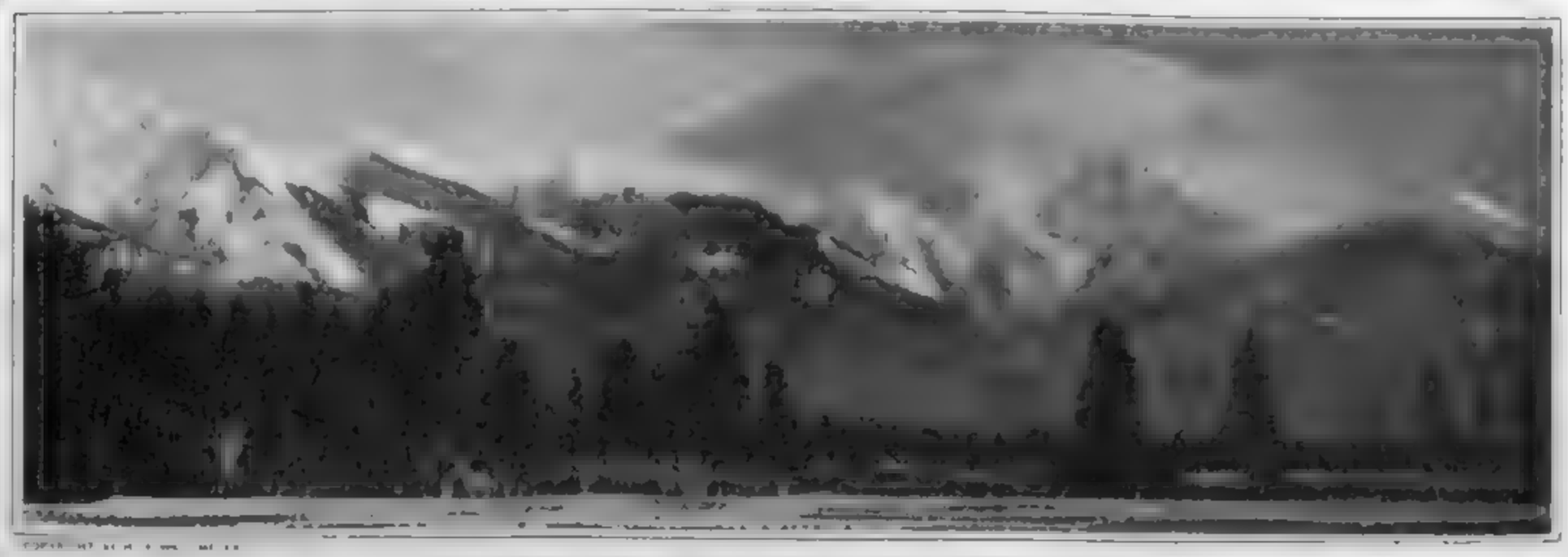
"And that was the end of it! Who knows what far port received them or how they linked themselves to be together in their moving motherland? Sometimes I have dreamed of a ship rolling helmless, with a dead crew and a dead captain and Doña Henriqueta dead among them, safe from eyes that should peer and draw back sickened. *Ay mi!* It is a long time ago!"

She was silent and silence was around her.

"Then—you escaped the plague?" ventured the irrepressible Brigida.

"Yes!" snapped Ana. "Till now! Let go of my arm, will you, little pestilence!"

"I'm glad you escaped the plague!" said Brigida.



The Mission Range, on the Northern Pacific Railway, Montana

FEUD

(Continued from Page 9)

still with pretended indifference while the bunnies would nibble about within a few feet of his snout.

This was the beginning of the old boar's becoming a much needed monitor for the rabbit clan. One day when a big gray lynx made a rabbit kill within a few yards of the boar's lair, the Berkshire, seeing, decided to have the kill for himself. The lynx, a big male, was of another mind, for he had long been undisputed master of this particular locality. Furthermore, he knew hogs—or thought he did. But the black thunderbolt that suddenly bore down on him from the undergrowth, snorting like a steam engine, was a hog such as he had never seen before. A moment only he held his ground, then, spitting and snarling in outrage at the unheard-of din, he disappeared in two incredible bounds. The old boar devoured the rabbit with a relish. Thereafter he took to lying somnolently in wait till the sound of some near-by kill drew him forth to exact retribution from the murderer. Word of this seemed to go out by underbrush wireless, for it was not long before all the predatory clans gave his part of the woods a wide berth, and the rabbits thereabout were left in peace.

The old porker was quite the master of the wilderness by now. Only one thing that lived could inspire him with trepidation, and that was man—in particular Angus Wigle, because he had been his last master.

This fear was not a mortal one; it had to do with the unknown, the unexpected, that was ever connected with man and could not be reasoned out.

The somnolent summer months wore away without especial worry or mishap for the runaway. Only now and then was his peace broken at intervals by a queer restlessness for he knew not what. Without knowing why, it seemed to him there was something lacking in the cedar swamp, even in the lush feeding of the lily ponds. Stray winds from the deep woods drew him strangely, something called to him, stirred in his blood and would not let him rest. At such times, even though he was rooting among his favorite tubers, he would suddenly cease feeding and plunge away into the forest on a roaming expedition. On one of these expeditions he found at least a partial answer to his quest when he came upon a small band of stray hogs near the settlement. He promptly charged down upon them, worsted the rangy male that led them in combat, and took possession of the remainder of the band. By slow degrees he led them back to the vicinity of the woodland lake. Thereafter his life ran on much as before, except that he was now master of five wives. The fact that fall was imminent and, by certain signs recognized in animal land, a hard winter would follow, bothered him not at all, for he had never known privation.

During this interval of three months Angus Wigle had relaxed nothing of his original determination to regain the black boar. After he had been treed in the cedar swamp, he had followed on for the better part of two days, and finally lost the boar's trail entirely. When he had reached home, gaunt, worn and in an evil temper, he learned from his son Ed that news of his ill luck had already gone abroad on the wagging tongue of Joe Baxter, an itinerant guide and hunter who had passed that way. Wigle knew what that meant. That night in the big log-walled room, where he and Ed smoked and talked of an evening by the baked-clay fireplace, he confided the whole story, and leagued Ed with him in his determination, which had become two determinations—to have the black boar or his life, and change the tone of the settlement's laughter to open admiration before the summer was up. Their compact was like a vendetta. Thereafter the father, who was ever a taciturn man, lapsed into a spell of brooding that would have been terrible to one less accustomed to it than Ed.

The new undertaking was going to test the Wigles' skill to the utmost, but each was confident of the success of their plan. In the meantime Angus determined to shun all his kind. He knew the chaff and banter that would be in store for him should he show himself at the settlement, and he would have lost an arm rather than face it. So it was Ed who drove now to the town for their stores and the mail, while his father kept close to the farm.

It was June, the middle of the brief New Brunswick summer, and father and son were kept busy cultivating their straggling acres, so that for a time nothing further was done in the carrying out of their plan, except that each Sunday Angus saddled his wiry roan mare and rode away down the woods trail toward the swamp land. He did this on four successive weeks, covering a new territory each time, but on no trip did he find any sign of the black boar. He guessed then that the hog had wandered into the remote region that lay to the north of Loon Lake, the one district Angus had not searched as yet. This was a region difficult of access, surrounded by swamp land and rock-clad hills, but Wigle had hunted deer there many a fall and knew the ground as well as any man in the settlement.

As fall drew near and the work on the woods farm diminished, the Wigles' interest in life subtly increased. For these lank men were not intrinsic tillers of the soil. Life for them meant the hunting trail. On the first free day in September old Angus packed a knapsack and, rifle in hand, took the trail over the pine ridge back of the cabin that would lead him to Loon Lake and the territory he had picked out. He stopped but once, on a rocky hill where grew a blasted pine tree which commanded a view of many somber miles of fir and tamarack. Swinging himself up into this old familiar lookout, he remained aloft for many minutes, while his gaze swept the distant lake and its swampy tributaries. When he dropped to the ground again his thin face was seamed with a grim chuckle.

A half hour later, the black boar, standing on guard a little apart from his band of five as they rooted in the mud, started up with a snort. To his senses, which had been quickening throughout the past months, had come the faintest possible vibration which ran down along the stream bed from the bank above. A minute later two young does and a fawn went bounding along the slope above him, coming from the lake. Many things the boar had learned since coming to the forest—in particular how to read in the flight of other wild things the story of dangers that often failed to impress his own blunter senses. The flights of deer from the average day prowlers of the woods were short and erratic. But this flight—it was swift and prolonged; long tireless bounds, with no evidence of slackening, that told of one of the two deadly enemies to the browsing folk—men or dogs.

For a moment or two the old boar did not stir. Then, with a subdued signal of warning to his band that brought them quickly to their feet, he led the way swiftly but quietly away from the stream bed into the gloom of the forest.

It was no more than five minutes later that Angus Wigle dismounted quietly from his mare and tied her to a tree not many yards from the spot where the hogs had wallowed. After starting the deer from a dense thicket, Angus had not expected to find the boar, but he had expected to catch a glimpse of the band in flight. He knew the brood of sows with which the boar had taken up, for he had run across them often on his hunting trips. These would not have the wariness to sense his approach, he knew; it was the boar that had generated

(Continued on Page 218)

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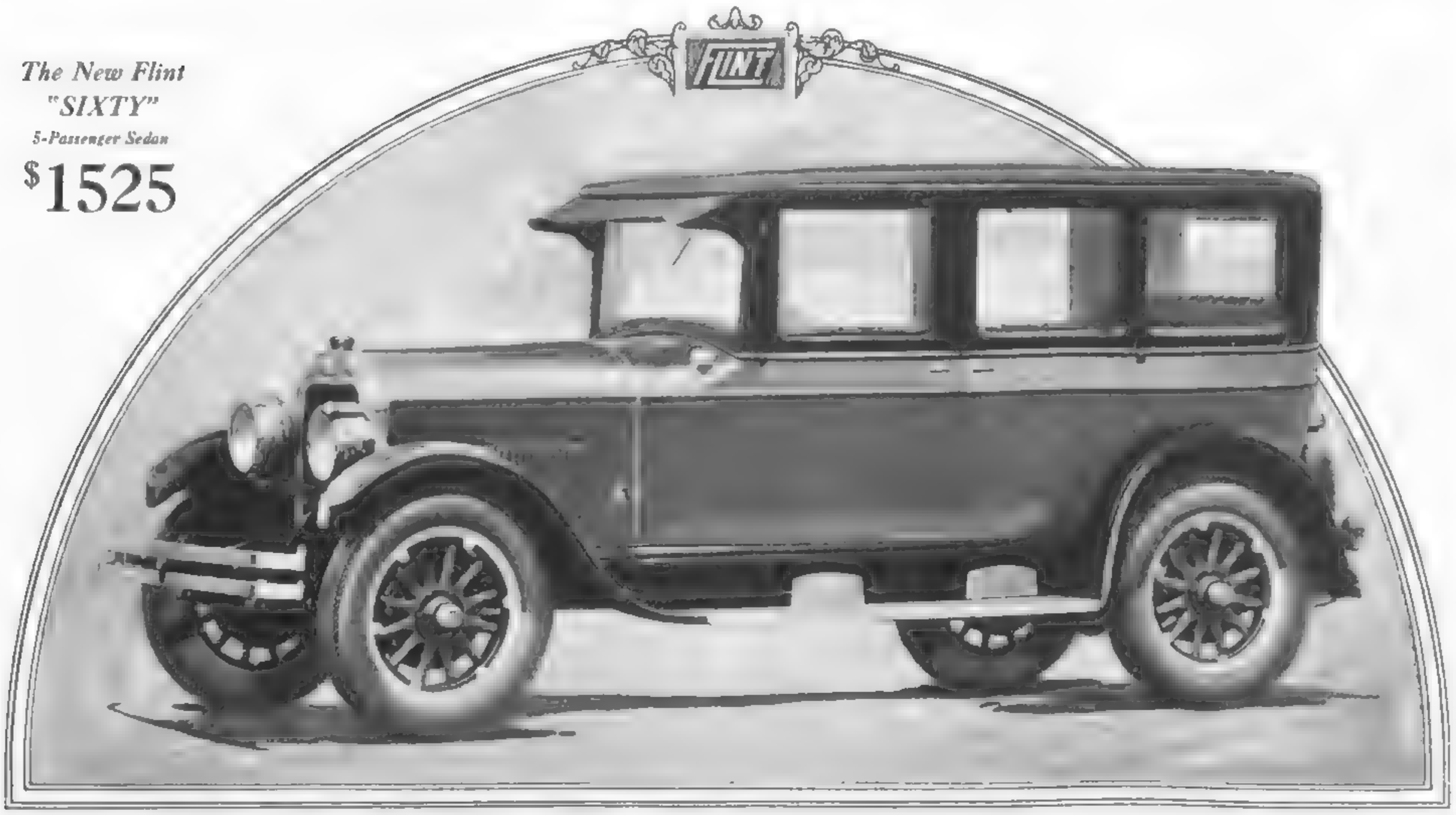

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(Continued from Page 215)

that noiseless flight. Wigle was nettled, yet subtly pleased. The Berkshire was a foeman worthy of his steel. This was to be no running down of an escaped farm animal, but a crafty hunt that would call for all his skill. The big hog had become as wary as any wild creature.

After tying his mare, Angus took up the trail the hogs had left, fully expecting to come upon the band within half a mile of the stream. He still had many surprises to learn concerning the old boar. He did not dream that superior blood and intelligence and the renovating life of the forest had keened the Berkshire's ears and nostrils until he registered scent molecules and sounds on every passing breeze almost as keenly as the wild things themselves.

Not long afterward the black boar became conscious that man, his one real enemy, was not far behind, for Wigle had not taken the trouble of working to windward. With silence and dispatch, and a craft that seemed diabolic, he led his following up along a rock-spined ridge at right angles to his former trail, and for the next hour kept them steadily on the move. And Angus Wigle followed on, losing ground steadily, conscious of the old boar's craft and tactics, yet unwilling to grant the truth of the thing, for what he read in the signs of the trail was a wariness equal to a weathered leader of the elk or deer clans.

It was mid-afternoon, and Wigle had been on the trail two hours before he took note of the fact that the tracks were circling back toward the lake shore again. Not long afterward the old hunter stopped dead and stood listening with all his ears to a sound which came to him down the wind. At first he was totally at a loss to read it, but in another minute, electrified with mounting rage and horror at what he heard, he flung himself down the trail at a dead run, in his gray eyes the lightning fire of the avenger, the killer. What he had heard was the horrible half-human scream of his horse in mortal agony. He arrived breathless on the lake shore, but instead of the lynx or bear he had expected to see, there was the wild-hog band milling about the luckless mare. They wheeled and bolted into the thicket at sight of him. Cursing himself for his thoughtlessness, Wigle knelt, took half aim and fired at the black leader just as the band disappeared. Instinct told him he had hit, but his pursuit into the undergrowth was fruitless. He ran back with a grim, terrible look on his face to where the roan mare lay, half suspended by her tie rope, her stomach and flanks horribly gored and bleeding. The black boar, following out his malignant train of destruction and reprisal, had deliberately attacked her as he would anything that happened to be connected with Wigle or his former life.

Before dark, as Wigle worked doggedly in camp to relieve his mare's dying minutes, a fire of green bay branches burned beside him which sent up a perpendicular column of heavy smoke—the signal he and Ed had agreed upon in case coöperation should be needed. But long before darkness brought Ed's cautious footfalls the roan mare had breathed her last.

Wigle's second bullet had entered the old boar's shoulder, glanced upward along the neck and lodged in the base of his head. The agonizing pain of it had for the time being driven him mad—not the madness of terror and frenzy alone, but of intolerable anguish. For a time he had plunged hither and thither among the trees in short spasmodic dashes, goring the earth and the roots of the trees in his frenzy. Even his instinct of self-preservation had left him, together with all thought of the little band that was dependent upon him.

Few beasts could have stood up under so fatal a wound; those that could would have gone berserk and dashed themselves against trees or over a cliff edge to their death. But the old Berkshire was of sterner stuff. Even with instinct gone, he somehow preserved some sense of what he was doing. Before Angus Wigle could follow up his advantage, he had struck a straight course and disappeared at a tremendous pace toward the northern end of the lake, his little following straggling far behind.

Evil head down, eyes red and flaming from the stabbing pain within, seeing scarce where he went, he charged on and on, somehow maintaining a definite course. A fisher marten, sliding snakelike down to the water's edge, sprang up a tree with a reptilian hiss at the passage of that thunderbolt on legs. A family of deer went bounding away before he had come within two hundred yards, believing all the dogs of the settlement were on their trail, while far up above the forest a watching kite that had heard the shots and seen the tableau from on high, planed low, knowing of no beast that could so defy the law of death and bullet.

It was only with the coming of night, full twenty-five miles from the lake shore, that the black boar came to rest again, still maddened by his pain, but no longer insane. His tremendous vital and recuperative powers were already beginning to win the day; he still could neither rest nor eat, but that mighty and prolonged explosion of galvanic force had given some outlet to the deathly pain, so that Nature had got in her hand. His little band were hopelessly lost far to the rear, but he still had no thought of that, but only to plunge his steaming, blood-soaked sides in cooling mud. So it was that he came into a new and unsurveyed territory, a region of tiny lakes and streams, in the heart of a dense fir forest.

For nearly a week he roamed here and there disconsolately, eating little while the slow process of recuperation went on. At the end of that time he came upon his little band again, and thereafter their life was taken up where it had left off.

Toward the end of October there came a decisive change in the weather. The nights, which had been only chill, now rang with the inanimate voice of the frost eating into the pith of trees, and the first light snowfall came whispering through the pines on a northwest wind. The wild-hog band, and especially the old boar that had never known the lack of shelter, suffered by night and huddled together in the lairs they had rooted out in a dense fir thicket.

Not long after this came another and more subtle change over the forest. At first it was but a vague unrest and watching that communicated itself to the hogs through the actions of the smaller wild things, which seemed filled with fear and wonder. By night a vague terror ran down the wind, making itself evident through all the underworld of thicket and bracken—a mystery that seemed drawing nearer day by day.

The phlegmatic swine were slow to answer the feel, but at last one frosty night of full moon the terror came upon them in full force. It came quavering down the wind in a terrible wailing cry they had never heard before, half fierce, half a sob, that chilled the blood streams and caused the hair to stiffen along the spine. Since his pighood in a pen the old Berkshire had never really known fear. But now, with that cry in the air, even his choleric heart quailed with some far-off instinct. Instinctively he felt that he and his band were the least prepared in all the forest to offset the new danger.

That night, as the hogs lay uneasily in their coverts, two red bucks went leaping by, manifestly galvanized by an overpowering fear, yet with an air of uncertainty strangely unlike their usual whole-hearted flights. This impression of inexplicable terror struck a fresh shaft into the old boar, and he gazed after them in apprehension.

The bucks had hardly passed, when a lynx went by with slinking speed, pausing to cast a wary, anxious glance to the rear before he melted into the gloom. The sight of him lengthening out in desperate bounds was a daunting sight, for he was one that was wont to rely on craft and ferocity. The old boar rose and trotted into the clearing to gaze toward the north, whence these flights had come. But his little eyes and his blunt nose still told him nothing. Innumerable rabbits passed by in the night, fleeing aimlessly, but the hogs little guessed that their safety for the time depended upon these foolish skipping legions.

It was the next day that the Berkshire got a clearer story when he crossed a twisted trail made by many padding feet, only half a mile from his lair. Though he had never seen the great gray timber wolves of New Brunswick, the boar knew the enemy instinctively by the scent. That quavering cry of terror he had heard had come from the makers of these tracks. He was appalled at the number of them—close to a dozen at least.

That day he deserted the old lairs and led his band up into a narrow rock-lined gully that wound up a fir ridge and ended in a cul-de-sac amid overhanging rocky cliffs sixty feet in height. The place was craftily chosen; it afforded some protection from wind and storm, and the pine needles, which had dropped for scores of years from the trees on the slopes, made a carpet in the gully bottom inches deep. These effectively cut off the killing cold of the iron ground beneath. The cliffs above could not be descended, and the old tusker felt capable of holding his own indefinitely by making a stand at the narrow part of the gully mouth. But that the wolves might hold the entrance and slowly starve him out he could not reason, for he had not the faculties.

For Angus Wigle, on his far-flung farm in the forest, the winter had also brought its hardships. Ever since the escape of the black boar his life had run in an evil trend. The death of his roan mare at the last encounter with the renegade had been a final blow. She had always been the prize of his meager collection of livestock, his favorite mount on the hunting trail, and furthermore, she had been with foal. His farm team was now broken; the rangy gelding he had bought in the settlement to finish his fall work proved a mean and temperamental brute that shirked his work and played hob with his team mate, which had hitherto been docile and trustworthy. All these things Angus laid at the Berkshire's door, and his slow anger grew with the weeks. For the third time all Wigle's craft had been matched and mocked by the brute. He had been made sport of, and in the old woodsman's mind the beast seemed to have taken on the malign and satanic attributes of the devil himself. He thought now only of death for a finale; the quicker the better.

He knew that the old boar had changed his range again, but he had not yet located it, for the hauling of his winter wood supply had occupied his days. But he had a fair idea it would be in the wild rock-strewn country to the north, and his guess was right. He meant to find out at once and put an end to this run of disconsolate and profitless months.

When on the heels of the first snow he heard one night across the stupendous stillness of the forest the long, high, quavering chorus of wolves—a sound he had not heard for ten years—he looked at Ed across the table significantly.

"Timber wolves," he muttered. "A pretty sure sign of a hard winter. I wonder now if they'll beat us to getting that old porker."

The thought of the new menace to the Berkshire's life gave him an actual and malign pleasure, sitting there in the secure warmth of his own fire. He did not dream of the far chance that would involve him in the new danger.

That very night, as it happened, Wigle's young heifer, calved the summer past, was taken, not a quarter of a mile from the cabin, by the gray clan from the north. The heifer, with its mother, had been wandering in the woods, and the pair had not started for home until after dark. The mother turned up at dawn, and when Wigle

(Continued on Page 221)

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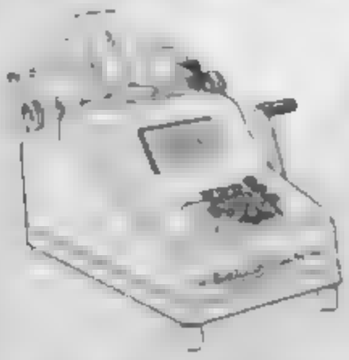

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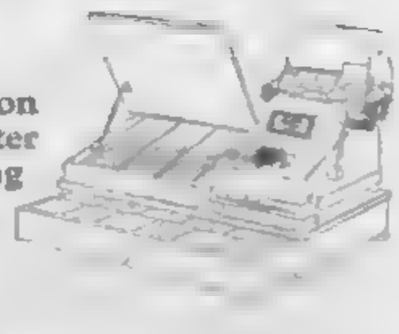

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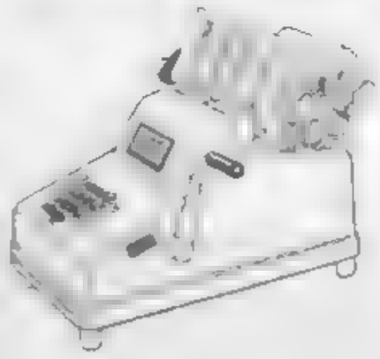

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(Continued from Page 218)

found her, torn and bleeding from a desperate fight, he was startled at the evident number and ferocity of the invaders. Scarce a shred of the heifer's hide was left clinging to the well-stripped bones.

Wigle returned home and got out his big Number 12 traps. His war was now a double war, for with the tightening of midwinter not a head of his stock would be safe from the pack.

A few days later, in spite of Tom and Sandy, the hounds, which slept in the barn, a young sow was killed in the early dawn, back of the cow sheds, and torn to pieces before Wigle and his son got out with their rifles. The two dogs clung whimpering at their heels.

For a while, in their new stronghold, the hog band throve; but with November and the heavier snows, forage was cut to a minimum. Nightly their peace was disturbed by the new invaders as they followed the trail or bayed the moon, and the old boar was keen to the danger of going far afield. But with every snowfall feeding grew scarcer. Under ordinary circumstances the sows would have drifted back to the settlement by fall to find shelter among the outlying farms. Only in the Berkshire burned the real spirit of freedom; he held them under an iron discipline that brooked no half measures.

Soon, like the rabbits, they fell to eating young willow bark and twigs as their sole maintenance. The wolves, by some good fortune, had not yet molested them, doubtless because the cottontails, ever the easiest quarry, still throve in wanton numbers.

But the day came when not a sprig or leaf of feeding remained in all the vicinity of the rock den, and starved and savage from their long abstinence, the hogs ventured down the valley to the west, where amid the mixed woods there was promise of at least an abundance of young bark. It was a day of still, intense cold, under a sullen winter sky.

Sometime in the afternoon the black boar first became conscious of the wavering cry of the wolf pack in the near distance. It was not until the hogs were halfway back to their den that he noted that the many-throated call was much nearer, and that it carried the rising cadence of defiance and exultation that wolves voice on the fresh trail to easy quarry. The hogs quickened their pace through the snow, for it was plain the menace was nearer each moment. A minute later they were in full flight, laboring through the drifts as fast as their short legs and great bulk would permit, for down the valley the wolf pack had suddenly burst into view, and they were following the trail the hogs had left! The sight of them was appalling. There were ten gigantic wolves in the pack, running in strict formation that bespoke the perfectly ordered killing machine they were. They sighted their game on the instant and came on like a gray wave, in a sudden and complete silence that was more terrible than any cry.

Actual fear was the one emotion the Berkshire lacked, but his phlegmatic heart gave a surge of rage and trepidation. Fighter that he was to the last bristle, he knew a chill that was not of the cold. In spite of their bulk, the hogs plunged on at an amazing pace, overcoming the snowdrifts by strength alone. Their will to gain the rock ravine was invincible, and it was this that won the grim and silent race. Not forty paces ahead of the gray horde, the band gained the mouth of the gorge, and wheeling like a flash and half filling the rocky entry, the old boar faced his pursuers in ominous silence. Only the stiff bristles along the mighty neck and spine stood upright, his yellow tushes gleamed from lifted lips, and his little inscrutable eyes shone red with hell's own fire.

It was a thrilling sight, one to inspire admiration from even a prejudiced watcher. The wolf pack, digging their forefeet into the snow, brought up short at a distance of eight feet, with snarls of baffled fury. They knew pigs, having lately sampled those of Angus Wigle, but here was one such as they had never run into before. The old tusker's size, his inexorable mien and sudden stand disrupted their usual tactics, and, in a way, their morale. They spread themselves out in a semicircle, wondering, then fell to pacing up and down restlessly, but keeping their dreadful ocher-green eyes ever on the prey. Those moments were precious for the old Berkshire, for it enabled him to regain his wind, a thing which the pack with their leathery lungs could not understand.

Other ears had also marked the clamor of that chase. Angus Wigle was up with the dawn that morning to haul timber in from a distant deadening some sixteen miles from home. He had taken his rifle, a repeater, with him, for he had it in mind, after his sleigh was loaded, to scout through the rocky ravines in the hope of coming upon the old boar's resort. Shortly after midday, in his reconnoitering, he had come upon the fresh trail of the hogs leading down the valley. Exultant, he set out upon the back trail to discover the hogs' hiding place, marveling the while at the obstacles the creatures had overcome.

He found the rocky retreat at last, and the sagacity shown in its choosing filled him with grudging admiration. As he stood there undecided, the distant clamor of the wolf pack came to him from down the valley, a savage defiance in it that caused him to grip his rifle and look about for a likely refuge, for it seemed not improbable the pack was on his own trail. Then the chorus changed to the shrill high yapping that means a quarry sighted, and his surmise turned to the hog band.

With all possible speed he scaled the steep rock side of the ravine to the pines above, and there, with his back against a ledge, he crouched to wait. As the sounds of the chase drew nearer, the old woodsman's thin leathery face grew sharp and tense at his great good fortune; his hunter's pulse quickened and every sense was on the qui vive. For by now it was perfectly plain that his far-fetched guess was indeed correct. The hogs were naturally heading for their one stronghold. Nature had evidently chosen to show him at first hand a drama he would gladly have paid a fine string of mink furs to witness.

A minute, and the band had come in plain sight. Wigle saw them down the valley, saw their desperate fight for headway in the clinging snow. He half rose in the excitement of the chase, when but a minute later the wolves appeared far to the rear, their marrow-chilling song suddenly hushed. He watched them sweep forward like the wind in their fan-shape formation, gaining each second on the clumsy quarry, until it seemed inevitable they should be overhauled. No race-track fan ever thrilled more in the turf finals than Wigle at the wind-up of that race. Crouched there on one knee, he had it in mind to bring down the black boar as soon as he came within easy range and thus end the year of feud and resentment. It was the opportunity for which he had long been waiting, and his rifle had instinctively gone to his shoulder. Then he lowered it, as the hunter gained easy ascendancy over the injured farmer. No red-blooded man chooses a moment when an opponent is overwhelmed by odds to down him. Besides, Wigle had an overpowering fascination to see the outcome of the drama that was preparing, knowing that other opportunities even better than this one might present themselves in its enactment.

Finally, but half a dozen bounds ahead of the pack, the hogs hurled themselves into the rocky gorge and the old tusker whipped round at bay. Lying flat against the rock now, Wigle swore delightedly under his breath.

"He's game, all right, the son of a gun!" he muttered, not without a trace of admiration. "Go to it, you black devil! I'm right glad I didn't shoot."

Wigle's score against the wolves and his score against the Berkshire were ethically equal, except that a personal aggrievement was attached to the latter. That hate was quickly banished as he lay watching the tableau below, and it was not alone the psychology that favors the weaker. The hogs he knew and understood; but no sympathy could attach to the swift and ravening pack from the north that were a menace to all that lived.

For several minutes the wolves continued pacing back and forth, undecided how to force the issue. The pack awaited silently some sign from the leader, but the leader sat on his haunches, tongue lolling, and was in no hurry to press matters. He could see beyond the shoulders of the raging black beast in the entryway, the other hogs, all ordinary enough; but this other creature with bristling hair and gnashing tusks he wished to try out craftily. There was no apparent consultation among the wolves, but suddenly, as if at a given signal, all hurled themselves forward at the same instant and the fight was on.

Just here the pack leader showed the superior cunning that had won him his place. Almost upon the squealing Berkshire, he swerved quick as light to one side, leaving the brunt of the attack to the two wolves just behind him. The boar, rearing on his hind legs with what seemed incredible speed, caught the foremost wolf in mid-leap and flung him gored and bleeding four feet to one side, where he lay twitching and snarling until two of his erstwhile mates fell upon him with gleaming fangs at the smell of fresh-drawn blood. The leader meanwhile dodged in again, thinking to leap over the boar's back and slaughter at will among the defenseless pigs huddled in the ravine. His leap fell short. The tusker reared up in the nick of time, and the great wolf fell snapping and clawing almost on the Berkshire's back; and squealing and champing in his fury, the old boar pinned him against the rocks, where, despite the punishment of the long powerful jaws, he got on top of his assailant and crushed the life out of him with his armored hoofs. But already two more of the pack were on his back and clung snarling like fiends for a vital hold. But that was just what was lacking on the old boar's anatomy. His bristly hide was like an armor, his throat, bedded deep in rolls of fat and muscle, was impregnable.

In a moment the bulk of the black fighter literally disappeared beneath the wave of attackers. But the wave heaved and rolled back, and two of the wolves fell off dripping with their own blood. The boar reemerged, his little eyes blazing, jaws and tushes red. Torn and slashed in a dozen places, he still had received no serious wound; and with his tremendous weight he could no more be pinned down by these lean fighters than a battering ram. The black and bloodied head rose, ever dauntless, above the snapping pack, but the final outcome was plain—he would be worn down in time by the superior numbers.

Carried off his feet at sight of a battle under such odds, and forgetting his grudge entirely, Angus Wigle had risen to his feet with a whoop and snatched up his rifle. But in the inferno of sounds below, he was unnoticed until a well-placed bullet unclamped the jaws of one big gray brute and left him twitching beneath the feet of the fighters.

With the second shot another wolf fell kicking, and the remainder of the pack, six in all, became suddenly aware of the new menace and fell back into the undergrowth. The narrow green flames of their eyes found the new enemy and glared up at Wigle with hate and defiance. The death of their wise leader had robbed them of their fighting efficiency, but so much rage and bloodshed had left them beside themselves, beyond fear.

A minute later they had renewed their attack, two of them pausing to snatch a mouthful of food from a dead or dying comrade. Their hunger was fierce, and for a second time the black tusker singled out an antagonist, pinned him down, and with inexorable deliberation tore the life from him while the pack clung worrying at his shoulders. It was a great fight, the greatest Wigle had ever seen. And, oh, for a witness to it, he thought as he reloaded and dropped to a lower ledge. In the back of his mind he was already recounting the tableau to a ring of the curious in Talt Bingham's store. And what a memorable tale he would make it, of how the old boar fought side by side with him against the common enemy and helped pay off a year-long grudge!

Daunted now by Wigle's renewed firing, and already wavering at sight of their own dead, the remaining four wolves drew back from the fight a minute later, and with gray-feathered tails between their haunches, slunk into the thickets.

It was a minute or more before the old Berkshire seemed to realize the victory was his. Then, falling upon the nearest dead foe, he began ripping the carcass to shreds beneath his hoofs and devouring it with rancor and voracity. He was quickly surrounded by his band, and the carnival below was red and unrestrained as the famished brutes made up for weeks of starvation.

Still palpitating with the effects of the battle, the old woodsman, sitting on the ledge above, slowly reloaded his gun and let himself down the rocky cliff. It was then for the first time that the boar took note of him, for in the heat of the battle he had not realized the man's timely interference. Raising his gaunt and bleeding head, he stared up defiantly at this new enemy, recognized of old. If Wigle were here looking for further fight—well, he was ready to give him a good one.

Quietly Angus raised his rifle to his shoulder, grim-lipped. Not for worlds would he have missed witnessing the fight he had just seen, but not for anything sentimental or otherwise did he intend to let the boar escape him again. Reared up at the foot of the rock and gnashing his teeth, the Berkshire was glaring up defiantly. Wounded as he was, and knowing the man's superior craft, he was daunted by not so much as a hair. There was no fear in all his being. Watching him thus along the barrel of his rifle, Angus Wigle hesitated.

Five thousand years of civilization seemed to fall away between the two as the man's finger hung at pause, and to Wigle's senses came the significance of such courage, the one thing that had kept life on this planet in the face of countless adversities from time immemorial.

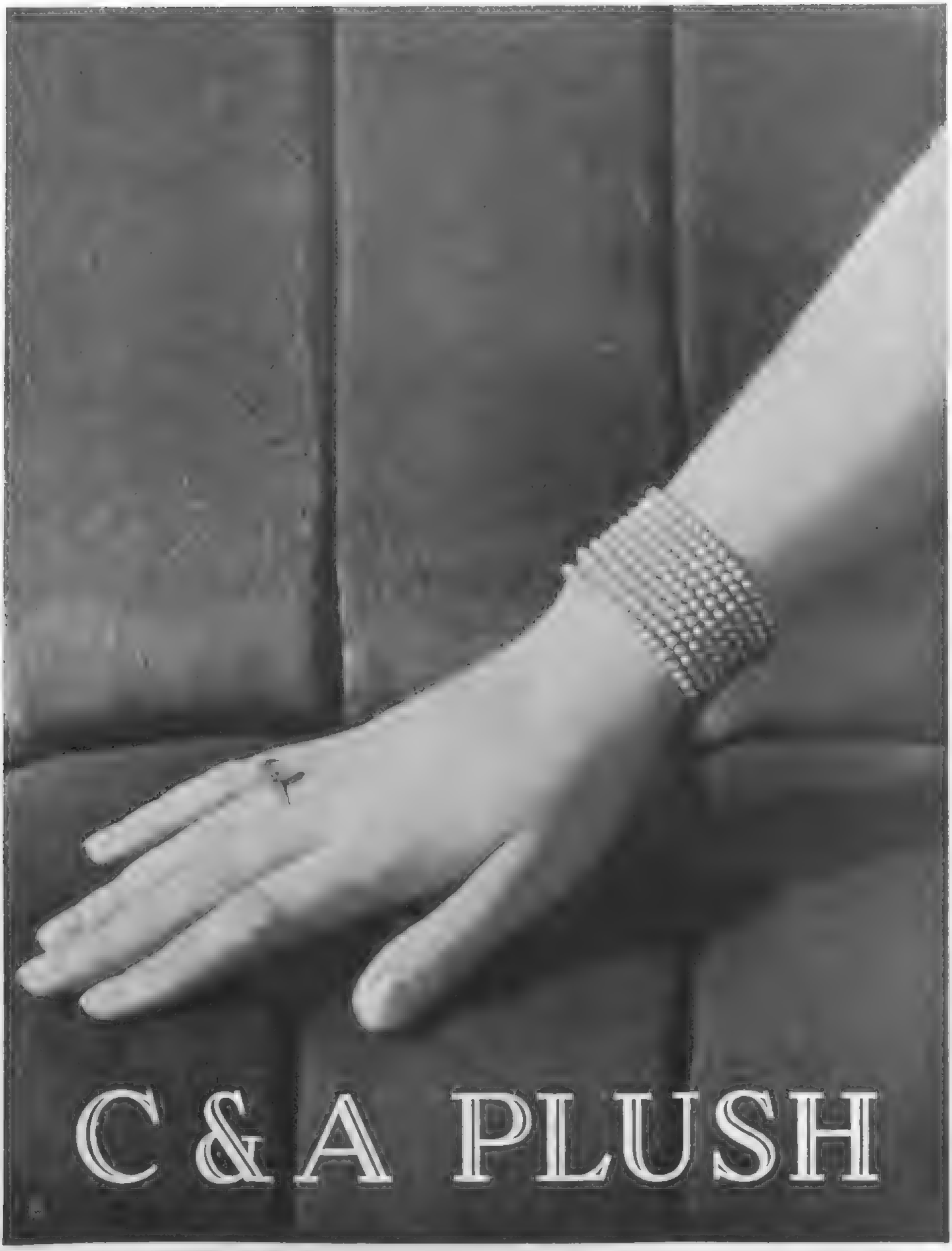
A moment he was tempted to shoot a bit high and crease the beast, then his weapon lowered.

"No, ol'-timer," he muttered, looking into the redoubtable eyes. "It'd be too low-down to do that, seein' as how the two of us fought shoulder to shoulder, you might say. An' a slicker fight I never seen. I guess ye earned the right to live along as ye please. I kin take it out of yer brood in the spring, and may ye keep clear of me yerself from now on."

Climbing back up over the shoulder of the ridge, he made his way down the other side and back to his team by a roundabout way. His lean face was aglow with triumph. In his crude imagination of an outdoor mystic, he could already perceive those unseen powers of perversity against which he had been pitting himself all year, drawing back in defeat at his throwing down the gage of hate. The wolves were gone; the wilderness had resumed its old immutable peace for him.

"I kotched that old boar of ourn this afternoon," he drawled casually, when Ed came out to help unhitch. "Had him and the whole passel of 'em corraled in a rock ravine north of the lake. But that hog is nothin' but skin an' bone now, Ed—nigh starved to death. 'Twouldn't pay a man to feed him through the winter, so I figured I'd let him run. He'll have a brood of fresh-blooded pigs, come spring, that'll bring us a fancy price next summer."

The main story Angus was saving for that evening when the two would forgather around the wood fire.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Thus Purolator's achievement, on the eve of the 1926 automobile shows, stands at the very top of automotive development of the last eventful year.

Examine Purolator on these cars at the automobile shows. Have its operation explained to you. Learn how it keeps the oil in the crankcase always clean. How it saves the vital parts of the engine and reduces both upkeep and oil costs.

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Watch for the Type C Rectifier at the New York Show. A simple and dependable refining device requiring no change in engine design. A fitting companion to Purolator.

PUROLATOR
THE OIL PURIFYING SYSTEM

OLE FLO

(Continued from Page 17)

"Got no use fo' sho't dresses above bow laigs," said she.

The strangers looked at her with irritation; the Gettysburgians laughed.

"There's Flo!"

Smart persons made comments in Flo's own humorous vein.

"Antiques to the antique!"

"They might put Flo up."

Flo kept on round the crowd. Above her were two windows in the wall of a gray house, between them a yellow advertisement. It was from these windows that Flo believed Abraham Lincoln had called down blessings upon her. At present she was not thinking of that boasted honor, but of a very fat man who stood near the front of the crowd. She believed that beneath his shoulder there was room for her little body. From that vantage point she could catch the eye of the auctioneer.

The Gettysburgians and all the strangers had their eyes on the same fat man, who had already established an irritating and alarming precedent by paying four hundred dollars for a single chair. It was rumored that he was a dealer from Fifth Avenue in New York City, and that he was buying for a millionaire. It was also rumored that he was himself a millionaire. Under his arm pressed Flo.

It was not necessary for her to make any effort to catch the eye of the auctioneer, a jovial person who was one of her steady benefactors. The price of four hundred dollars for one article, of which he was to receive a percentage, cheered his already lively spirit. Another chair like the one which had been sold was placed on the table before him.

"Good morning, Flo," said he.

"Good mo'nin', mars'r," answered Flo with an engaging smile and a pleased gleam of her eye. "You know me, mars'r?"

"I do indeed. What are you interested in this morning?"

The crowd turned and looked at Flo, some amused, some annoyed.

"Ise interested in a chaih," explained Flo. "Last evenin' I was percipitated to de flo', from my onliest chaih dat I got, and dis mo'nin' again de same. Ise come to buy a strong chaih fo' to sit in in my house when I takes my ease."

A little laugh passed over the crowd.

"We'll remember you," said the auctioneer; then he turned to more serious business. "Now here is this chair, owned by James Gettys, the founder of Gettysburg. The founder, ladies and gentlemen, of this famous historical town where the great battle was fought, the battle which decided the fate of the nation. It is not only priceless as a historical relic, but priceless as a piece of fine cabinet work. This chair goes back to England. A chair of Chippendale design. It is not impossible that the hand of Chippendale himself rested where my hand rests now. The brocade on the seat is, as you can see, perfect, and faded only enough to show that the chair is what it claims to be. Chairs of this kind in city stores have brought a thousand dollars. You see what the companion chair has brought. This gentleman to my right knows a good chair when he sees it. What am I offered for this chair?"

There was a pause, as though everyone else as well as the speaker needed to gather breath. The fat man had the most determined aspect; it was impossible to think of getting anything away from anybody so set.

"What am I offered?" called the auctioneer in a louder tone.

"Fifteen cents," said Flo.

The auctioneer's voice rose above the shout of laughter.

"Good for you, Flo! Anybody raise it?"

"One hundred dollars," said some disgusted and unhumorous person.

Other dealers compelled the stout bidder to pay five hundred dollars for this chair instead of four. The citizens who had bid looked disappointed but resigned.

"He has the chair, but we have the town," said some wit loudly.

Another chair was placed on the table. This was not historical, but it was very rare and beautiful. The auctioneer extolled its good points. James Gettys had never owned it, but it was, he said, possible that the sacred hand of Chippendale had touched it.

"And what am I bid for this chair?"

Flo had not followed the bidding on the first chair, she realized only that the fat man had bought it. She saw a new chair put in its place.

"Fifteen cents," said she.

Again there was a roar of laughter. The fat man and all the strangers looked annoyed.

"Fifteen dollars," said someone quickly.

The chair was sold for seventy-five, and another was brought out.

The auctioneer continued in a facetious mood. "Now what for this, Flo?"

"Nothin'," answered Flo. "Wouldn't give it house room."

"Why not?"

"Too spindly and weak-lookin'. Couldn't take my ease in no sech chaih 's that."

The crowd laughed, but back in the house the executor thought the fun had gone far enough. There was a vast quantity of things to be sold and no time should be wasted; besides, this unserious attitude was not likely to promote the offering of serious prices. The fat man, he knew, did come from a Fifth Avenue shop, and he was to be here for but one day. The executor had had experience with the persistence of old Flo; she would impede business for hours unless she had her way. He caused to be brought from the house a chair of hardwood, but homely in design, from the period of 1860.

"There's a chair for Flo."

Flo heard the remark and licked her lips. The executor also was a steady benefactor.

"Here, Flo," said the auctioneer. "Here's a chair for you. How much do you bid?"

Flo was nothing if not astute.

"Five cents."

The crowd laughed.

"Ten," said a mischievous voice.

"Fifteen," said Flo.

"Sixteen," said a voice.

"Seventeen," said Flo.

"Eighteen."

"Nineteen," said Flo.

Flo was amused and entertained, but she was growing anxious. She had but twenty-five cents in the world.

"Twenty," said the same voice.

"Let her have it." The fat man held out his hand. "Here's twenty-five. Let her have it." He took hold of the chair and lifted it out over his head and those back of him and set it down. "Take it and go home."

There was instant silence. So the fat man was cross! Perhaps, after all, he had been made to pay a good deal for the two chairs of the founder. In reality he had come chiefly for Lincoln relics and had found none.

"Thank you," said Flo. "Yo' suah is my frien', 'cause I left my qua'tah at home." She made efforts to lift the chair. "If you'd help me hist it on my head, mars'r."

Helped unwillingly by the fat man, Flo bowed the chair at him, her head inside the rungs, and walked away.

"It's too heavy for her."

"She'll get someone to carry it, never fear. Don't worry about Flo."

The crowd turned again to its exciting business.

Flo went round under the two windows with the yellow sign between them, across the square and out the main street toward the west. She might have gone through alleys much more comfortably and quickly, but she liked the sensation she created and the comments made upon her, and the comments she made herself.

"Got me in a cage, miss."

At the candy store she paused.

"Monkey ce'tainly would like a peppe'-mint, mars'r!"

The storekeeper laughed and put a peppermint into her mouth.

"Got you in the right place, Flo."

In her own neighborhood she created a sensation. She recounted her adventures with glee.

"Fat man down dere, ponderous fat man, givin' away chaihs. Shouldn't be su'prised if he's President of de United States. He give me dis chaih."

The children and most of the adults flew squareward. Flo went into her house and set the chair down. She ate more cold bacon and cut off the heel of the fresh loaf, then she made a little fire.

"Good," said she. "Good. Good."

She took off her coat and tested her chair. She sat upon it. It was not too deep or too high, and there was a rung upon which she could rest her tired feet. The cushioned seat was detachable and she pried it loose—sometimes people hid money in places like that. But there was no money there, only a piece of thick paper, written on in a fine hand and securely tacked with four tacks to the bottom. She tore it loose and replaced the cushion and sat down with the paper in her hands, turning it over and over, upside down and right side up. The writing said: "Judge Wills told me that when he knocked at Lincoln's door to tell him that it was time for him to go to the cemetery to make his speech, Lincoln was sitting in this chair."

There was a signature, authentic and easily to be identified.

"Humph," smiled old Flo. "Got no use whatever for a papah wid readin' and writin'. But it'll help keep me warm."

Leaning stiffly forward, Flo laid the paper on the fire. "Nice chaih," she muttered drowsily. "Sof' chaih. Now I shuah can take my ease."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 44)

Sifting the old mythologies,
Testing the dreams of youth,
Experts in all the ologies,
Trudging the trail of truth!

Their bones are strewn mid caverns hewn
by the paleolithic man,
They have died on the tail of the rumored
vale where the Aryan race began;
Fever and drouth in the blistering South,
the storms of the cruel North,
Have taken toll ere they reached their
goal, but—their brethren still go
forth!
They have suffered cancer to learn its
cause, died lepers to seek a cure,
In quest of basic natural laws there's
nothing they won't endure.
Theorists, highbrows and logotheles
who nevertheless will dare
The ends of earth and the gates of
death—if knowledge is waiting there!

Little of fame they get for it,
And poor they live—and die.
Knowledge they seek and sweat
for it
That the world may gain
thereby.
The world that learns but tardily,
And grudgingly, too, in sooth;
While ever these pedants hardily
Fare forth on the trail of truth!

—*Berton Braley.*

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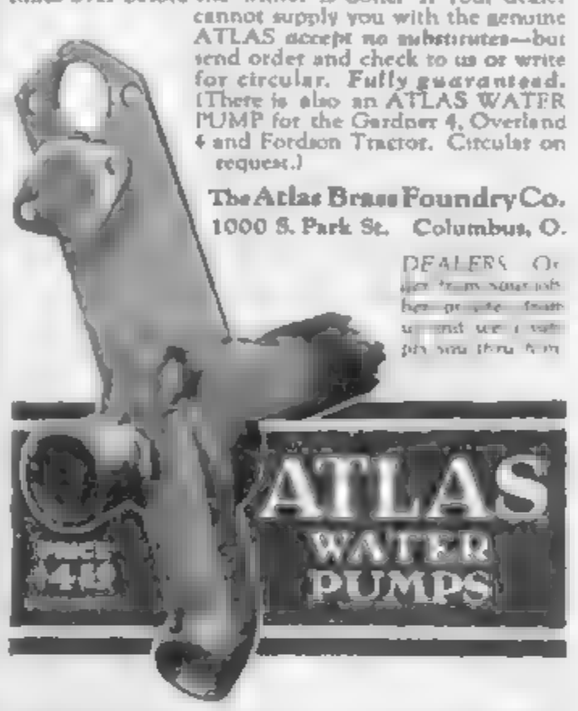

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W. Lacy Dixon
Made $230.00!

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WSAI Cincinnati ..... The U. S. Playing Card Co.

Alternate Tuesdays—Nov. 24, Dec. 8, etc.—10-10:30 P. M. (E. T.)
WEAF New York American Tel. & Tel. Co.
WEEI Boston ... Boston Edison Co.
WFI Philadelphia..... Strawbridge & Clothier
WGR Buffalo Federal Tel. & Tel. Co.
WWJ Detroit..... Detroit News
WOC Davenport Palmer School
WCCO Twin Cities Washburn-Crosby

Every Tuesday, 9:30-10 P. M. (P. T.)
KGO Oakland General Electric Co.

Alternate Thursdays—
Nov. 5, 19, etc.—8-8:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WSOE Milwaukee Wisconsin News

Alternate Tuesdays—
Nov. 17, Dec. 1, etc.—10-10:30 P.M.(E.T.)
WNAC Boston..... Shepard Stores

Alternate Tuesdays—
Dec. 1, 15, etc.—9-9:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WSB Atlanta ..... Atlanta Journal
KPRC Houston ..... Post-Dispatch
WFAA Dallas ..... News & Journal
WMC Memphis Commercial-Appeal
WDOD Chattanooga Chatta. Radio Co.

Every Tuesday, 8:20-8:45 P. M. (P. T.)
KGW Portland Portland Oregonian

Every Tuesday, 3:30-4 P. M. (P. T.)
KHJ Los Angeles Los Angeles Times

Every Friday, 8:30-9 P. M. (P. T.)
KFOA Seattle ..... Seattle Times

Alternate Saturdays—
Nov. 7, 21, etc.—9-9:30 P. M. (E. T.)
WGY Schenectady General Elec. Co.

Every Wednesday, 3-3:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WGN Chicago ..... Chicago Tribune

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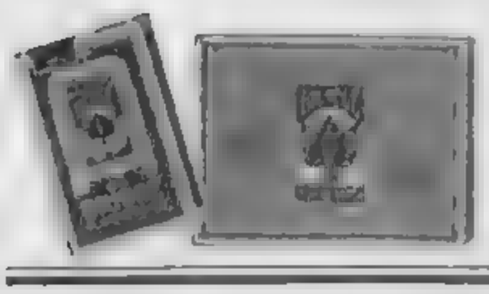

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

PRESUMPTION

(Continued from Page 5)

"He has to have his sleep, you know. We all have to be more considerate when there's someone sick. Young people don't always think of that. And he was so unusually well when you came."

It was Sunday, and they were to go swimming at Holly Morgan's house, where a crowd always collected on the bright easy beach. Noel called for him, but they arrived before any of his half-humble remarks about the night before had managed to attract her attention. He spoke to those he knew and was introduced to others, made ill at ease again by their cheerful familiarity with one another, by the correct informality of their clothes. He was sure they noticed that he had worn only one suit during his visit to Culpepper Bay, varying it with white flannel trousers. Both pairs of trousers were out of press now, and after keeping his great-uncle awake, he had not felt like bothering Cousin Cora about it at breakfast.

Again he tried to talk to Holly, with the vague idea of making Noel jealous, but Holly was busy and she eluded him. It was ten minutes before he extricated himself from a conversation with the obnoxious Miss Holyoke. At the moment he managed this he perceived to his horror that Noel was gone.

When he last saw her she had been engaged in a light but somehow intent conversation with the tall well-dressed stranger she had met yesterday. Now she wasn't in sight. Miserable and horribly alone, he strolled up and down the beach, trying to look as if he were having a good time, seeming to watch the bathers, but keeping a sharp eye out for Noel. He felt that his self-conscious perambulations were attracting unbearable attention, and sat down unhappily on a sand dune beside Billy Harper. But Billy Harper was neither cordial nor communicative, and after a minute hailed a man across the beach and went to talk to him.

Juan was desperate. When, suddenly, he spied Noel coming down from the house with the tall man, he stood up with a jerk, convinced that his features were working wildly.

She waved at him.

"A buckle came off my shoe," she called. "I went to have it put on. I thought you'd gone in swimming."

He stood perfectly still, not trusting his voice to answer. He understood that she was through with him; there was someone else. Immediately he wanted above all things to be away. As they came nearer, the tall man glanced at him negligently and resumed his vivacious, intimate conversation with Noel. A group suddenly closed around them.

Keeping the group in the corner of his eye, Juan began to move carefully and steadily toward the gate that led to the road. He started when the casual voice of a man behind him said "Going?" and he answered "Got to" with what purported to be a reluctant nod. Once behind the shelter of the parked cars, he began to run, slowed down as several chauffeurs looked at him curiously. It was a mile and a half to the Chandler house and the day was broiling, but he walked fast lest Noel, leaving the party—"with that man," he thought bitterly—should overtake him trudging along the road. That would be more than he could bear.

There was the sound of a car behind him. Immediately Juan left the road and sought concealment behind a convenient hedge. It was no one from the party, but thereafter he kept an eye out for available cover, walking fast, or even running, over unpromising open spaces.

He was within sight of his cousin's house when it happened. Hot and disheveled, he had scarcely flattened himself against the back of a tree when Noel's roadster, with the tall man at the wheel, flashed by down the road. Juan stepped out and looked after them. Then, blind with sweat and misery, he continued on toward home.

IV

AT LUNCHEON, Cousin Cora looked at him closely.

"What's the trouble?" she inquired. "Did something go wrong at the beach this morning?"

"Why, no," he exclaimed in simulated astonishment. "What made you think that?"

"You have such a funny look. I thought perhaps you'd had some trouble with the little Garneau girl."

He hated her.

"No, not at all."

"You don't want to get any idea in your head about her," said Cousin Cora.

"What do you mean?" He knew with a start what she meant.

"Any ideas about Noel Garneau. You've got your own way to make." Juan's face burned. He was unable to answer. "I say that in all kindness. You're not in any position to think anything serious about Noel Garneau."

Her implications cut deeper than her words. Oh, he had seen well enough that he was not essentially of Noel's sort, that being nice in Akron wasn't enough at Culpepper Bay. He had that realization that comes to all boys in his position that for every advantage—that was what his mother called this visit to Cousin Cora's—he paid a harrowing price in self-esteem. But a world so hard as to admit such an intolerable state of affairs was beyond his comprehension. His mind rejected it all completely, as it had rejected the dictionary name for the three spots on his face. He wanted to let go, to vanish, to be home. He determined to go home tomorrow, but after this heart-rending conversation he decided to put off the announcement until tonight.

That afternoon he took a detective story from the library and retired upstairs to read on his bed. He finished the book by four o'clock and came down to change it for another. Cousin Cora was on the veranda arranging three tables for tea.

"I thought you were at the club," she exclaimed in surprise. "I thought you'd gone up to the club."

"I'm tired," he said. "I thought I'd read."

"Tired!" she exclaimed. "A boy your age! You ought to be out in the open air playing golf—that's why you have that spot on your cheek"—Juan winced; his experiments with the black salve had irritated it to a sharp redness—"instead of lying around reading on a day like this."

"I haven't any clubs," said Juan hurriedly.

"Mr. Holyoke told you you could use his brother's clubs. He spoke to the caddie master. Run on now. You'll find lots of young people up there who want to play. I'll begin to think you're not having a good time."

In agony Juan saw himself dubbing about the course alone—seeing Noel coming under his eye. He never wanted to see Noel again except out in Montana—some bright day, when she would come saying, "Juan, I never knew—never understood what your love was."

Suddenly he remembered that Noel had gone into Boston for the afternoon. She would not be there. The horror of playing alone suddenly vanished.

The caddie master looked at him disapprovingly as he displayed his guest card, and Juan nervously bought a half dozen balls at a dollar each in an effort to neutralize the imagined hostility. On the first tee he glanced around. It was after four and there was no one in sight except two old men practicing drives from the top of a little hill. As he addressed his ball he heard someone come up on the tee behind him,

(Continued on Page 228)

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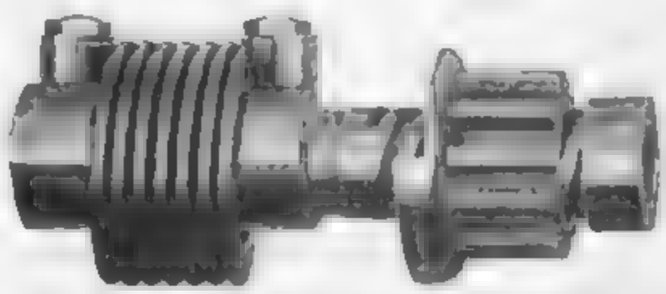

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(Continued from Page 226)

and he breathed easier at the sharp crack that sent his ball a hundred and fifty yards down the fairway.

"Playing alone?"

He looked around. A stout man of fifty, with a huge face, high forehead, long wide upper lip and great undershot jaw, was taking a driver from a bulging bag.

"Why—yes."

"Mind if I go round with you?"

"Not at all."

Juan greeted the suggestion with a certain gloomy relief. They were evenly matched, the older man's steady short shots keeping pace with Juan's occasional brilliancy. Not until the seventh hole did the conversation rise above the fragmentary boasting and formalized praise which forms the small talk of golf.

"Haven't seen you around before."

"I'm just visiting here," Juan explained, "staying with my cousin, Miss Chandler."

"Oh, yes—know Miss Chandler very well. Nice old snob."

"What?" inquired Juan.

"Nice old snob, I said. No offense. . . . Your honor, I think."

Not for several holes did Juan venture to comment on his partner's remark.

"What do you mean when you say she's a nice old snob?" he inquired with interest.

"Oh, it's an old quarrel between Miss Chandler and me," answered the older man brusquely. "She's an old friend of my wife's. When we were married and came out to Culpepper Bay for the summer, she tried to freeze us out. Said my wife had no business marrying me—I was an outsider."

"What did you do?"

"We just let her alone. She came round, but naturally I never had much love for her. She even tried to put her oar in before we were married." He laughed. "Cora Chandler of Boston—how she used to boss the girls around in those days! At twenty-five she had the sharpest tongue in Back Bay. They were old people there, you know—Emerson and Whittier to dinner and all that. My wife belonged to that crowd too. I was from the Middle West. . . . Oh, too bad. I should have stopped talking. That makes me two up again."

Suddenly Juan wanted to present his case to this man—not quite as it was, but adorned with a dignity and significance it did not so far possess. It began to round out in his mind as the sempiternal struggle of the poor young man against a snobbish, purse-proud world. This new aspect was comforting, and he put out of his mind the less pleasant realization that, superficially at least, money hadn't entered into it. He knew in his heart that it was his unfortunate egotism that had repelled Noel, his embarrassment, his absurd attempt to make her jealous with Holly. Only indirectly was his poverty concerned; under different circumstances it might have given a touch of romance.

"I know exactly how you must have felt," he broke out suddenly as they walked toward the tenth tee. "I haven't any money and I'm in love with a girl who has—and it just seems as if every busybody in the world is determined to keep us apart."

For a moment Juan believed this. His companion looked at him sharply.

"Does the girl care about you?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, go after her, young man. All the money in this world hasn't been made by a long shot."

"I'm still in college," said Juan, suddenly taken aback.

"Won't she wait for you?"

"I don't know. You see, the pressure's pretty strong. Her family want her to marry a rich man"—his mind visualized the tall well-dressed stranger of this morning and invention soared—"an Easterner that's visiting here, and I'm afraid they'll all sweep her off her feet. If it's not this man, it's the next."

His friend considered.

"You can't have everything, you know," he said presently. "I'm the last man to advise a young man to leave college, especially when I don't know anything about him or his abilities; but if it's going to break you up not to get her, you better think about getting to work."

"I've been considering that," said Juan, frowning. The idea was ten seconds old in his mind.

"All the girls are crazy now, anyhow," broke out the older man. "They begin to think of men at fifteen, and by the time they're seventeen they run off with the chauffeur next door."

"That's true," agreed Juan absently. He was absorbed in the previous suggestion. "The trouble is that I don't live in Boston. If I left college I'd want to be near her, because it might be a few months before I'd be able to support her. And I don't know how I'd go about getting a position in Boston."

"If you're Cora Chandler's cousin, that oughtn't to be difficult. She knows everybody in town. And the girl's family will probably help you out, once you've got her—some of them are fools enough for anything in these crazy days."

"I wouldn't like that."

"Rich girls can't live on air," said the older man grimly.

They played for a while in silence. Suddenly, as they approached a green, Juan's companion turned to him frowning.

"Look here, young man," he said, "I don't know whether you are really thinking of leaving college or whether I've just put the idea in your head. If I have, forget it. Go home and talk it over with your family. Do what they tell you to."

"My father's dead."

"Well, then ask your mother. She's got your best interest at heart."

His attitude had noticeably stiffened, as if he were sorry he had become even faintly involved in Juan's problem. He guessed that there was something solid in the boy, but he suspected his readiness to confide in strangers and his helplessness about getting a job. Something was lacking—not confidence, exactly—"It might be a few months before I was able to support her"—but something stronger, fiercer, more external. When they walked together into the caddie house he shook hands with him and was about to turn away, when impulse impelled him to add one word more.

"If you decide to try Boston come and see me," he said. He pressed a card into Juan's hand. "Good-by. Good luck. Remember, a woman's like a street car ——"

He walked into the locker room. After paying his caddie, Juan glanced down at the card which he still held in his hand.

"Harold Garneau," it read, "23–27 State Street."

A moment later Juan was walking nervously and hurriedly from the grounds of the Culpepper Club, casting no glance behind.

V

ONE month later San Juan Chandler arrived in Boston and took an inexpensive room in a small downtown hotel. In his pocket was two hundred dollars in cash and an envelope full of Liberty Bonds aggregating fifteen hundred dollars more—the whole being a fund which had been started by his father when he was born, to give him his chance in life. Not without argument had he come into possession of this—not without tears had his decision to abandon his last year at college been approved by his mother. He had not told her everything; simply that he had an advantageous offer of a position in Boston; the rest she guessed and was tactfully silent. As a matter of fact, he had neither a position nor a plan; but he was twenty-one now, with the blemishes of youth departed forever. One thing Juan knew—he was going to marry Noel Garneau. The sting and hurt and shame of that Sunday morning ran through his dreams, stronger than any doubts he might have felt, stronger even than the romantic boyish love for her that had blossomed one dry, still Montana night. That was still there, but locked apart; what had happened later overlay it, muffled it. It was

necessary now to his pride, his self-respect, his very existence, that he have her, in order to wipe out his memory of the day on which he had grown three years.

He hadn't seen her since. The following morning he had left Culpepper Bay and gone home.

Yes, he had a wonderful time. Yes, Cousin Cora had been very nice.

Nor had he written, though a week later a surprised but somehow flippant and terrible note had come from her, saying how pleasant it was to have seen him again and how bad it was to leave without saying good-by.

"Holly Morgan sends her best," it concluded, with kind, simulated reproach. "Perhaps she ought to be writing instead of me. I always thought you were fickle, and now I know it."

The poor effort which she had made to hide her indifference made him shiver. He did not add the letter to a certain cherished package tied with blue ribbon, but burned it up in an ash tray—a tragic gesture which almost set his mother's house on fire.

So he began his life in Boston, and the story of his first year there is a fairy tale too immoral to be told. It is the story of one of those mad, illogical successes upon whose substantial foundations ninety-nine failures are later reared. Though he worked hard, he deserved no special credit for it—no credit, that is, commensurate with the reward he received. He ran into a man who had a scheme, a preposterous scheme, for the cold storage of sea food which he had been trying to finance for several years. Juan's inexperience allowed him to be responsive and he invested twelve hundred dollars. In the first year this appalling indiscretion paid him 400 per cent. His partner attempted to buy him out, but they reached a compromise and Juan kept his shares.

The inner sense of his own destiny which had never deserted him whispered that he was going to be a rich man. But at the end of that year an event took place which made him think that it didn't matter after all.

He had seen Noel Garneau twice—once entering a theater and once riding through a Boston street in the back of her limousine, looking, he thought afterward, bored and pale and tired. At the time he had thought nothing; an overwhelming emotion had seized his heart, held it helpless, suspended, as though it were in the grasp of material fingers. He had shrunk back hastily under the awning of a shop and waited trembling, horrified, ecstatic, until she went by. She did not know he was in Boston—he did not want her to know until he was ready. He followed her every move in the society columns of the papers. She was at school, at home for Christmas, at Hot Springs for Easter, coming out in the fall. Then she was a debutante, and every day he read of her at dinners and dances and assemblies and balls and charity functions and theatricals of the Junior League. A dozen blurred newspaper unlikenesses of her filled a drawer of his desk. And still he waited. Let Noel have her fling.

When he had been sixteen months in Boston, and when Noel's first season was dying away in the hum of the massed departure for Florida, Juan decided to wait no longer. So on a raw, damp February day, when children in rubber boots were building dams in the snow-filled gutters, a blond, handsome, well-dressed young man walked up the steps of the Garneaus' Boston house and handed his card to the maid. With his heart beating loud, he went into a drawing-room and sat down.

A sound of a dress on the stairs, light feet in the hall, an exclamation—Noel!

"Why, Juan," she exclaimed, surprised, pleased, polite, "I didn't know you were in Boston. It's so good to see you. I thought you'd thrown me over forever."

In a moment he found voice—it was easier now than it had been. Whether or not she was aware of the change, he was a nobody no longer. There was something solid behind him that would prevent him ever again from behaving like a self-centered child.

He explained that he might settle in Boston, and allowed her to guess that he had done extremely well; and, though it cost him a twinge of pain, he spoke humorously of their last meeting, implying that he had left the swimming party on an impulse of anger at her. He could not confess that the impulse had been one of shame. She laughed. Suddenly he grew curiously happy.

Half an hour passed. The fire glowed in the hearth. The day darkened outside and the room moved into that shadowy twilight, that weather of indoors, which is like a breathless starshine. He had been standing; now he sat down beside her on the couch.

"Noel ——"

Footsteps sounded lightly through the hall as the maid went through to the front door. Noel reached up quickly and turned up the electric lamp on the table behind her head.

"I didn't realize how dark it was growing," she said, rather quickly, he thought. Then the maid stood in the doorway.

"Mr. Templeton," she announced.

"Oh, yes," agreed Noel.

Mr. Templeton, with a Harvard-Oxford drawl, mature, very much at home, looked at him with just a flicker of surprise, nodded, mumbled a bare politeness and took an easy position in front of the fire. He exchanged several remarks with Noel which indicated a certain familiarity with her movements. Then a short silence fell. Juan rose.

"I want to see you soon," he said. "I'll phone, shall I, and you tell me when I can call?"

She walked with him to the door.

"So good to talk to you again," she told him cordially. "Remember, I want to see a lot of you, Juan."

When he left he was happier than he had been for two years. He ate dinner alone at a restaurant, almost singing to himself; and then, wild with elation, walked along the water front till midnight. He awoke thinking of her, wanting to tell people that what had been lost was found again. There had been more between them than the mere words said—Noel's sitting with him in the half darkness, her slight but perceptible nervousness as she came with him to the door.

Two days later he opened the Transcript to the society page and read down to the third item. There his eyes stopped, became like china eyes:

"Mr. and Mrs. Harold Garneau announce the engagement of their daughter Noel to Mr. Brooks Fish Templeton. Mr. Templeton graduated from Harvard in the class of 1912 and is a partner in ——"

VI

AT THREE o'clock that afternoon Juan rang the Garneaus' doorbell and was shown into the hall. From somewhere upstairs he heard girls' voices, and another murmur came from the drawing-room on the right, where he had talked to Noel only the week before.

"Can you show me into some room that isn't being used?" he demanded tensely of the maid. "I'm an old friend—it's very important—I've got to see Miss Noel alone."

He waited in a small den at the back of the hall. Ten minutes passed—ten minutes more; he began to be afraid she wasn't coming. At the end of half an hour the door bounced open and Noel came hurriedly in.

"Juan!" she cried happily. "This is wonderful! I might have known you'd be the first to come." Her expression changed as she saw his face, and she hesitated. "But why were you shown in here?" she went on quickly. "You must come and meet everyone. I'm rushing around today like a chicken without a head."

"Noel!" he said thickly.

"What?"

Her hand was on the door knob. She turned, startled.

(Continued on Page 233)

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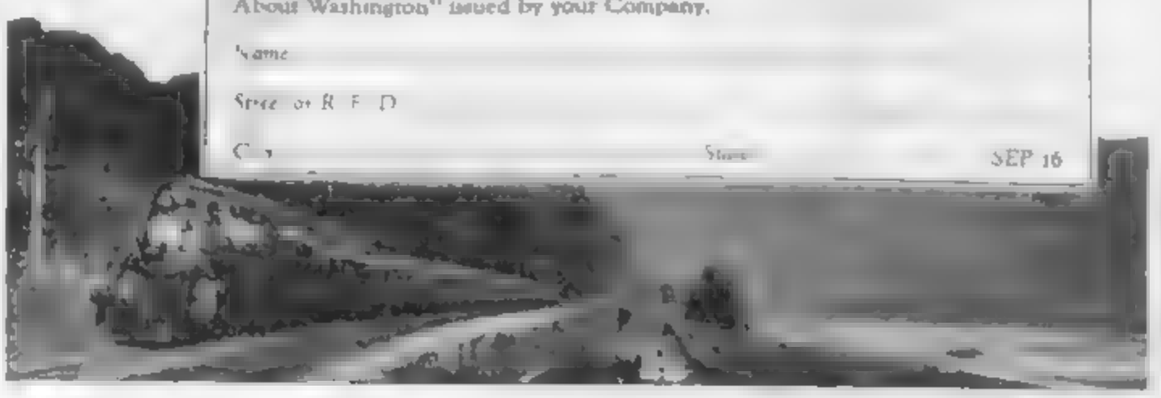

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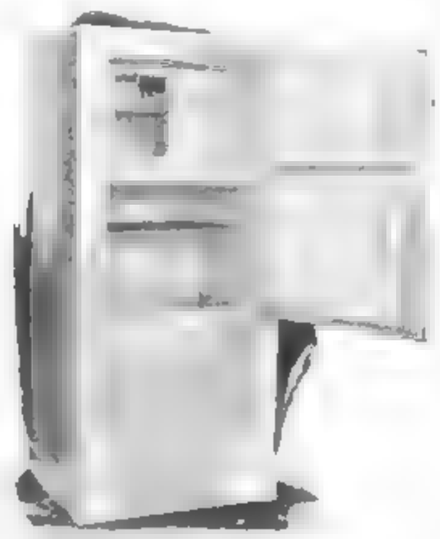

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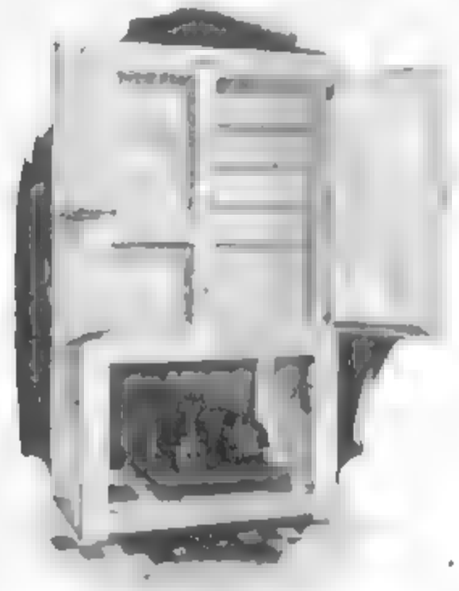

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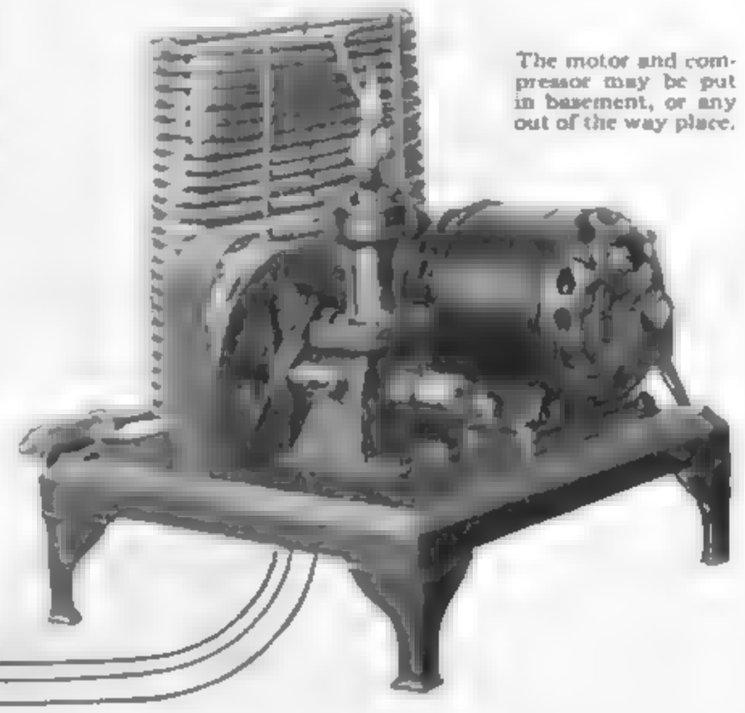

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(Continued from Page 229)

"Noel, I haven't come to congratulate you," Juan said, his face white and firm, his voice harsh with his effort at self-control. "I've come to tell you you're making an awful mistake."

"Why—Juan!"

"And you know it," he went on. "You know no one loves you as I love you, Noel. I want you to marry me."

She laughed nervously.

"Why, Juan, that's silly! I don't understand your talking like that. I'm engaged to another man."

"Noel, will you come here and sit down?"

"I can't, Juan—there're a dozen people outside. I've got to see them. It wouldn't be polite. Another time, Juan. If you come another time I'd love to talk to you."

"Now!" The word was stark, unyielding, almost savage. She hesitated. "Ten minutes," he said.

"I've really got to go, Juan."

She sat down uncertainly, glancing at the door. Sitting beside her, Juan told her simply and directly everything that had happened to him since they had met, a year and a half before. He told her of his family, his Cousin Cora, of his inner humiliation at Culpepper Bay. Then he told her of coming to Boston and of his success, and how at last, having something to bring to her, he had come only to find he was too late. He kept back nothing. In his voice, as in his mind, there was no pretense now, no self-consciousness, but only a sincere and overmastering emotion. He had no defense for what he was doing, he said, save this—that he had somehow gained the right to present his case, to have her know how much his devotion had inspired him, to have her look once, if only in passing, upon the fact that for two years he had loved her faithfully and well.

When Juan finished, Noel was crying. It was terrible, she said, to tell her all this just when she had decided about her life. It hadn't been easy, yet it was done now, and she was really going to marry this other man. But she had never heard anything like this before—it upset her. She was—oh, so terribly sorry, but there was no use. If he had cared so much he might have let her know before.

But how could he let her know? He had had nothing to offer her except the fact that one summer night out West they had been overwhelmingly drawn together.

"And you love me now," he said in a low voice. "You wouldn't cry, Noel, if you didn't love me. You wouldn't care."

"I'm—I'm sorry for you."

"It's more than that. You loved me the other day. You wanted me to sit beside you in the dark. Didn't I feel it—didn't I know? There's something between us, Noel—a sort of pull. Something you always do to me and I to you—except that one sad time. Oh, Noel, don't you know how it breaks my heart to see you sitting there two feet away from me, to want to put my arms around you and know you've made a senseless promise to another man?"

There was a knock outside the door.

"Noel!"

She raised her head, putting a handkerchief quickly to her eyes.

"Yes?"

"It's Brooks. May I come in?" Without waiting for an answer, Templeton opened the door and stood looking at them curiously. "Excuse me," he said. He nodded brusquely at Juan. "Noel, there are lots of people here —"

"In a minute," she said lifelessly.

"Aren't you well?"

"Yes."

He came into the room, frowning.

"What's been upsetting you, dear?" He glanced quickly at Juan, who stood up, his eyes blurred with tears. A menacing note crept into Templeton's voice. "I hope no one's been upsetting you."

For answer, Noel flopped down over a hill of pillows and sobbed aloud.

"Noel"—Templeton sat beside her and put his arm on her shoulder—"Noel." He turned again to Juan. "I think it would be best if you left us alone, Mr. ——" The name escaped his memory. "Noel's a little tired."

"I won't go," said Juan.

"Please wait outside then. We'll see you later."

"I won't wait outside. I want to speak to Noel. It was you who interrupted."

"And I have a perfect right to interrupt." His face reddened angrily. "Just who the devil are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Chandler."

"Well, Mr. Chandler, you're in the way here—is that plain? Your presence here is an intrusion and a presumption."

"We look at it in different ways."

They glared at each other angrily. After a moment Templeton raised Noel to a sitting posture.

"I'm going to take you upstairs, dear," he said. "This has been a strain today. If you lie down till dinnertime ——"

He helped her to her feet. Not looking at Juan, and still dabbing her face with her handkerchief, Noel suffered herself to be persuaded into the hall. Templeton turned in the doorway.

"The maid will give you your hat and coat, Mr. Chandler."

"I'll wait right here," said Juan.

VII

HE WAS still there at half past six, when, following a quick knock, a large broad bulk which Juan recognized as Mr. Harold Garneau came into the room.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Garneau, annoyed and peremptory. "Just what can I do for you?"

He came closer and a flicker of recognition passed over his face.

"Oh!" he muttered.

"Good evening, sir," said Juan.

"It's you, is it?" Mr. Garneau appeared to hesitate. "Brooks Templeton said that you were—that you insisted on seeing Noel"—he coughed—"that you refused to go home."

"I want to see Noel, if you don't mind."

"What for?"

"That's between Noel and me, Mr. Garneau."

"Mr. Templeton and I are quite entitled to represent Noel in this case," said Mr. Garneau patiently. "She has just made the statement before her mother and me that she doesn't want to see you again. Isn't that plain enough?"

"I don't believe it," said Juan stubbornly.

"I'm not in the habit of lying."

"I beg your pardon. I meant ——"

"I don't want to discuss this unfortunate business with you," broke out Garneau contemptuously. "I just want you to leave right now—and not come back."

"Why do you call it an unfortunate business?" inquired Juan coolly.

"Good night, Mr. Chandler."

"You call it an unfortunate business because Noel's broken her engagement."

"You are presumptuous, sir!" cried the older man. "Unbearably presumptuous."

"Mr. Garneau, you yourself were once kind enough to tell me ——"

"I don't give a damn what I told you!" cried Garneau. "You get out of here now!"

"Very well, I have no choice. I wish you to be good enough to tell Noel that I'll be back tomorrow afternoon."

Juan nodded, went into the hall and took his hat and coat from a chair. Upstairs, he heard running footsteps and a door opened and closed—not before he had caught the sound of impassioned voices and a short broken sob. He hesitated. Then he continued on along the hall toward the front door. Through a portière of the dining room he caught sight of a manservant laying the service for dinner.

He rang the bell the next afternoon at the same hour. This time the butler, evidently instructed, answered the door.

Miss Noel was not at home. Could he leave a note? It was no use; Miss Noel was not in the city. Incredulous but anxious, Juan took a taxicab to Harold Garneau's office.

"Mr. Garneau can't see you. If you like, he will speak to you for a moment on the phone."

Juan nodded. The clerk touched a button on the waiting-room switchboard and handed an instrument to Juan.

"This is San Juan Chandler speaking. They told me at your residence that Noel had gone away. Is that true?"

"Yes." The monosyllable was short and cold. "She's gone away for a rest. Won't be back for several months. Anything else?"

"Did she leave any word for me?"

"No! She hates the sight of you."

"What's her address?"

"That doesn't happen to be your affair. Good morning."

Juan went back to his apartment and mused over the situation. Noel had been spirited out of town—that was the only expression he knew for it. And undoubtedly her engagement to Templeton was at least temporarily broken. He had toppled it over within an hour. He must see her again—that was the immediate necessity. But where? She was certainly with friends, and probably with relatives. That latter was the first clew to follow—he must find out the names of the relatives she had most frequently visited before.

He phoned Holly Morgan. She was in the South and not expected back in Boston till May.

Then he called the society editor of the Boston Transcript. After a short wait, a polite, attentive, feminine voice conversed with him on the wire.

"This is Mr. San Juan Chandler," he said, trying to intimate by his voice that he was a distinguished leader of cotillions in the Back Bay. "I want to get some information, if you please, about the family of Mr. Harold Garneau."

"Why don't you apply directly to Mr. Garneau?" advised the society editor, not without suspicion.

"I'm not on speaking terms with Mr. Garneau."

A pause; then—"Well, really, we can't be responsible for giving out information in such a peculiar way."

"But there can't be any secret about who Mr. and Mrs. Garneau's relations are!" protested Juan in exasperation.

"But how can we be sure that you ——"

He hung up the receiver. Two other papers gave no better results, a third was willing, but ignorant. It seemed absurd, almost like a conspiracy, that in a city where the Garneaus were so well known he could not obtain the desired names. It was as if everything had tightened up against his arrival on the scene. After a day of fruitless and embarrassing inquiries in stores, where his questions were looked upon with the suspicion that he might be compiling a sucker list, and of poring through back numbers of the Social Register, he saw that there was but one resource—that was Cousin Cora. Next morning he took the three-hour ride to Culpepper Bay.

It was the first time he had seen her for a year and a half, since the disastrous termination of his summer visit. She was offended—that he knew—especially since she had heard from his mother of the unexpected success. She greeted him coldly and reproachfully; but she told him what he wanted to know, because Juan asked his questions while she was still startled and surprised by his visit. He left Culpepper Bay with the information that Mrs. Garneau had one sister, the famous Mrs. Morton Poindexter, with whom Noel was on terms of great intimacy. Juan took the midnight train for New York.

The Morton Poindexters' telephone number was not in the New York phone book, and Information refused to divulge it; but Juan procured it by another reference to the Social Register. He called the house from his hotel.

"Miss Noel Garneau—is she in the city?" he inquired, according to his plan. If the name was not immediately familiar, the servant would reply that he had the wrong number.

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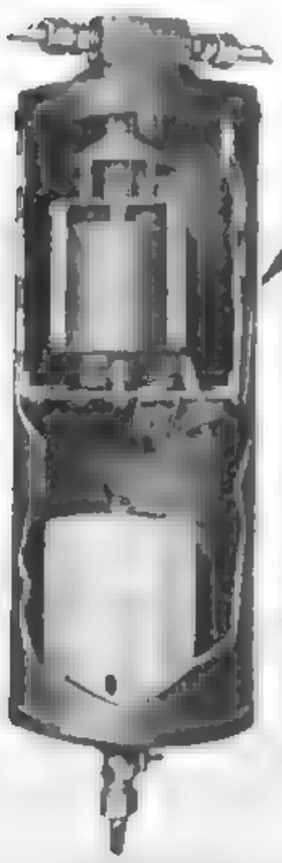

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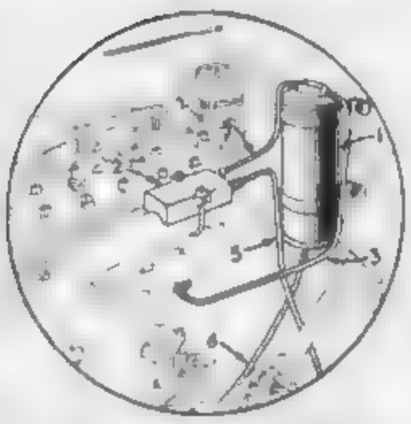

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"Who wants to speak to her, please?"

That was a relief; his heart sank comfortably back into place.

"Oh—a friend."

"No name?"

"No name."

"I'll see."

The servant returned in a moment.

No, Miss Garneau was not there, was not in the city, was not expected. The phone clicked off suddenly.

Late that afternoon a taxi dropped him in front of the Morton Poindexters' house. It was the most elaborate house that he had ever seen, rising to five stories on a corner of Fifth Avenue and adorned even with that ghost of a garden which, however minute, is the proudest gesture of money in New York.

He handed no card to the butler, but it occurred to him that he must be expected, for he was shown immediately into the drawing-room. When, after a short wait, Mrs. Poindexter entered he experienced for the first time in five days a touch of uncertainty.

Mrs. Poindexter was perhaps thirty-five, and of that immaculate fashion which the French describe as *bien soignée*. The inexpressible loveliness of her face was salted with another quality which for want of a better word might be called dignity. But it was more than dignity, for it wore no rigidity, but instead a softness so adaptable, so elastic, that it would withdraw from any attack which life might bring against it, only to spring back at the proper moment, taut, victorious and complete. San Juan saw that even though his guess was correct as to Noel's being in the house, he was up against a force with which he had had no contact before. This woman seemed to be not entirely of America, to possess resources which the American woman lacked or handled ineptly.

She received him with a graciousness which, though it was largely external, seemed to conceal no perturbation underneath. Indeed, her attitude appeared to be perfectly passive, just short of encouraging. It was with an effort that he resisted the inclination to lay his cards on the table.

"Good evening." She sat down on a stiff chair in the center of the room and asked him to take an easy-chair near by. She sat looking at him silently until he spoke.

"Mrs. Poindexter, I am very anxious to see Miss Garneau. I telephoned your house this morning and was told that she was not here." Mrs. Poindexter nodded. "However, I know she is here," he continued evenly. "And I'm determined to see her. The idea that her father and mother can prevent me from seeing her, as though I had disgraced myself in some way—or that you, Mrs. Poindexter, can prevent me from seeing her"—his voice rose a little—"is preposterous. This is not the year 1500—nor even the year 1910."

He paused. Mrs. Poindexter waited for a moment to see if he had finished. Then she said, quietly and unequivocally, "I quite agree with you."

Save for Noel, Juan thought he had never seen anyone so beautiful before.

"Mrs. Poindexter," he began again, in a more friendly tone, "I'm sorry to seem rude. I've been called presumptuous in this matter, and perhaps to some extent I am. Perhaps all poor boys who are in love with wealthy girls are presumptuous. But it happens that I am no longer a poor boy, and I have good reason to believe that Noel cares for me."

"I see," said Mrs. Poindexter attentively. "But of course I knew nothing about all that."

Juan hesitated, again disarmed by her complaisance. Then a surge of determination went over him.

"Will you let me see her?" he demanded. "Or will you insist on keeping up this farce a little longer?"

Mrs. Poindexter looked at him as though considering.

"Why should I let you see her?"

"Simply because I ask you. Just as, when someone says 'Excuse me,' you step aside for him in a doorway."

Mrs. Poindexter frowned.

"But Noel is concerned in this matter as much as you. And I'm not like a person in a crowd. I'm more like a bodyguard, with instructions to let no one pass, even if they say 'Excuse me' in a most appealing voice."

"You have instructions only from her father and mother," said Juan, with rising impatience. "She's the person concerned."

"I'm glad you begin to admit that."

"Of course I admit it," he broke out. "I want you to admit it."

"I do."

"Then what's the point of all this absurd discussion?" he demanded heatedly.

She stood up suddenly.

"I bid you good evening, sir."

Taken aback, Juan stood up too.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I will not be spoken to like that," said Mrs. Poindexter, still in a low cool voice. "Either you can conduct yourself quietly or you can leave this house at once."

Juan realized that he had taken the wrong tone. The words stung at him and for a moment he had nothing to say—as though he were a scolded boy at school.

"This is beside the question," he stammered finally. "I want to talk to Noel."

"Noel doesn't want to talk to you."

Suddenly Mrs. Poindexter held out a sheet of note paper to him. He opened it. It said:

"*Aunt Jo:* As to what we talked about this afternoon: If that intolerable bore calls, as he will probably do, and begins his presumptuous whining, please speak to him frankly. Tell him I never loved him, that I never at any time claimed to love him and that his persistence is revolting to me. Say that I am old enough to know my own mind and that my greatest wish is never to see him again in this world"

Juan stood there aghast. His universe was suddenly about him. Noel did not care, she had never cared. It was all a preposterous joke on him, played by those to whom the business of life had been such jokes from the beginning. He realized now that fundamentally they were all akin—Cousin Cora, Noel, her father, this cold, lovely woman here—affirming the prerogative of the rich to marry always within their caste, to erect artificial barriers and standards against those who could presume upon a summer's philandering. The scales fell from his eyes and he saw his year and a half of struggle and effort not as progress toward a goal but only as a little race he had run by himself, outside, with no one to beat except himself—no one who cared.

Blindly he looked about for his hat, scarcely realizing it was in the hall. Blindly he stepped back when Mrs. Poindexter's hand moved toward him half a foot through the mist and Mrs. Poindexter's voice said softly, "I'm sorry." Then he was in the hall, the note still clutched in the hand that struggled through the sleeve of his overcoat, the words which he felt he must somehow say choking through his lips.

"I didn't understand. I regret very much that I've bothered you. It wasn't clear to me how matters stood—between Noel and me ——"

His hand was on the door knob.

"I'm sorry, too," said Mrs. Poindexter. "I didn't realize from what Noel said that what I had to do would be so hard—Mr. Templeton."

"Chandler," he corrected her dully. "My name's Chandler."

She stood dead still; suddenly her face went white.

"What?"

"My name—it's Chandler."

Like a flash she threw herself against the half-open door and it bumped shut. Then in a flash she was at the foot of the staircase.

"Noel!" she cried in a high, clear call. "Noel! Noel! Come down, Noel!" Her lovely voice floated up like a bell through the long high central hall. "Noel! Come down! It's Mr. Chandler! It's Chandler!"

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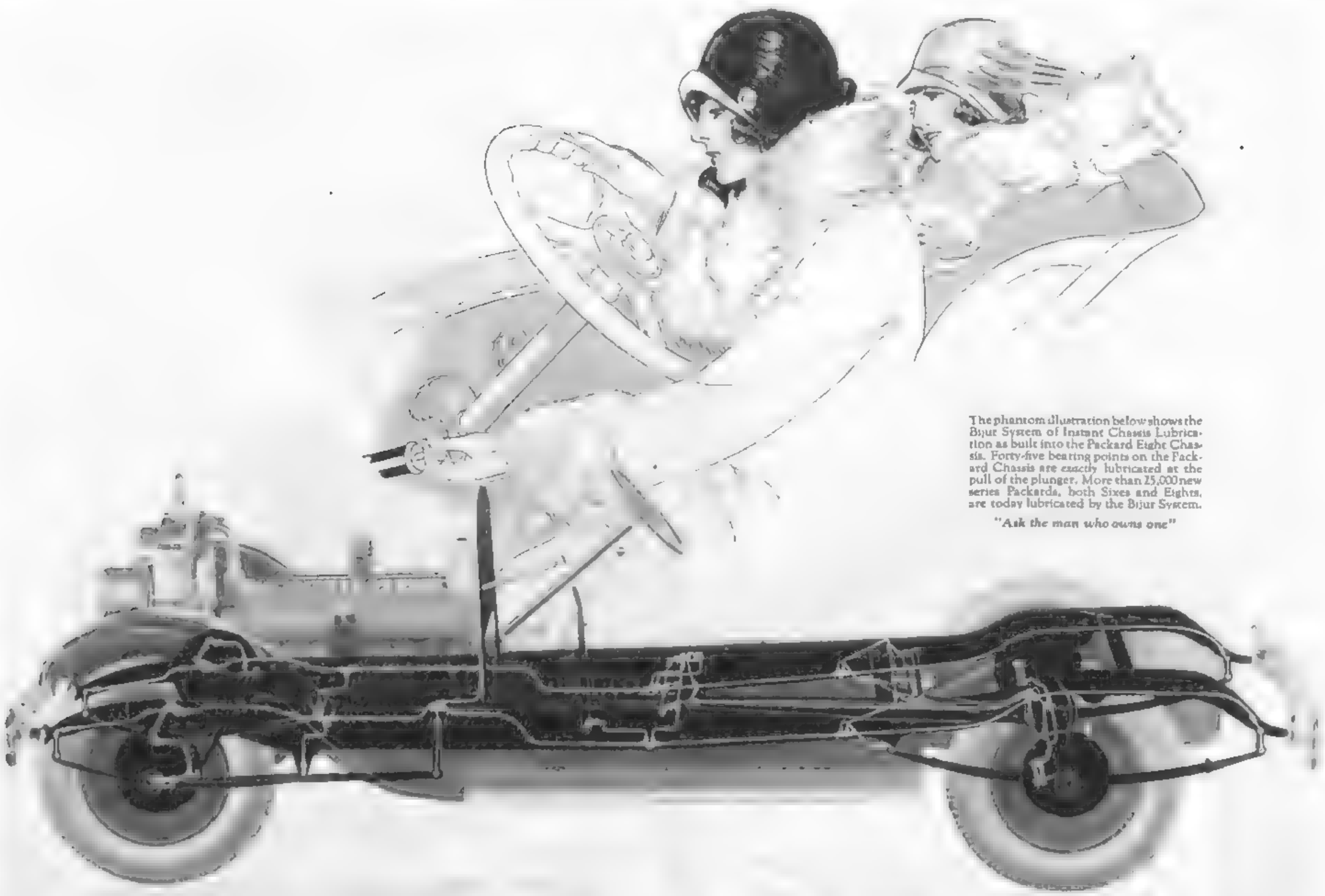
The Better Black Chains in the Red Band

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

McK

Use McKay Tire Chains and you'll use McKay Red Bead Bumpers. That's what the "show me" motorists say.

NEW YORK AUTOMOBILE SHOW
Grand Central Palace
January 9th-16th, Spaces C-76-77-78
CHICAGO AUTOMOBILE SHOW
Coliseum
January 30th-Feb. 6th, Spaces 115-116

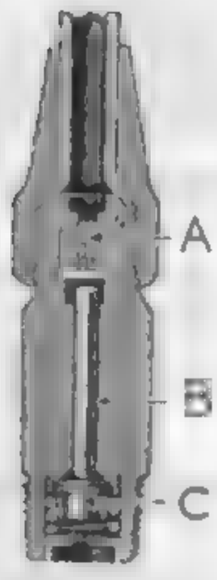


The phantom illustration below shows the Bijur System of Instant Chassis Lubrication as built into the Packard Eight Chassis. Forty-five bearing points on the Packard Chassis are *exactly* lubricated at the pull of the plunger. More than 25,000 new series Packards, both Sixes and Eights, are today lubricated by the Bijur System.

"Ask the man who owns one"

A Simple Pull of the Plunger—

and all Chassis Bearing Points are Lubricated



This is the Bijur Drip Plug. At each bearing point, one of these drip plugs meters the oil delivered to that bearing. Oil, from which all foreign particles have been filtered by a dense felt diaphragm in the reservoir, passes felt strainer "A" which merely intercepts any brass or copper particles in the pipe line. The pin "B" nearly fills the passageway in which it is fitted. The clearance between the two controls the quantity. In all plugs, the passageway or cylindrical hole is of uniform size, but differing pin diameters produce different rates of flow. The valve "C" prevents drip when the oil is not under pressure

GREASING each chassis bearing of your car *yourself* is drudgery. Too often you neglect it. Leaving your car at a service station for greasing is an inconvenience. Frequently you put it off.

Now, the Bijur System of Instant Chassis Lubrication ends these annoyances forever—makes neglect virtually impossible—for the Bijur System oils all chassis points from the driver's seat by a simple pull of a convenient plunger.

The car equipped with the Bijur System is *always* properly lubricated. As a result, the life of chassis bearings is trebled and the pleasure of driving increased many fold, for bearing squeaks are eliminated and rattles which result from wear do not develop. Ease of riding and steering are maintained, while the resale value of your car is greatly enhanced.

It was Joseph Bijur who invented and perfected multiple metering of oil. After five years of painstaking experiment, the instant delivery of oil from one central reservoir to all chassis bearing points, *in measured quantities*, has been successfully achieved.

With the Bijur System, a brake shaft requiring 3 drops of oil gets 3 drops, while a steering knuckle requiring 20 drops gets 20 drops—all by a single pull of the plunger.

Lubrication of each point is permanently reliable—for the Bijur System intercepts any foreign particles or dirt which might interfere with the proper functioning of the equipment.

The Bijur System cannot be installed on cars in service. It is available only in cars whose manufacturers have designed it into their chassis. On such truly modern cars, chassis lubrication has become as simple as starting the motor. A daily pull of the plunger keeps the chassis correctly and perfectly lubricated.

BIJUR

LUBRICATING CORPORATION

Originators of Instant Chassis Lubrication

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 15)

phase of the life of the horde. He would sit for hours with the other naked, dirty, vermin-scratching youngsters, fascinated and enthralled while the women, busily scraping skins the while with their flint knives, reminded each other of stories and songs—harshly simple in the very beginning of poetry—which enshrined the dim traditional history of emerging man, which in other cases were of magical potency, assisting the hunters absent on the chase, facilitating each and every of those multiple specifically feminine tasks and hardships which were their part in the ceaseless struggle for existence.

Such was the environment in which Little Squirrel grew up from skin-slung babyhood to an active childhood that efficiently accompanied those women in that daily search for edible roots, grubs and seeds which supplemented the precarious food supply provided by the hunters. His horizon was bounded by the communal life of the horde, by the immense semitropic forests through which that horde wandered endlessly, ever nervously alert for the lurking, prowling carnivores which the beneficent spirit leaping in their camp fires was so magically potent to scare away, not less alert for the stealthily treacherous ambuscades, declared in a sudden flight of spears, a hurtling of wooden clubs of other hordes on whose hunting grounds they trespassed. The absence of any vessel that would retain fluids held them always to the vicinity of streams and rivers, vast turbulently swirling floods, some of them, that came—though he knew it not—from the vividly blue terminal ice caverns of far-off colossal glaciers disintegrating under a glowing sun, shrinking between the smooth-polished striated flanks of mountain valleys in a slow retreat that had already lasted for untold thousands of years.

Such was his life, and, knowing no other, he was happy in it, with the innate freshly vital capacity for happiness of childhood, as he sat close within the protecting hairy arm of his mother, behind the arrogantly selfish reclining inner ring of the hunters, devoured the meat she gave him from her own inferior portions. Across the circle, he saw Fur Rat and Singing Bird likewise close to their respective mothers. They had mischievously and silently abstracted the spears immediately in front of them, waved them at him in a flourish of their daring. He grimaced at them insultingly, and then—in a semiconsequential association of ideas—glanced up to the coarse-mouthed, dirt-bedaubed face of his mother.

"Mother," he asked, imperfectly articulate, using his baby name for her, "when shall I be a hunter, too, and throw the bones to you and the other women?"

She looked down on him. He had no inkling of the pride and the pang that were simultaneous in her as she opened her loose lips in a fond smile, answered in her clicking, grunting, guttural speech.

"Presently, little one. Presently. The day will come when I shall mourn for you. You shall be a mighty hunter. I will make big magics for you."

He wondered vaguely why she should mourn for him, remembered in a dim, confused recollection that the women of the horde had howled and wailed, had made him howl and wail also in an infection of their extravagant grief, when the last batch of young men had passed through the ceremony which converted them into full-grown hunters. Why? He renounced solution of the puzzle, consoled himself with a thought of the big magic she would make for him. She was a woman, and women were very wise in all manner of magics.

Little Squirrel, Fur Rat and Singing Bird—adolescents now, all but fully grown—lurked carefully concealed in the edge of the forest overlooking the broad river. This careful concealment was part of the rite; throughout the day—since that now remote dawn when the adult men of the horde, led by the oldest patriarch, had rushed upon them with fearful cries, torn them from the arms of their half ritually, half genuinely shrieking mothers, chased them with sticks and stones away from the cooking fires—throughout that long interminable day they must not be seen by man or woman. Immemorial custom so decreed it. The sun was now submerging itself in the blood-red flood of the river; the forest was filling with thick dusk; presently they would be summoned to that mysterious ceremony, so long craved for, so long half dreaded, which would make them fully fledged hunters, on a parity with the other grown men of the horde.

They could not imagine to themselves what that ceremony would be—that vaguely terrible, carefully concealed ceremony which neither woman nor child was ever permitted to witness—and with the approach of the fateful moment a sickening, shivering fear invaded them, became acute. During the long day, they had boasted vainGloriously to each other, in spasmodic, desperate attempts to maintain their courage. But, now, with the thickening shadows, in the physical faintness of their long fast, they had ceased to speak, could not indeed have uttered a sound through their trembling lips. They crouched miserably, fingering the magic charms their mothers had given them, necklaces of strung shells which magically were potent with the protecting power of motherhood.

From out of sight, in the riverside camp beyond the promontory, they could hear those women howling and wailing as they had howled and wailed since dawn, ritually bemoaning the loss of the sons they feigned were forever gone from them. There was a convincing note of genuineness in those lamentations which worked upon the nerves of those three youths in the forest, augmented their vague terror of the unknown ordeal before them. Time was—already æons back—when that loss had been a recurrent frightful reality, when the jealously vindictive old male of the primitive family group had murderously rushed upon the young males, had driven them away under penalty of death. An atavistic race memory, revived in the histrionics of this symbolic drama of the ancient tragedy, created in the confusedly naïve minds of those women an illusion of the fact, infused into their cries a poignancy of genuine emotion plausibly justified by the knowledge that never indeed would their sons return to them as children, that nevermore would they call them by their familiar infant names. When they came back, it would be newly denominated, and feigning elaborately not to know their own mothers. This was rigid custom, deriving from an antiquity beyond memory, not to be departed from.

Neither those women nor the lads crouching in the forest had any idea of the meaning or purpose of this rite; it sufficed that ancient tradition decreed that the adolescent males should undergo the established ceremony of initiation before being recognized as fully fledged members of the horde, that the women should wail for them.

Faint with hunger, shivering with apprehension, Little Squirrel glanced at his two companions, as wretched as himself, tried to imagine what that ceremony would be. There was something vividly, disquietingly sinister in these preliminaries, terrifyingly significant of mysterious perils. He recalled, for reassurance, the lads who had gone through the previous initiation ceremony, months back. They had all safely returned, but looking different, their bodies cicatrized with mystic scars, daubed for the first time with red ocher, and very proudly no longer boys, but accepted men and hunters. Not a hint of what they had seen or experienced had escaped them, although he remembered some of the younger

The Wurlitzer Studio Piano, without player action, stands but 3 feet 8 inches high. Full 7⅞ octave scale. The perfect small piano, at last! Prices, $295 and up f. o. b. factory.

A Tiny Player Piano

So small that it fits almost anywhere

LIMITED space in your home no longer means that you must go without a player piano. This remarkable little Studio Player stands only 4 feet 1 inch high and only a few inches wider than its standard keyboard. A room could hardly be too small for it.

Yet in spite of its compactness, this Studio Player is a perfect Wurlitzer Instrument in every sense of the word. It plays from any standard size music roll with the full round tones and fine shades of expression you'd expect only from a much larger and much more costly player. You'll be equally delighted with its artistic qualities when playing yourself.

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PIANOS · ORGANS · HARPS · MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Foot pains vanish in 10 minutes or —this test is free

Millions have found a new way to end foot and leg pains. Specialists everywhere are urging it. Normal strength is restored by natural means. A test will amaze and delight you. Make it under this free offer.

ONCE again science adds joy to living by a new discovery. And this discovery is so far-reaching that it will benefit over twenty million people

Almost everyone at different times suffers from aching, paining feet and legs. Many think their pains result from being tired or that they come from rheumatism, sciatica or other similar diseases. But in thousands of cases there is an even more serious cause. Only recently has science discovered it.

Now for the first time medical authorities are realizing how serious foot troubles may become. They tell you not to neglect the slightest twinge of pain—the symptom with which nature warns you

When certain muscles weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones

The bones are arranged to form two arches. One is a hidden arch few people know about, extending across the foot from the little to the big toes. The other extends along the foot from heel to toe, forming the instep. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones of these arches in place

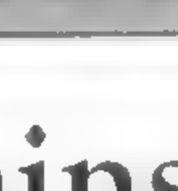
Now, say the specialists, modern shoes, and other things, too, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones spread from overstrain and arches sag

The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance. Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush delicate blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain becomes unbearable.

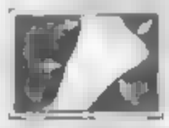
Science corrects misplacements
Nature heals and strengthens
Pains vanish like magic

Difficult as this might seem to correct, science has found a simple yet astonishingly effective remedy To strengthen the muscles exercise is necessary So science provides a thin, strong, super-elastic band to assist the muscles in holding the bones in place It takes the pressure off the nerves and helps nature strengthen the muscles through constant use. This band is the Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design

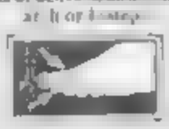
End These Pains



Pains, aches or cramping in calf of leg and knee



Pains or aches in ankle, heel, arch or instep



Pains or cramps in toes, callouses on ball of foot, spreading causing bunions.

Other Symptoms: Tired, aching, burning sensations. Shooting pains when stepping on uneven surfaces. Shoes feel uncomfortable and seem too small. Feet become sensitive

Many supports merely offer temporary relief and tend to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their natural functions. But this soft, pliable band can soon be discarded entirely, so quickly does it do its work. And from the instant you slip it on you can dance, run, walk or stand without the slightest twinge of pain.

So light and thin is this band that it can be worn with the sheerest hose, the tightest and most stylish, high-heeled shoes. Physicians say that it is the one scientific way to restore the natural structure of the foot. They urge you to make the test offered you here, without hesitation or delay

Make this amazing 10-minute test

Over a million men and women are enjoying normal, healthy feet as strong as an athlete's. We invite you to make the test that performed a miracle for them.

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces Make this free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting relief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you With a half inch strip of paper measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram, or send us the size and the width of your shoe.

The same day we will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style). Simply pay the postman $1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet for stout people or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, $1.50. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted return them and we will send every penny back immediately

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THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,
141 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked.

☐ Wonder Style, $1.00 ☐ Miracle Style, $1.50

I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measurement

Name

Address

P. O. State

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains quickly.

JUNG'S
The "Original"
ARCH BRACES
End foot pains in 10 minutes

women trying to wheedle the secret out of them when the older men were absent. Those had all returned alive. But, he remembered also—with a new spasm of sickening fear—there had been a celebrated previous occasion, talked of by the old women over the fire only yesterday, when one of the novices had not returned. He had been swallowed up by the ferociously roaring tiger demon of the forest. Would he himself return? He shuddered, shivered with the almost irresistible impulse of his limbs to dash away into the forest. It was impossible. He was held prisoner by immutable custom. Only by nerving himself to endure whatever there was to endure could he enter upon the longed-for status of a man.

What was that? A peculiar sound issued from the now gloomy recesses of the forest—a sound that began softly on a low, weirdly moaning note that swelled and swelled until it became a deafening, whirring, throbbing, unnerving roar. He had heard that sound before, could identify it. He had no suspicion that it was produced by one of those men whirling about his head a slat of wood attached to a grass rope; neither woman nor child was ever allowed to see those magically potent instruments. To him, as to his shivering companions, as to those distant women who redoubled their howls and wails, it was the authentic voice of the great tiger demon, the Striped One, who was the omnipotent ruler of the jungle, with whom presently -so, vaguely, there was a rumor among the uninitiated—he would be brought into contact for acceptance or catastrophic rejection. The sound continued, monstrous, uncanny, the awful voice of a vaguely conceived god divesting himself of his normal animality, speaking formidably to his human votaries. Fur Rat clutched at him in a sudden accentuation of terror, grimaced dumbly at him, his vocal cords paralyzed in his throat, his eyes protruding in his low-browed, coarse-mouthed, brutish face. Singing Bird crouched, trembling in every limb as though he had the cold fever, his teeth chattering, his chest panting like that of a trapped animal. Little Squirrel's own terror leaped up overpoweringly in him, reenforced by the contagion of that of his companions. He would have shrieked if he could have uttered a sound. This was the commencement of the rite.

That monstrous throbbing roar diminished by imperceptible degrees, diminished until once more it was only a weird moan, diminished until finally it ceased. There was silence, a silence as uncanny as the noise it replaced, a silence that was full of menace. Out of the silence a voice spoke, startling the three lads to a convulsive jerk of all their limbs. It was one of the full-grown men of the horde. He had tracked them stealthily, without rustling a leaf, to their lurking place. They could see him in the half light, his face and body grotesquely and strangely bedaubed with unusual marks. He had come to summon them to their ordeal. They followed him, speechlessly, quiveringly, through the jungle, their legs almost giving way under them, sick with fear.

Presently, just before reaching the edge of a clearing where they could see the red flickering glow of a fire, their guide halted. Another full-grown man, also weirdly bedaubed, barred their path, a spear-bearing guardian of the mysteries. With solemn, authoritative clicked and grunted words he made a selection of the first novice to undergo the rite—chose Fur Rat. Little Squirrel and Singing Bird were peremptorily bidden to turn their backs on the clearing, to lie down on their faces. They obeyed, tremblingly, under the stern wardship of the man who had brought them thither. Panting, half dead with apprehension, their faces hidden on their arms as they lay full length, they heard Fur Rat marched off.

Once again the voice of the tiger demon commenced, swelled until it was a deafening, throbbing, awesome roar. Suddenly they heard Fur Rat's voice in a piercing shriek. It was followed by a wild clamor of human shouts, prolonged in an indistinguishable excited vociferation. The roar of the tiger demon ceased. A loud voice announced solemnly, authoritatively, clicking and grunting, that Fur Rat was dead. The two lads in the forest almost expired at this confirmation of their worst fears. Once again there was a tumultuous vociferation, a barbaric monotonous song from many throats; once again the tiger demon roared appallingly with that voice which was not the normal voice of a tiger. There was a final tremendous shout; again silence—an awful silence which continued.

Little Squirrel jumped like a fish at an unexpected touch on his shoulders. A stern voice bade him rise. It was his turn. The man who had conducted Fur Rat to his death stood over him, clutched him by the arm as, tremblingly, he got upon his feet, impelled him irresistibly toward the fatal clearing. On the very edge of it another peculiarly bedaubed hunter awaited them, took him by the other arm. Firmly gripped between them, he was marched into the clearing where a great fire burned, where the grotesquely marked hunters of the horde stood in two lines facing each other. And once again the awful voice of the tiger demon swelled to an unnerving roar from the forest.

Dazed with terror, he had only the vaguest perception of his surroundings, could formulate no idea of what awaited him, as he was led between the two lines of almost unrecognizably travestied men. He was not left long in his agonized suspense. From behind the fire appeared a fearsomely disguised savage, the oldest man of the horde, a great roughly fashioned club in his hand. With a shout of terrible rage, brandishing the club, he rushed upon Little Squirrel, held impotent, despite his convulsive, panic-stricken, writhing jerk to escape, in the unrelaxing grasp of his pitiless guardians. There was no doubt of that old one's purpose as he dashed at him. It was murder. And Little Squirrel shrieked in the imminence of it, even as Fur Rat had done.

The next instant, a tremendous blow—not upon his head, but upon his chest—felled him to the ground. Only semiconscious, he was held there, lying upon his back, by feet upon his body, by strong hands upon his arms. And immediately there was a terrible clamor around him, a clamor of wild voices assuring him that he was dead. Suddenly he felt the sharp pain of flint knives gashing his chest, letting out—so the clamor of voices asserted—the soul that had been Little Squirrel's. The clamor ceased. An awful voice announced to all the world, just as he had done for Fur Rat, that Little Squirrel was indeed dead. And Little Squirrel, half stunned, paralyzed with terror, overwhelmed by the positive authority of that announcement, all but believed it. Again there came that uncanny booming roar from the forest; again there was silence.

Little Squirrel lay motionless, surrendering himself to this death that had come upon him, vaguely puzzled that he still possessed a consciousness. He imagined his mother wailing for him. And then suddenly, startlingly, incomprehensibly, he felt himself being hoisted by many hands to his feet, while someone whispered into his ear that his name was henceforth Pointed Rock. Red ocher, whose color symbolized blood and was therefore, magically, a reinvigoration with new life, was daubed upon him, and as he stood there, still dazed and bewildered, in the firm grasp of his warders, the hunters danced wildly around him, singing and shouting, acclaiming Pointed Rock as a member of the horde.

Then, while the booming roar still came, in a tremendous affirmation, from the forest, he was led to the farther edge of the clearing, where, to his surprise, he found Fur Rat sitting, still trembling but alive and unhurt save for the blood-streaming ceremonial wounds upon his chest. And Fur Rat told him that his new name was Sweet Water and asked what he himself was called.

(Continued on Page 241)

What's UNDER *the Shiny Surface?*

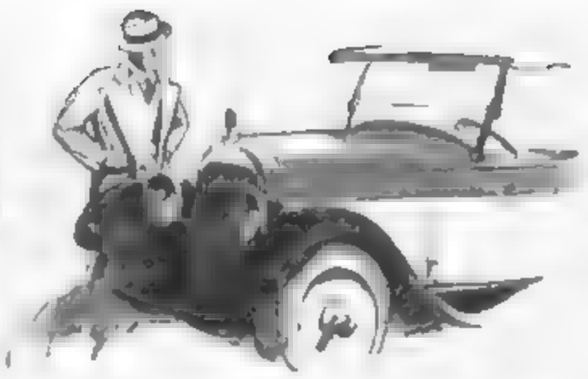
DOES it cover defects in material—defects of quality or workmanship that may later destroy not only the finish but the usefulness of the article as well?

You have a right to know whether you are buying surface beauty, or a quality that goes through and through.

HUNDREDS of leading manufacturers have answered this question for you by choosing Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets as a definite safeguard to the good quality of their products—a safeguard that is worth much to you for it means quality under the surface as well as quality on the surface . . . longer life . . . greater serviceability. They have chosen materials in keeping with their own finest workmanship.

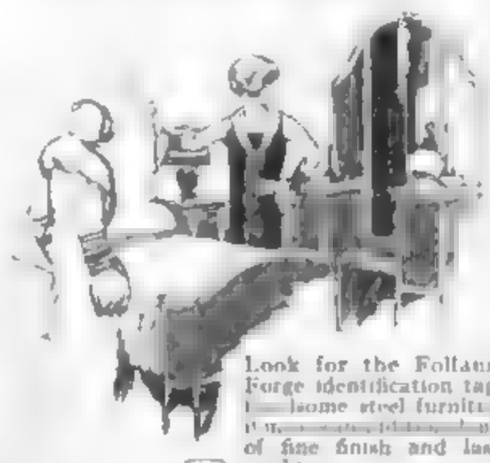
THE important qualities in Follansbee Forge Sheets are not to be duplicated, for no other sheet mill in this country uses the expensive Hammer Process for treating steel—an *additional process* which adds strength, compactness, and ductility to the finished sheets—qualities every manufacturer needs for his most difficult manufacturing operations.

THE next time you purchase an article made from steel sheets, whether it is an automobile or bed room dresser . . . a range or kitchen cabinet . . . a locker or office desk; yes, or even new eaves trough, conductor, pipe, or valleys for your roof—make it a point to *know* that Follansbee Forge Hammer Process—the Better Steel—is one of the materials used.

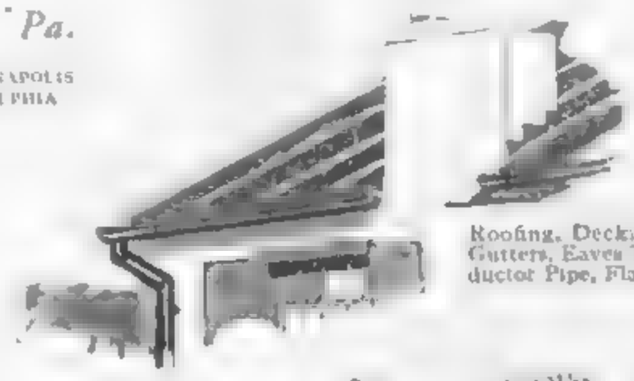


Motor Car Manufacturers [illegible] high finish so [illegible] well. They add lasting beauty to a car.

In office furniture Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets mean strength, durability, and long lasting finishes. The superior quality shows in the longer life.



Look for the Follansbee Forge identification tag on [illegible] steel furniture [illegible] of fine finish and lasting quality



Roofing, Decking, Valleys, Gutters, Eaves Trough, Conductor Pipe, Flashing, etc.

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Long Terne Sheets for
Architectural Sheet Metal-work, Industrial Roofing, etc.

Note to Manufacturers

The superior qualities of Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets often effect considerable [illegible] saving in the cost [illegible] of finished product, while [illegible] ordinary sheets. Write us regarding your sheet requirements.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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The Mark of Quality on any product is proof that the manufacturer has taken extra precautions in the selection of first quality steel and is a guarantee of better merchandise

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Follansbee Forge

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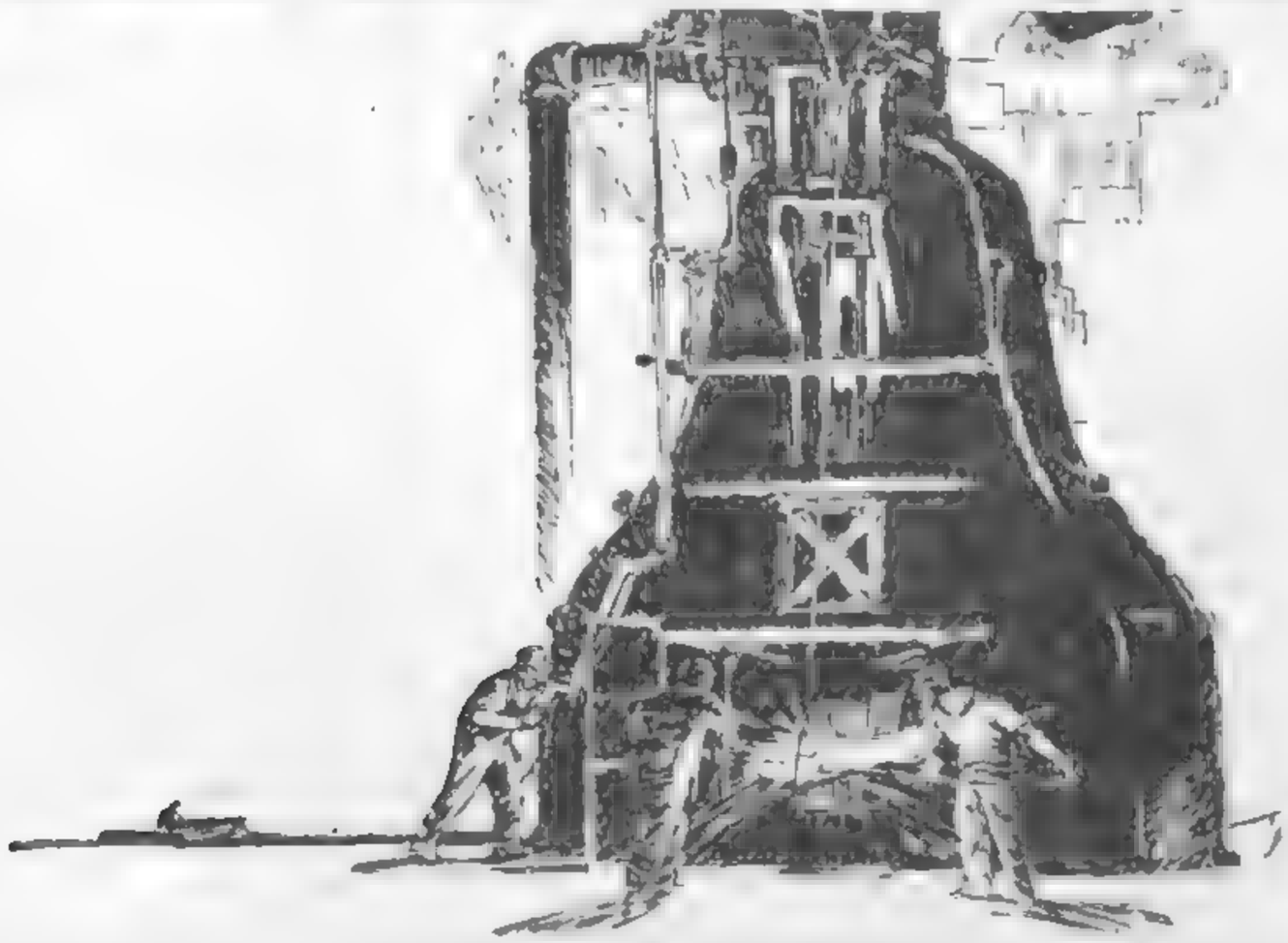

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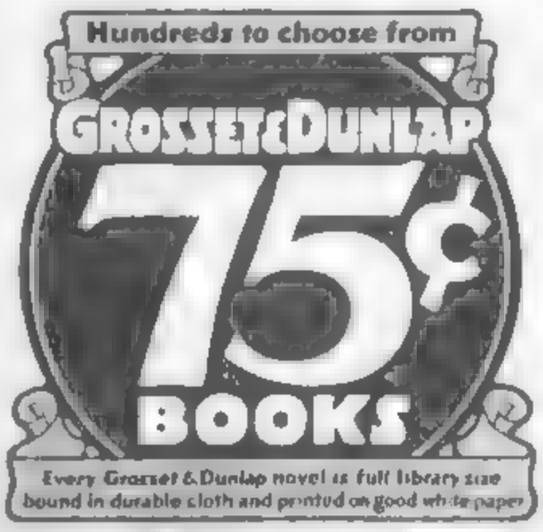
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Together the two lads sat and watched while Singing Bird was in his turn led to the ordeal; watched that performance which, in the confused logic of primitive man, was a symbolical representation of, and therefore a sufficient substitute for, the once dreadful reality. Long, long since, the tyrannically jealous old male had been restrained from killing his young rivals. But the tradition still persisted, had to be satisfied. Not easily does the innate conservatism of the human mind relinquish its ancestral past. Therefore, all over the savage world the young males were ritually slain, to be raised up again under a new name in the naïve pretense that they were different individuals. Only thus could they be tolerated as full-grown members of the horde. And scores of thousands of years later, that awesomely secret ceremonial rite, in its essential feature of slaying the novice and his resuscitation at the hands of the brotherhood to which he was thereby admitted, would survive—not only among the Stone Age savages of Australia, among the negroes of Africa and the redskins of North America, but in the Eleusinian mysteries of cultured ancient Greece.

But that rite, which the two trembling lads, awed and shaken, bleeding from the smarting wounds upon their chests, watched their terrified comrade undergoing as they themselves had undergone it, was only half of the ceremony of initiation. They were accepted members of the horde; they must now—as hunters to be—be initiated into a yet more secret and potent degree, a mystic kinship with that fearsome tiger demon who was the ruler of the forest, which would make them free of his domain.

The three of them, addressed by their new names, Pointed Rock, Sweet Water and Straight Tree, were led into the center of the clearing. And then around them, while from the forest came again that awe-inspiring booming supernatural roar, commenced the ceremonial dance by all the hunters of the tribe. Their bodies decorated with stripes of red ocher, a thong fastened around their waists and dangling behind like a tail, they sprang around on all fours, roaring vociferously, simulating that dreadful Striped One to whom they were magically kin. Finally, at the termination of a protracted performance which mimed the characteristics of all the more important of the animals over which, as hunters, they desired to have power, they seized the three trembling lads, dragged them to the other side of the fire. There, lying on his flank, was an immense and recently killed tiger.

The hunters commenced a procession around it, groaning and moaning in a realistic pretense of anguished grief, bemoaning this splendid Striped One, the demon of the jungle, whom they had inadvertently slain. Thus, deceived by their hypocritical remorse, the animal would have no resentment against them. He would understand that it was one of those accidents which will happen in the best regulated of forests, and magnanimously refrain from acts of vengeance against them who were, after all, as they repeatedly assured him, of his kin. Then, with a mighty shout, the redoubtable slain one having been sufficiently placated, the hunters stood around while the oldest man of the horde gashed the striped skin with his flint knife, cut out a chunk of flesh. One by one, Pointed Rock, Sweet Water and Straight Tree were led up to the corpse. One by one they were given that flesh to eat, were made to kneel and lap the blood from the wound. Thus, having partaken of the god, mingled his substance with theirs, they were magically one with him, would be free to kill him—though with subsequent apologies—as they were free to fight and kill men of their own human race. In token of it, they were daubed with the sacred signs, identical with those borne by the other hunters, which affirmed that kinship.

And then, with another wild, joyous vociferation, the tiger was flung upon the raked-back fire and duly cooked, to be at last eaten in a gluttonous orgy where the hunters reënforced their own magical identity with the animal they most feared, in the prototype of all those ceremonial banquets with which from time immemorial mystic rites have concluded.

Pointed Rock—who once had been Little Squirrel—slunk stealthily, like the great feline to which he was now mystically kin, through the entanglement of the jungle, dark in its overhead interlacement of foliage. He was alone, and he hated to be alone. In his right hand he held the death-dealing, long wooden spear and short wooden club, fashioned for him not long since with many muttered magics, by the elders of the horde. His body and face were daubed with the occult signs that denoted his membership in the tiger brotherhood. He was now, therefore, a fully enfranchised man, and he was now on that traditional first expedition of the newly initiated hunter. He was going to procure for himself a wife.

It was essential that he should do this alone and unassisted by the other members of the horde. Women captured by the horde in common became slaves in common. For him to possess, as a mark of his accomplished manhood, a woman of his own who should be even nominally his wife, he must, so the stern logic of the savage decreed, capture her in a solitary raid. Naturally somewhat timid and unenterprising—although he hid the fact to the best of his ability—he had already so long deferred this dangerous adventure that it was becoming a public shame to him, an opportunity for humiliating jest in which the entire horde joined with derisive enjoyment.

The other hunters had fallen into a habit of coarse jokes which professed a doubt whether he was not really a girl. The women, perfidiously tongued, amused themselves with maliciously sly remarks behind his back as he sat now in that privileged inner circle round the cooking fires; asked each other how that child came to be with the men. There was no woman to perform for him those convenient little domestic services which the other hunters enjoyed from their various squaws. Since his initiation, his mother had ceased to concern herself with him in public. It would have been an infraction of that rigid traditional code which feigned that he was no longer her son, but a different and strange individual. Nevertheless, secretly she urged him to show himself a man, lest he should be a shame upon her; to get himself a wife even as the other novices had done. Already, long since, Sweet Water—who had been Fur Rat—and Straight Tree—who had been Singing Bird—had returned swaggeringly to the camp with the respective young women they had found for themselves in the forest—young women with whom they were now on the best of terms. The sarcasms of that quartet had become especially unendurable. In desperation, he had finally screwed up his courage, announced his resolve.

The objective of his expedition had been settled for him by the older hunters. Recently, a hitherto unknown race of men, coming from those far-off regions whence the sun rose, had begun to invade the hunting grounds which from time immemorial had been the preserve of the tiger men. These newcomers were differentiated by many peculiar customs of their own and by a civilization which, if still rudimentary, was incontestably superior. Their flint knives—of which Pointed Rock's horde, cautiously tracking the strangers through the forest, had picked up several abandoned specimens—were of distinctly better workmanship, their edges more carefully chipped to a straighter line. And they made for themselves not mere rooflesa wind shelters as did the tiger men, but an astounding novelty of small domed huts constructed of boughs and leaves.

Nor was this all. Pointed Rock's horde called them, in a virile scorn which covered an unacknowledged fear and hatred of their prowess both as hunters and fighters, the

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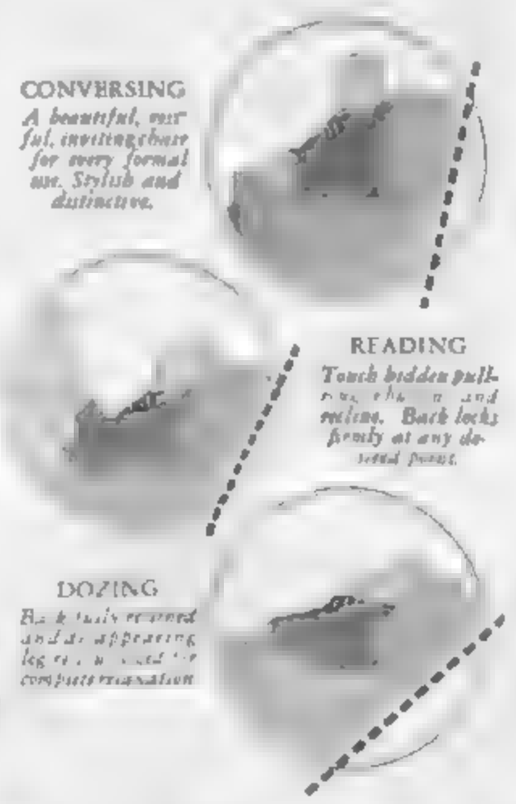
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woman men, because, so it was asserted, though not without much quarrelsome discussion round the camp fires, old women held the supreme authority in each of their slowly advancing encampments; more—if they could believe the story of a stranger woman captured by another horde, with whom Pointed Rock's people were on precariously friendly terms—the huts and all the articles within them were the property of the women, the men dwelling in them only as permitted guests. Whether this amazing improbability was to be fully credited or no, and a robust male skepticism prevailed in Pointed Rock's encampment, it was obvious that these strange women must possess many extremely potent magics. If only one of them could be captured, and her magics—under the persuasion of a few judicious beatings—turned to the service of the horde, it was possible, even probable, that the menacing, bitterly resented invasion of this stranger people might be stayed. Therefore, equally obviously, Pointed Rock's future wife was indicated for him. He had only to prove himself a man, and go and capture her. There had, around the camp fire, been an excited approval of the idea which only he had failed to share.

However, public opinion is not less tyrannically compelling in the encampment of a horde of naked savages than in the cities of a refined civilization, and, accordingly, Pointed Rock found himself slinking furtively through the forest, tensely alert for the slightest hint of danger and most unpleasantly alone. Some far-ranging hunters of the horde had reconnoitered a group of huts of the woman men at about half-a-day's distance. With much gesticulatory talk, this settlement had been cheerfully and unanimously assigned to him as his objective. There were many women in it, said the spies who had overlooked it from the thin-twigged tops of some conveniently adjacent trees, old women who scolded and young women who were attractively plump and still more attractively diligent. Pointed Rock had only to club one of them over the head, and to drag her away with him.

It had sounded easy enough in the competitive boasting round the camp fire, the pleasant excitement of which had finally worked Pointed Rock up to a magniloquent vaunt he now acutely regretted. He was miserably conscious that he could not return without one of those stranger women, unless he wished to be forever shamed, the permanent butt for the scathing ridicule of the entire horde. And here, in this peril-haunted forest, the venture assumed an altogether different aspect.

Meanwhile, he slid stealthily, noiselessly, between the creeper-festooned tree trunks of the forest, leaving the minimum of trail behind him. Skilful hunters and fierce warriors were these woman men, and there was always the possibility that one of their parties, perceiving where he had pressed his foot on a leaf, remarking some tiny twig that he had by accident broken on his passage, might even now be following up behind him. That possibility kept him at an acute pitch of wariness. He knew well enough what would be his fate should he be discovered. The woman men were pitiless slayers.

At last, after many hours of infinitely cautious progress, slipping like a quick shadow from tree to tree, he stopped suddenly, sniffing with the broad twitching nostrils of his brutish face. Somewhere ahead of him fires were burning. He listened intently, flung himself down, his ear to the ground, caught a faint murmur of many voices. He was near his goal. The next instant he had swung himself silently into the nearest tree, was traveling noiselessly, with an agility that was instinctive from some arboreal ancestor, from branch to branch, from tree to tree, in the direction of the settlement. A quarter of an hour later, concealed in the foliage of a tall summit, he was gazing down upon it.

It was as the spies had reported. A dozen or more round-domed huts—in his mind, he compared them to ant heaps—were clustered in a small clearing through which flowed a forest stream. The blue-gray smoke of the cooking fires outside those huts drifted across the clearing, half obscuring the figures, men and women and children, seated around them in the voracious, noisy enjoyment of their evening meal. He noticed, with surprise, that here those men did not occupy a privileged inner ring with its concomitant selection of the best of the meat for themselves. On the contrary, the women sat side by side with them, chattering happily, in a strange and perfect equality of opportunity. Certainly, the magics of those women were very powerful! The vague imagination of them, as evidenced by this unheard-of audacity, almost scared him into abandoning his purpose. Yet the knowledge that he could not return unsuccessful, reënforced by the thousands-of-years-old instinct for wife capture suddenly fierce in him, kept him there, fascinated, scarcely daring to breathe.

Under that instinct, he began to appraise those women, to look at them with a critical eye, making his choice between them. They wore as little clothing as the men, but like the men they each wore a girdle to which was attached a small skin pouch another convenience of civilization which was novel to him. All of them, except the querulous old crones whose shrill voices were loud in a vehemence of argument with the men, which certainly would not have been permitted in his own horde, were almost equally attractive to him. Presently, however, he singled out one young woman as more desirable than the rest. She was indeed quite young, but, conspicuously, confidently sure of herself as she joked vivaciously with the men around her. There was a quality in her laughter which thrilled him queerly as it floated up to him, perched in his tree. He watched her with an acute intentness, his muscles involuntarily contracting themselves in an instinctive animal readiness for a leap that was of course impossible. She finished eating, got up from her place, strolled about between the other cooking fires with a jaunty coquettish provocativeness of manner, exchanged swift repartee, incomprehensible to him, with the men who shouted with laughter at her wit. Clearly, she was an altogether superior type of being. If only he could catch her alone! He visualized himself leading her back, conquered and docile, in triumph to that crude wind-shelter encampment on the river bank, quivered with a swiftly kindled fever of anticipative desire

In his absorption, he forgot his primal instinct of concealment, protruded his head through the foliage. And, as though there were some magnetism in his gaze, suddenly she turned and looked full at him. There was no doubt that she had seen him—he could feel, almost with a physical shock, her eyes meet his. On the instant, he jerked his head back, shot through with sudden panic. She would point him out! He would be killed! He made the first half movement to descend the tree, to escape before those men leaped up in excited hunt for him, checked himself for another quick glance at her. To his astonishment, she had given no alarm, was continuing equably her jaunty stroll around the cooking fires, was even then laughing with one of those formidable men he hated. Yet she had indubitably seen him! He was instinctively certain of it—was utterly bewildered at her failure to denounce him.

He remained in his tree top, watching her with the intent fixity of a wild animal concentrated on its prey. Presently, still in that equable jaunty stroll, she moved away from the cooking fires, went to the forest stream, stopped to pick a scarlet blossom from a bush, to fix it in her hair, sauntered along the bank. He noticed that she had a small straight reed in her hand. The stream descended into the jungle, behind that tree wherein he was perched. If only she would continue along it into the forest! He could follow her, drop down suddenly behind her,

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(Continued from Page 242)

cutting her off from return to those strange-looking huts. Almost as though she were unconsciously obeying his desire, she did so, strolling almost underneath his tree with an unhurried gait of perfect confidence in the safety of her environment. Quivering in every limb, his face twitching with excitement, he held his breath as she passed.

He allowed her a little start, then, with a monkeylike noiseless agility, he swung himself from branch to branch, from tree to tree, in pursuit. A fierce exulting excitement seethed in him, gave him a preternatural sureness of silent leap, an abnormal strength of arm to catch himself on the branch he had marked as he dropped ever lower and lower in his diagonal progress. If only she wandered a little farther, she was his!

She did so, sauntering negligently, the scarlet blossom vivid in her hair, that peculiar little reed in her hand, in a careless confidence that filled him with an intoxication of anticipatory triumph. He could hear her humming a little tune. At last she stopped, seemed about to turn back. It was the moment.

Like a flitting shadow, he dropped from his branch to the ground, crept up behind her, his short wooden club shifted to his right hand. Silent as he was, however, she had heard him with her primitively acute senses—turned and faced him with a peculiar smile that altogether puzzled him, that checked him in a sudden confused awe of a manifestly superior personality. He stopped, irresolute, his club half raised. She put her finger to her mouth in the gesture of silence, smiled at him again. Should he club her now, swiftly, while he had the opportunity? Before he could make up his mind, she had said something in her incomprehensible language, pointed to a bird that had just flown to a near-by bough. With a deft, swift movement, she extracted something from the skin pocket at her girdle, lifted the reed to her mouth, pointed it at the bird. The next moment the bird—pierced with a tiny poison dart—had fallen, dead. Pointed Rock jumped back aghast, terrified. This was something utterly novel in his experience. Of a truth, the magics of these women were, above all women's, potent! They could kill at a distance, without blow of club or spear, by merely breathing through a reed! The young woman grinned, pointed the blow pipe at him, half mischievously, half in genuine threat. He flung himself down in panic-fear, abandoning his own weapons, forgetting even the menace of those surely hostile men not far distant at the fires of the settlement. Would she spare his life if he made obeisance to her? He groveled.

She came up to him, smiling in reassurance, spoke low-toned incomprehensible words to him, sat down beside him. Shivering still with fright, he regained sufficient confidence to sit up, to look at her. She was still smiling, spoke again, with that gesture which was ominously significant of the necessity for a discreet minimum of sound, smiled provocatively, mischievously.

For a long time they sat there together, while the dusk gloom of the forest became deeper around them. They knew no words in common and their conversation was in that gesture language which is, nevertheless, surprisingly eloquent when a young man and a young woman have a mutual desire to come to an understanding. By those gestures, she made him comprehend that she was not one of those women who can be clubbed and carried off, she had a magic—she lifted her little blow pipe—which made her immune to any such rash attempt at violence on his part; that the women of her tribe chose for themselves. She was, it seemed, choosing now, in that curious elemental caprice for a man of more primitive type than herself which women, in all times, have occasionally indulged; a caprice not unknown in London, Paris and New York. Bewildered, still in superstitious awe of her, he half understood. He understood also, when—drawing roughly the ground plan of the various huts on the uncovered sand of the stream bed—she indicated which hut was hers, inherited from a mother recently deceased, made him understand finally that when it was quite dark he should creep thither, unperceived by anyone.

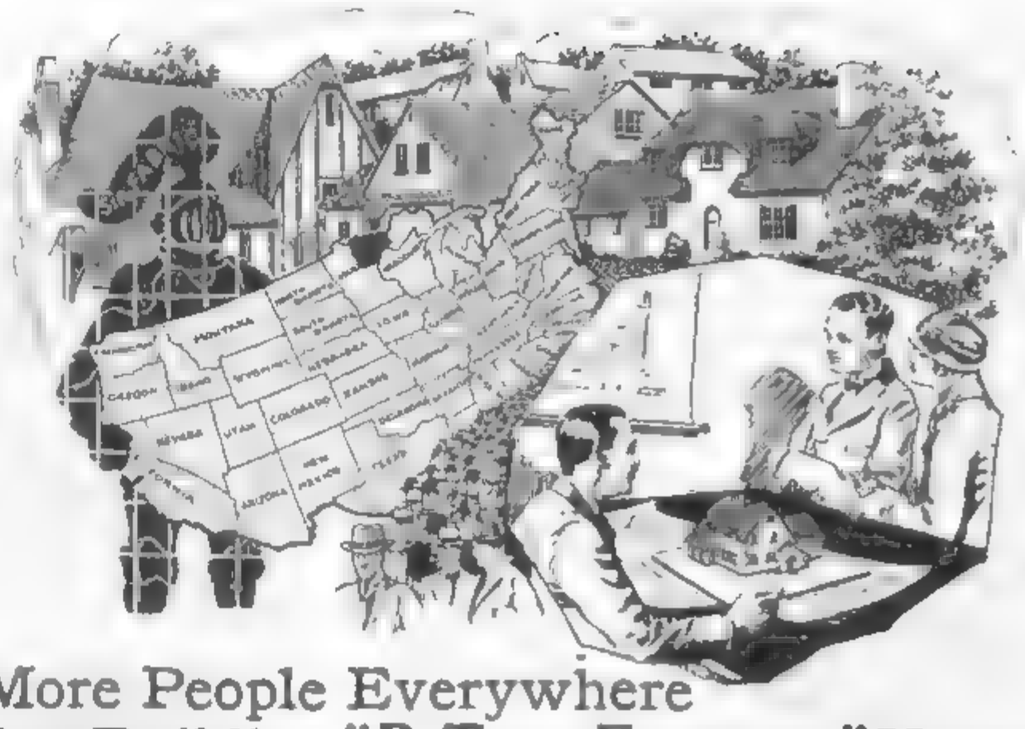
Pointed Rock never returned to that encampment by the river bank where the tiger men tyrannized over their miserable squaws. For many weeks, he crept at night into the hut of that provocatively smiling, fascinating, authoritative young woman, and during the day concealed himself, with every art to which his imminent peril could stimulate his savage faculties, from those vengefully searching men of the settlement who had speedily become aware of his lurking propinquity. Finally, there came a day when he had become familiar to them, when they tolerated his presence, ceased to hunt him, and another day, soon after that, when that young woman—he had learned some of her language, and her name was Red Flower—kept him with her beyond the dawn, and publicly and boldly exhibited him as her husband. And, thereafter, subsequent to an awesomely solemn ceremony of blood brotherhood, he was accepted as a member of the tribe, living, as all the other husbands lived, as a guest in his wife's hut.

Thus, or similarly, was instituted that peculiar marriage by stealth, which for untold thousands of years existed parallel to the yet more ancient marriage by capture, and which intensified that reckoning and inheritance by mother kin alone which was, universally, it seems, a remote stage in human social progress. Scores of thousands of years later it would yet survive in all its completeness among savage peoples dispersed the world over, and memories of it would persist in the betrothal customs of twentieth-century Wales, as in that ancient Japanese name for marriage "to slip by night into the house." Among the Teutons in the fullness of time, those memories would be sublimated into the romantic Venusberg episode of the Tannhäuser legend, and in classic ancient Greece would become immortal in the exquisitely beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche, told when its origin had long been forgotten and its meaning lost.

All this happened where, after an incomputably immense lapse of time, after erosions, inundations, variations of climate, emergences and subsidences had changed the face of the land out of recognition, save only that a shrunken river still flowed in a deepened valley, the ultracivilized city of Paris stretches in a blue-roofed mass of houses from the white basilica of Sacré Cœur on the one height to the cupolas of the Observatory on the other. The anthropologist may perhaps remark, with an amused smile at the quite fortuitous coincidence, that it is still an area where woman is the dominant sex.

Note—The early paleolithic period known to scientists as the Chellean takes its name from Chelles, near Paris, where the crude flint implements typical of the epoch were first excavated and recognized for what they were. Those implements are, of course, found nearly all over the world, in both hemispheres. The type of culture associated with them may be inferred from a synthesis of that found in still-surviving savage races who have not developed beyond the beginnings of the Old Stone Age.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.



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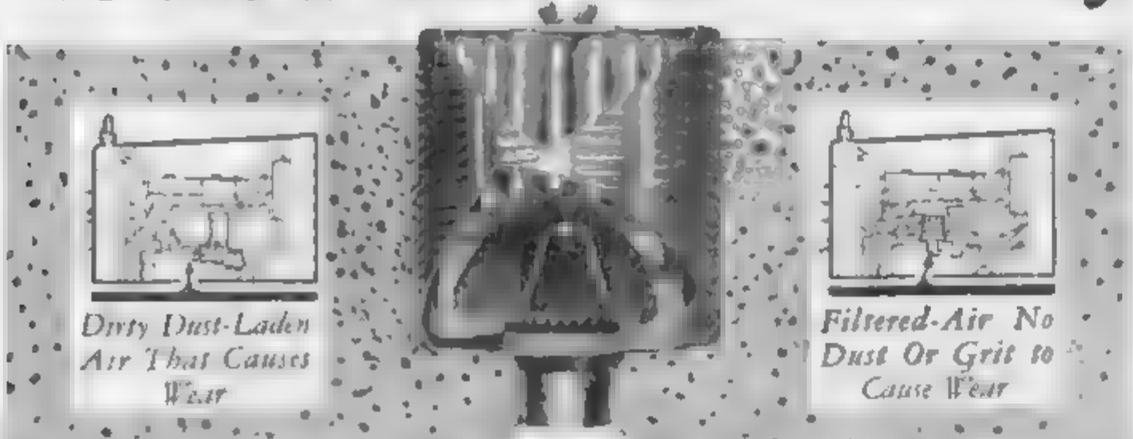

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THE FIFTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 7)

over and over again the various shots until my tutors believed the defects of execution had been decreased.

On this point of everlasting practice, and its relation to the production of finished skill, I have some positive convictions which I shall express later; it will suffice to say here that our daily routine would have been the equivalent of tedium to any but the most devout adherent of this sport. And a devout adherent I was at this stage. Golf had become a thralldom, bogey a fetish, and the feel of the club a sixth sense.

In the Mahon boys ran a wholesome vein of humor, a quality which is so often a saving grace to the confirmed golfer. Frank Mahon especially loved a practical joke. When the exigencies of earning a livelihood forced him to abandon caddying, which in those days brought only fifty cents a round at the leading clubs, and less on some courses, Frank became a freight brakeman on the Long Island Railroad. One day his train stopped alongside a golf course, and from the top of the car Frank saw several boys batting the ball around the course. In all probability they were the sons of well-to-do people, who, like everyone else of that period, believed that golf was a game restricted to the more prosperous, since the average workingman had neither the time, money nor inclination to play it. Indeed, I cannot imagine anything more improbable than an epidemic of the golf fever among working people at that time. It was not then as it is today, when people from all stations of life swarm over the hundreds of courses which have risen to replace the few, not rubbing elbows in the literal sense, but banded together by a common bond and moved by a common impulse which make them what they have come to be—members of the fifth estate.

But to return to Frank Mahon, brakeman, atop his freight car. When he saw the youngsters floundering around the field, topping, slicing, hooking, missing and digging divots from the turf, he hopped down from the car and strolled over to them, watching their antics with the affectation of a bewildered air.

"Why, what in the heck are you kids doing, anyhow?" he drawled.

The Brakeman on the Links

Their quick survey of his working clothes acquainted them with the reason for this stranger's lack of understanding. Who could expect a brakeman to know anything about golf?

"We're playing golf?" they informed him

"What's golf?" inquired Frank.

"It's a game; you hit the ball as far as you can and try to put it into a hole," said their spokesman.

"So that's golf, is it? Well, I swan, there ain't nothing to that as I can see. Anybody can hit a ball with a great big bat like that."

The boys saw the chance for a little fun at the expense of the brakeman.

"You think anybody can hit the ball, do you?" queried the ringleader. "Here now, let's see you hit it." And he handed Frank a wooden club.

"Me? Say, if I ever hit that little ball with this big bat, I'll knock it for a home run clean out of the lot!"

The boys were having a hard time to repress their laughter. Their imagination took in the picture of the confusion of this hardy son of toil after he had made a vicious swipe at the ball and missed it altogether. Oh, what a yarn this was going to be to tell the older golfers back at the clubhouse!

Frank took the club gingerly in his hands, eyed the tiny ball disdainfully, and disregarding all golf form, squared off like the great Ed Delehanty at bat. The club was in an impossible position for an accurate shot. The head pointed downward, the shaft was poised like a bat in a ball player's hands, almost parallel with the ground, and Frank's body was twisted at an angle which insured a pathetic climax to his boast that he would knock the ball out of the lot.

"Good-by, little ball," Frank cooed, while the boys giggled.

With that he straightened his shoulders, took the proper stance, brought the club up in a graceful sweep and swung it at the ball, all so quickly that the boys were barely able to observe what was happening. There was a swish, a click and a painful silence in the gallery, as the ball rose from the ground and floated down the course for 225 yards, a prodigious distance for a gutty.

"There, what did I tell you? There ain't nothing to this game as I can see," exclaimed Frank, as he brushed some imaginary wrinkles out of his shirt sleeves and turned to face the astounded, speechless little group. He handed the club back to the oldest boy. "I got to get back on me freight car; there goes the whistle. What did you say the game was? Golf? Oh, yes, golf. Well, there ain't nothing to golf as I can see."

Where Golf Was Born

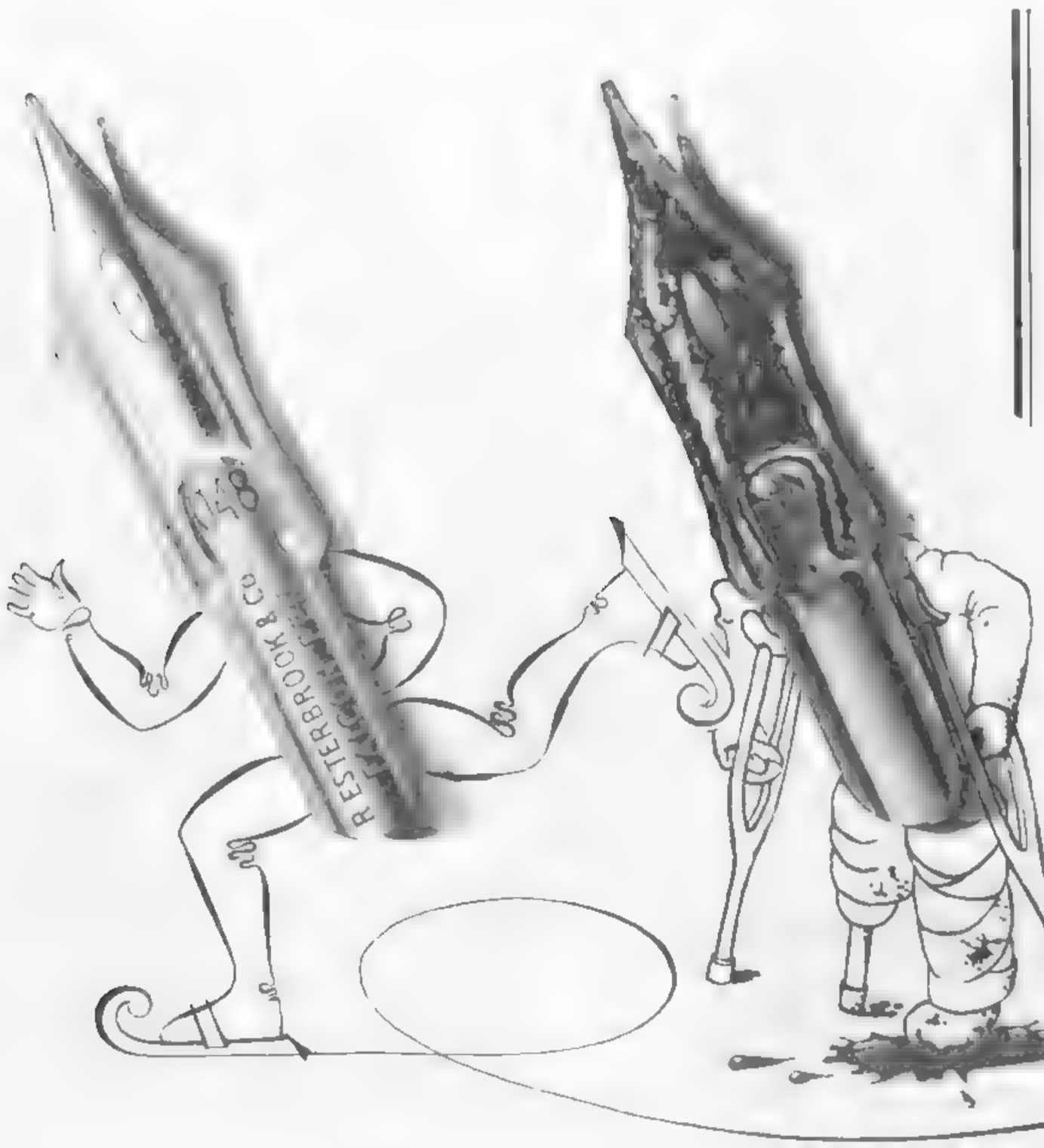
And as this strange species of Long Island brakeman sauntered toward the railroad tracks, climbed back on top of his car and waved farewell to the youthful golfers, they still stood in the same spot, gazing at him as though he was something possessed. An inarticulate "Gosh!" a muffled "Gee!" and an undertoned "Jiminy crickets!" were the only sounds that broke the stillness of that immediate section of the links.

Golf was celebrating its twelfth official birthday in the United States at the time of which I speak. The inquiries made by those who have searched into its history have elicited a fund of interesting lore, and there are several outstanding points which seem to have escaped attention completely by most of the players of this day. The most startling of these is that golf was first played, not in Scotland, which is generally supposed to have been its birthplace, but in Holland. In its primeval form the sport is believed to have been only a crude outline of what it is in its modern raiment, but the basic principles were unquestionably there. In my time it has always amounted to sacrilege to advocate radical reforms in the game. The slight changes have invariably been more of an expedient nature than constitutional. A manifesto of the ancient St. Andrews Club of Scotland reads: "The game ceases to be golf as soon as the rules are broken at pleasure." This refers more to arbitrary violations by individuals, but the spirit back of it is the same as that which keeps the game free from tampering.

There is scattered evidence that golf was played sporadically in this country more than a century previous to the time it was placed on an enduring basis in 1888, the year which is now accepted as marking its real beginning. I have heard authorities on the early history of the game tell of a blue law passed in the city of Albany, New York, in 1760, forbidding Sunday play. It is traditional that wherever Scotchmen went they took the game with them, in exactly the same manner as baseball today follows Americans over the face of the globe. In New York, the members of the St. Andrews Society, which was founded in 1756 and was the outgrowth of the Scots Society of New York, its senior by twelve years, made a practice of providing entertainment for the men who came here with the Scottish regiments in colonial days. Golf was one of the diversions which it encouraged among the soldiers from the native land

But whatever golf was played here then was of an unorganized and local nature. It gained no foothold among native Americans. There is not even any record to show

(Continued on Page 249)



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(Continued from Page 246)

that it stirred sufficient interest to be worthy of the ridicule which greeted its revival more than 100 years later. And with the Revolution it died, leaving only a few mourners, who, in spite of the clannish Scotch spirit and the traditional Scotch love for old customs, were unable to refan the flame to life. It is unquestionably true that here and there over the land were Scotsmen who continued to swing clubs and at times even banded together and mapped out courses, as the records of Texas and other Southern localities show; but it remains that no effort to launch golf in the United States was genuinely successful until thirty-eight years ago. The fact that it had meanwhile taken strong hold in Canada seemed to be without effect.

Let me tell you the story of the real birth of golf in this country as it has been told to me. It is a good story, a real chapter of national history. I was on earth at the time, but not on hand to bear witness to this notable event. A curious fact is that those who fell into line soon afterward were as unenlightened as to its beginning as most persons are today. I can understand this. There were no memories to be hallowed then, no lore to be cherished, no traditions to be upheld, no banner to be waved. I must confess that years passed before I, a devoted follower of golf, ever knew of the strange way in which the seed was planted—the seed which flourished so well in the richness of American soil and which we now see grown into a crop of amazing magnitude.

There lived in New York in those days Robert Lockhart, a native Scot, a kindly soul who delighted in the good deeds he could perform in his own unobtrusive way, but a man of certain social reserve. He was connected with the old New York dry-goods firm of Sweetser, Pembroke & Co., now out of existence, and had prospered here. So when the longing seized him in 1888 to return to his native country there were no obstacles standing in the way of his holiday. That trip across the Atlantic began as have thousands of other sea journeys—a man's whim to visit the scenes of his youth. Its climax was the beginning of an eventful chapter in American history.

Clubs Across the Sea

In Scotland, Lockhart visited the Tom Morrises, Senior and Junior, two of the most celebrated characters in all golfing history, who were then presiding over their stronghold, the old St. Andrews course, the existence of which is recorded back as far as 1552. In the 60's and early 70's the two Morrises were supreme in the game and acknowledged none as their equals, unless it was Willie Parke, Sr., of Musselburgh, who broke into their monopoly on the British Open Championship by winning it three times between the years 1860 and 1872. Only one other name, that of A. Strath, of St. Andrews, appears on this honor roll along with those of the Morrises and Parkes in the thirteen-year period mentioned.

Now there is one remarkable phase to golf in Scotland along about the time of this memorable visit made by Robert Lockhart. It is on record that the game had been played there for centuries previous to this period, that it had become the ruling pastime, and even a passion of the Scotch; and that in 1457 it had taken such a firm grip on the nation, and was presumably such a barnacle on industrial progress that Parliament ordained that it be "utterly cryit doun, and nocht usit." And yet when Alexander B. Halliday, of New York, now president of the St. Andrews Golf Club of Westchester County, New York, made a tour of the southern part of Scotland in 1878 he found not the slightest physical evidence of the game being played. Indeed, I learned through Mr. Halliday only within the last few months that he did not hear of golf on this trip, and that he never even saw the game until it made its appearance here in the late 80's.

I am indebted to Mr. Halliday and his law associate, John C. Ten Eyck, one of the American golf pioneers, for most of the information relating to Mr. Lockhart's trip to Scotland and what eventuated from it. It is presumed that Mr. Lockhart made his first acquaintance with golf on that occasion, that his rounds of the St. Andrews course convinced him that here was sport which really held something for the man who had passed his football days, and that it would be worth the trouble to return to America armed with a few clubs and balls with which to demonstrate the sport to the folks back home. Whatever were the thoughts running through Lockhart's mind, the one important fact is that this golf equipment was in his baggage upon his return—a dozen or so clubs and a number of gutty balls, which in 1848 had come in to take the place of the old featheries.

A Chain of Green Links

It is hard to tell what might have happened from this point if it had not chanced that one of Lockhart's good friends in America was John Reid, of Yonkers, New York, then the managing director of a large manufacturing company. In Reid's veins ran the blood of Scotland; in every fiber of his being, passed down from a rugged Scotch ancestry, was a love for the ancient, time-honored customs of the native land. And John Reid was a leader of men, a forceful character and gifted with a magnetism of personality which imparted rare charm to his one pet hobby—the singing of old Scotch songs. Critics of musical technic might have found much food for comment in the quality of Reid's voice, but none with regard to the dramatic emphasis of his presentation. John Ford, an authority on Robert Burns, said of Reid's singing that it bore the fruit of reviving Scotch music and an understanding of it in this country.

Robert Lockhart took the souvenirs of his voyage to his friend John Reid. And across the horizon of Reid's vision there suddenly loomed a great thought. Here was a relic of his beloved Scotland, brought to him by a man from Dunfermline, the town of his own nativity, which would keep alive in this New World the best traditions of the old land; which, if he appraised the native American temperament rightly, would blend and harmonize with the more modern setting and bring to the people of this country a measure of the wholesome joy it had provided the Scotsmen on their native heath. As Reid visioned it, this was a boon of the first water to American mankind—a rare gift from the most gracious of the Scottish gods, to be treasured and preserved.

Soon afterward a party of five men sat down to dinner at the Reid home in Yonkers. They were, besides the host, John B. Upham, Henry O. Talmadge, Henry Holbrook and Kingman Putnam. That was on November 14, 1888; and around the table that evening was born a golf club which took the name of the daddy of all known golf courses, St. Andrews. It was the birth of the game in the United States. It was the start of what you see today, the vast golf chain welded from links that stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific and that each day call a vast army of souls into communion with the outdoors and into contact with the most diverting, most mystifying, most alluring of all sports.

So it was John Reid who was the founder of this new empire, the fifth estate of man, and Robert Lockhart who furnished the first munitions for the war which has been waged relentlessly against the citadels of Colonel Bogey and General Par since that day. And it seems quite proper that the five men who met at Mr. Reid's home should have done the very thing they did do—take formal cognizance of Mr. Lockhart's part in the launching of the new movement by electing him one of the original members of the club.

Golf lightning struck in more than one spot at the same moment. In England, the

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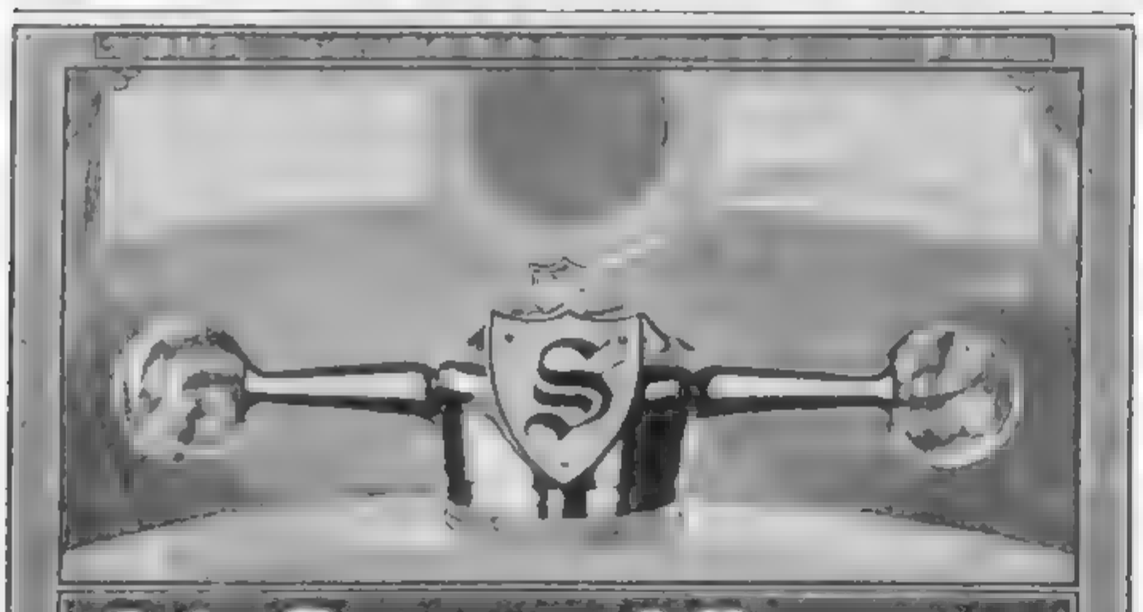

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dawn of the new era had preceded the American movement by merely a matter of some eight or ten years. Previous to that golf was better known in Great Britain than here, as the founding of the present Royal Blackheath Club in London in 1608 would indicate; but it was not until around 1880 that the game really came into its own on the British Isles, the first Oxford-Cambridge match being played in 1878. The situation furnished one of those sidelights on human character hard to fathom. For generations the game had remained dormant, a lost cause, with its embers barely smoldering. And then the gale broke, unexpectedly and unheralded, to fan the fire into a roaring furnace and to send it sweeping over the land like a prairie blaze.

It is a strange coincidence that after all these years it should have occurred almost simultaneously to more than one resident of this country that golf was a game admirably suited to the American temperament. While the Reid movement was in its earliest stage of development, Samuel Parrish, a New York banker, saw the game played in Biarritz, thought it possessed rare possibilities for introduction into this country and upon his return home formed the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club on Long Island. The sponsors of this undertaking were wholly unaware of what was taking place in Yonkers, only a comparatively few miles away, exactly as John Reid and his associates knew nothing of what was going on at Shinnecock Hills.

The original home of the St. Andrews golfers was a strip of unoccupied land near Mr. Reid's home. Here six holes were roughly laid out, and over this crude course the pioneers engaged in their daily rounds of the game, interested in it more from the standpoint of the enjoyment and exercise they got out of it than from the missionary work they were doing. Their solitary employe was a man who mowed the grass and rolled the greens. It was a club without a clubhouse and a links with only one-third the full complement of holes. But these were minor obstacles to the doughty pilgrims of the game. It was not unlimited funds, nor brick and mortar, nor a perfectly constructed course which was required to keep the spirit of the movement alive and vigorous. Their compensation came in the knowledge that they had adopted the ideal sport for men of all ages, in the friendly intermingling of companionable souls and in the evidence that their ranks were growing in a steady and wholesome manner.

The Apple-Tree Gang

When the membership had reached a point which taxed the field adjoining the Reid residence to an uncomfortable degree, the club opened a nine-hole course on the estate of William Delevan Baldwin, who was himself an enthusiast and turned over the land rent free. But still there was no clubhouse. Its place was taken by a gnarled old apple tree near the first tee, at which the players would assemble before starting out on the round of the links. This apple tree was everything which the modern clubhouse later came to be. It was the meeting place before the game, the dressing room and the nineteenth hole, the most picturesque rendezvous of this description the game has perhaps ever known in this country.

The keenest regret of my golf experiences is that I was born too late to enjoy the rare treat of seeing the old apple tree laden with the coats of the players or to watch the St. Andrews clan gathered under its spreading boughs at the end of a day's play, swapping stories of missed shots and wasted opportunities precisely as we did a few years later and still are doing. For it was this group of men who constituted the famous Apple-Tree Gang, a tribe whose steadfast fight for a worthy cause has won it an everlasting place in the history of the game.

Golf had begun to make such headway at this time that the St. Andrews members found it imperative to locate in suitable quarters. So the apple tree was forsaken when the club moved to the Odell mansion a few miles away, and the membership was enlarged to take care of the increasing number of applicants, a percentage of whom were Americans who had taken up the game on European links and were clamoring for a place to play in their own country. In making this move, the Apple-Tree Gang merely acceded to a demand of the times, and certainly not to any wish to abandon the spot around which so much sentiment clustered.

I believe the spirit that impelled these three steps of expansion, and the subsequent one when the present clubhouse was occupied in 1897, was aptly expressed by Mr. Ten Eyck recently when he said: "We did not move because of any dissatisfaction, mind you, but simply to take care of the larger membership. We were never dissatisfied with any of the courses. The old six-hole course near John Reid's home brought us just as much pleasure as we find in our more commodious quarters now."

Before leaving John Reid, the father of golf in America, and the staunch little group that put their shoulders alongside of his in keeping the wheels rolling, I am going to speak of one or two of the basic principles upon which they established the game here. Reid appreciated thoroughly that the future strength of golf in America depended upon the close observance of the rules and the maintenance of the courtesies of the sport. He ruled with an iron hand. He dried up the springs of possible dissension by brooking no criticism of the club officials, who were giving their time without compensation to the care of the club and its affairs.

Etiquette of the Green

"These gentlemen"—the officials—he would say to the assembled members, "are entitled to courteous support. If you don't think they are the proper men, you have the elective power to make whatever changes you wish."

And he never failed to emphasize that the rules of the game must not be violated.

"It is improper to ask other players for permission to go through. It is their place to ask you, at such times as you have the right of way."

I commend this thought to the two or three million persons who have taken up the game which he fathered. If there is any one basis for unhappiness in the universal brotherhood of the links, it is neglect of the amenities of the course. No player lives who has not at some time experienced the vexations that come from a disregard of the etiquette so essential to a common enjoyment of the sport. We all know them—the foursome which deliberately bars the way of the twosome, the player with a lost ball who will not surrender his place, the man in the rear who screams "Fore!" at those ahead of him, the chatterer who keeps up an incessant fire of conversation. It was these and others at whom Reid aimed his shafts of censure; and it is recorded that golf in his day was played without the annoyances which are bound to follow disrespect for the rules.

A sidelight on the newness of golf in America then is furnished in two incidents which concern Mr. Ten Eyck. There were no American professionals or golf architects in that day. The early St. Andrews courses were laid out on the specifications contained in a book written by Horace Hutchinson, an old-time Scotch golfer, who was the recognized authority on links construction. One of the illustrations in the book was the reproduction of a medal showing the figure of a golfer with a club poised for the swing. St. Andrews selected this as an appropriate design for a medal to be awarded to the winner of its tournament. When Ten Eyck took the illustration to the medal maker and asked him to cut a die similar to it, the man gazed at the picture in a puzzled way.

(Continued on Page 253)

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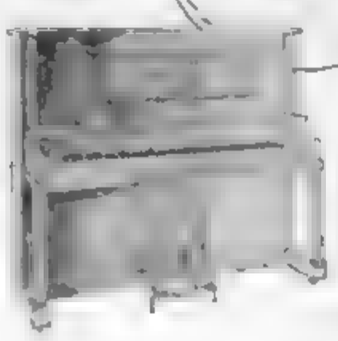

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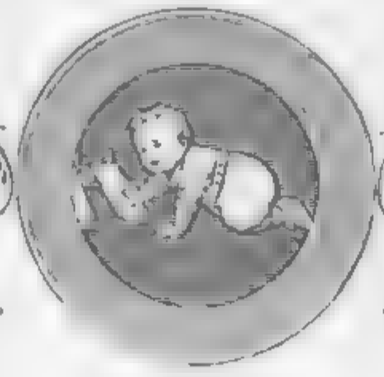

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(Continued from Page 250)

"What's the fellow supposed to be doing?" he asked Ten Eyck.

"Playing golf."

"Oh, yes, that's the new game; this is the first time I've ever seen it played," said the man.

A good drive with the gutty was 180 yards, a full shot with the mashie 110 yards. When Mr. Ten Eyck, a former football player, drove 200 yards on one occasion it was such an unusual happening that the old New York Sun, one of the few papers which deigned to pay any attention to the sport, published an announcement of his accomplishment. And I commend that piece of golf history to the player who speaks glibly of tearing off 250-yard drives consistently. I admit the rubber-cored ball has added many yards to the length of the drive, and that 250 yards today is merely the equivalent of what 200 was then, but I fear the average player is inclined to exaggerate the distance of his shots. The golfer who gets 225 yards in his drive as a regular diet is up in the very top rank.

I am going to tell you of Charles B. Macdonald, the winner of the national amateur championship in 1895, the first year it was played under the auspices of the United States Golf Association. Mr. Macdonald today is a member of a prominent New York brokerage house, and though nearly thirty-one years have passed since the day he vanquished C. E. Sands, of St. Andrews, by 12 and 11 in the final round for the amateur title on the links of the Newport Golf Club, his interest in golf is as unflagging as it was then.

A strong, vigorous character on the links and off, Charlie Macdonald has always been a figure of the keenest interest to me. I think it is this rugged type of man, with a personality which says in so many words that its possessor is going out to get whatever he wants, who symbolizes the spirit of golf more than any other. Victory in the game does not gravitate toward the timid. It is not difficult for me to picture this sturdy product of Scotland as the one who would fight his way to the top in the first organized championship held here.

A Golf Proselyte

As a boy, Charles B. Macdonald played golf on the St. Andrews links in Scotland. His love of the game was still strong when he came to America to make his home; so strong, indeed, that in 1878 he brought his clubs over from Scotland, that he might at least be able to go out into the fields now and then to swing them. To his friends here he talked golf. He tried to tell them that no game was quite the equal of this ancient sport which had been played by the Kings of Scotland, the Prime Ministers and other great men of state. But—on his own admission—they yawned and were not interested.

The late James Deering, of New York, was one of Macdonald's close friends. And Deering in the early days was inexpressibly bored by Macdonald's patter of golf.

"Charlie," Deering used to say to him, "when you come to my house I must of necessity sit quietly and listen while you ramble along with that endless chatter of yours about golf. I am glad when the time comes for me to go to your house. Thank the Lord, I don't have to listen then."

Macdonald, playing as a member of the Chicago Golf Club, had finished second in the two championship tournaments of the previous year. The first of these was played at Newport and won by W. G. Lawrence, of Newport, with a medal score for the thirty-six holes of 188, a single stroke less than what the Macdonald card showed. In the second championship, held a month later at St. Andrews, he had finished one down to L. B. Stoddart, of St. Andrews, at match play. A good score for a round of the nine holes was forty-three to forty-five strokes. When Horace Rawlins, one of the early professionals, won the open of 1895, his score was 173 for the thirty-six holes, an average of 86½ for the eighteen.

It was Macdonald's persistent reversion to golf as a pet topic of conversation that made him the object of much good-natured raillery among his friends. De Lancey Nicoll, distinguished in the legal profession of New York, was one of his intimates and a fellow member of the Union Club, an organization which enlists its membership from the older and wealthier families of the city. One evening when Macdonald opened up on his favorite subject, Nicoll raised a protesting hand.

When Nicoll Succumbed

"Wait, I have something to say before you begin this oration. I want to ask you what is the meaning of all this nonsense. You're a man, aren't you? Do you think it's any part of a manly occupation to spend your time chasing a pill over a ten-acre lot? Do you?"

Under the force of this assault upon the sacred game he had cherished since boyhood, Charlie Macdonald gasped for breath.

"Manly? Manly? Why, this is the manliest game on earth! Why, this is the greatest sport the world has ever known! Why, this is ——"

But he was talking to thin air. Nicoll had fled.

Sometime later Mr. Macdonald was back in his Chicago office when De Lancey Nicoll called.

"Charlie, I'd like you to take me out to the Chicago Golf Club this afternoon for a round of golf."

There was sincerity in Nicoll's tone, but Macdonald had submitted to too much buffeting in the past on the score of golf to be easily misled. He eyed his visitor with suspicion.

"May I be so bold as to ask what is the occasion for this change of heart? Or if it is one of your inferior jokes, proceed." His words were fringed with an Arctic blast.

"That's the funny part of it—it's not a joke, Charlie," said De Lancey Nicoll. "I want to confess frankly that my eyes have been opened. I have learned something. Learned it from you and other men who understand golf—and from books too. Your persistence and your insistence intrigued me. I went to the library and sought for what information there was under the indexing of golf. I found that it was played by admirals, by generals, by justices of the highest courts and by other men of great talents on the St. Andrews course in Scotland. So I determined to take it up myself. You see seated here before you a golfer, one who now understands the palaver which was once so meaningless. I, De Lancey Nicoll, am seeking to improve my mind."

Revenge was never sweeter. Neither the honor of winning the first organized championship nor the pride of planning the wonderful National Links of America at Southampton, Long Island, a crowning architectural achievement, has brought keener satisfaction to Charles B. Macdonald than this capitulation of De Lancey Nicoll to golf.

And these men I have mentioned, with their comrades, were the voice of golf, and these conditions were its status in the early years of the present century when the thought came to me that perhaps I had progressed sufficiently to pit my play against that of the older and more experienced golfers. I was fifteen then. The Oyster Bay Club, where I had spent so many pleasant and profitable hours in practice with the three Mahon boys, had gone out of existence. My father, Vincent P. Travers, always a keen adherent of the game, had joined the Nassau Country Club at Glen Cove, Long Island, an eighteen-hole course and a severer test of golf than the links on which I had gained my first real knowledge of the game. In the quarter of a century which has passed since that time Nassau has lost none of this early prestige. The links remains as one of the finest in the metropolitan district, added to and improved meantime, and an imposing, beautifully appointed clubhouse has risen to take the place of the one I knew as a junior member.

From an incident which occurred in my first match of importance I have been led to believe that Nature does not tamper seriously from year to year with human emotions, or, to put it another way, that we of today are not temperamentally different from those of other years. William Hicks, the highest ranking player of the Nassau Club at that time, was my opponent in a specially arranged handicap match. At the end of nine holes I was three up on him without the handicap. That was a fazer for the pride of Nassau to absorb, so he did precisely the same thing which many men of this generation would do. In his perturbation he railed at the game he was playing and punctuated his unhappy state of mind by smashing two or three clubs across his knee.

Missing a Two-Foot Putt

Perhaps it will furnish some consolation to the chap who in this generation gives similar vent to his feelings to know that such a performance is not his own original act. I take it that clubs have been smashed in this manner for centuries; I am quite positive that there is at this moment many a hickory sapling with budding ambitions of a long and honorable career in golf for which the future holds a like ignominious fate. It is the nature of golf—these things.

And this brings me to Aleck Smith, the professional at Nassau then, one of four brothers whose deeds on the links form a notable chapter in the history of golf in America. My unexpected victory over William Hicks attracted Aleck's notice. He watched me practice and detected three glaring faults at once. My back swing was too long, my arms were too stiff and I was holding my right hand over the shaft. In his blunt fashion Aleck told me that I would be a hopeless golf proposition for the rest of my life unless I remedied these defects.

"Do you want to be a duffer or do you want to go some place, kid?" Aleck asked.

I assured him that wanderlust was my middle name.

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"All right; now that we understand each other, kid, let's see what you can do." The appellation of "kid" still clings to me as far as Aleck Smith is concerned.

The advice given in Aleck's succinct way bore immediate fruit. The first shot I made in accordance with his instructions carried with it a snap of the wrist which gave both direction and distance. And of the various points I gathered on golf form in the preliminary chat with this famous professional, I want to emphasize the benefit to be gained by keeping the right hand under the shaft and not over. If you happen to be having trouble with your strokes, see if it is due to this cause, and then try a shot with the palm of the right hand under.

Aleck Smith and I became warm friends. He is a character. He lives golf. You can't get to know Aleck well without feeling that his relationship to the game is as intimate as the course itself. I have followed him around in many of his important matches. In the Open Championship of 1910, played on the links of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, three players finished the seventy-two holes all even at 298. They were Aleck Smith, his brother Macdonald and J. J. McDermott, a great golfer and winner of the two succeeding open titles.

The tie among the three existed after seventy-one holes of competition. On the seventy-second green Aleck's ball lay two feet from the hole. He had but to sink this puny shot to capture the championship. Not a soul in the gallery gathered about the green believed there was the remotest chance he would miss. But he did. He tapped the ball quickly—and it failed to drop. Any novice would have been ashamed of the exhibition.

As the players and spectators were leaving the green I hastened to his side and looked at him in a contemptuous sort of way.

"Why didn't you take more care with the putt?" I demanded.

"I figured if I fussed around with it I'd miss it altogether."

"Well, you blithering idiot, you did miss it altogether, didn't you?"

"Oh, that's all right. Don't worry. I'll beat those fellows in the play-off."

He did. He made a 71, McDermott a 75 and Macdonald Smith a 77. His golf temperament had remained unruffled in the face of a situation which would have unnerved almost anyone else. He had forgotten entirely about that piece of carelessness which might have proved so costly.

Aleck was a wonder. He still is.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Travers and Mr Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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The Distinction of a Gift

—of Johnston's Chocolates

January, as all the world knows, is a month of gayety — of balls and dances, parties and social activities. Life . . . and colour . . . and music. And the sophisticated bachelor well knows the value of Johnston's for paying his social "debts"

THE secret of Johnston's *good*-ness is one of a generation's standing. Today, because of it, Johnston's Chocolates have won a pinnacle place among the fine things that have become part of our daily lives.

The satiny chocolate in which each piece of Johnston's is hand-dipped, is refined in special *conges* for 96 hours. For four nights and four days it is unceasingly mixed, blended, worked . . . smoother and smoother . . . *incomparably* delicious!

Creams from our own fine dairy farm — nuts, hand-selected, prepared for freshness' sake just before they're dipped — fruits and fillings, the finest the markets of the world afford.

Worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

Johnston's Choice Box is a delicious assortment of 22 different kinds of candy — no two kinds alike. It is famed for its variety, its charm of differentness.

In one, two, three and five pound boxes at a dollar and a half the pound.

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · SAN FRANCISCO

"*But,* DOROTHY, *salad forks go on the* INSIDE!"

Dorothy changed the forks with a start. She resented Mary's tone of mingled surprise and reproval. But she resented more the fact that she *didn't* know where the salad forks went. No wonder, either. There were no salad forks at home, nor bouillon spoons, nor many of the other beautiful things they used at Mary's house. Dorothy felt as though she had missed much—because her mother hadn't enough silverware.

Have you enough silverware of beauty and correctness?

DOES your silverware make possible correct and gracious serving at every family meal? Does it help your children to be so familiar with correct usage that good table manners are their natural inheritance?

Perhaps not! Even now you may be "getting along" with silverware that falls short of your taste and desire—all because you fear the expense of purchasing the necessary pieces.

But you need not fear it. In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can complete your silver service at surprisingly little outlay. You may purchase in quantities as small as you desire the important niceties of table setting—bouillon spoons, salad forks, coffee spoons or serving pieces. Thus you may acquire, a little at a time, silverware whose beauty and durability will give you lasting satisfaction.

And when you need more pieces in the chosen pattern, you will be able to get them easily; for leading dealers always have the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns in their stock.

May we send you a copy of our booklet 90M, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Beauty

to match the superb music of the New Orthophonic Victrola

THE model illustrated is the Credenza, finished in rich tones of walnut or mahogany. It is priced at $275.

The Granada at $150, the Colony at $110, the Consolette at $85, are equally new and beautiful in design.

See these instruments at your dealer's and hear the amazing quality of Orthophonic music.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.